

Gift of R J Demer A 90-80

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
LYRASHS Members and Sloan Foundation

<http://www.archive.org/details/lantern681011stud>



• THE ! ANTERN •

• DRYN MAWR •

1897

THE LANTERN

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

1897

EDITORS

GEORGIANA GODDARD KING, '96
Editor-in-Chief

CARRIE A. HARPER
Graduate Scholar in English, 1896-97

MILDRED MINTURN, '97

MARION EDWARDS PARK, '98

CONTENT SHEPARD NICHOLS, '99

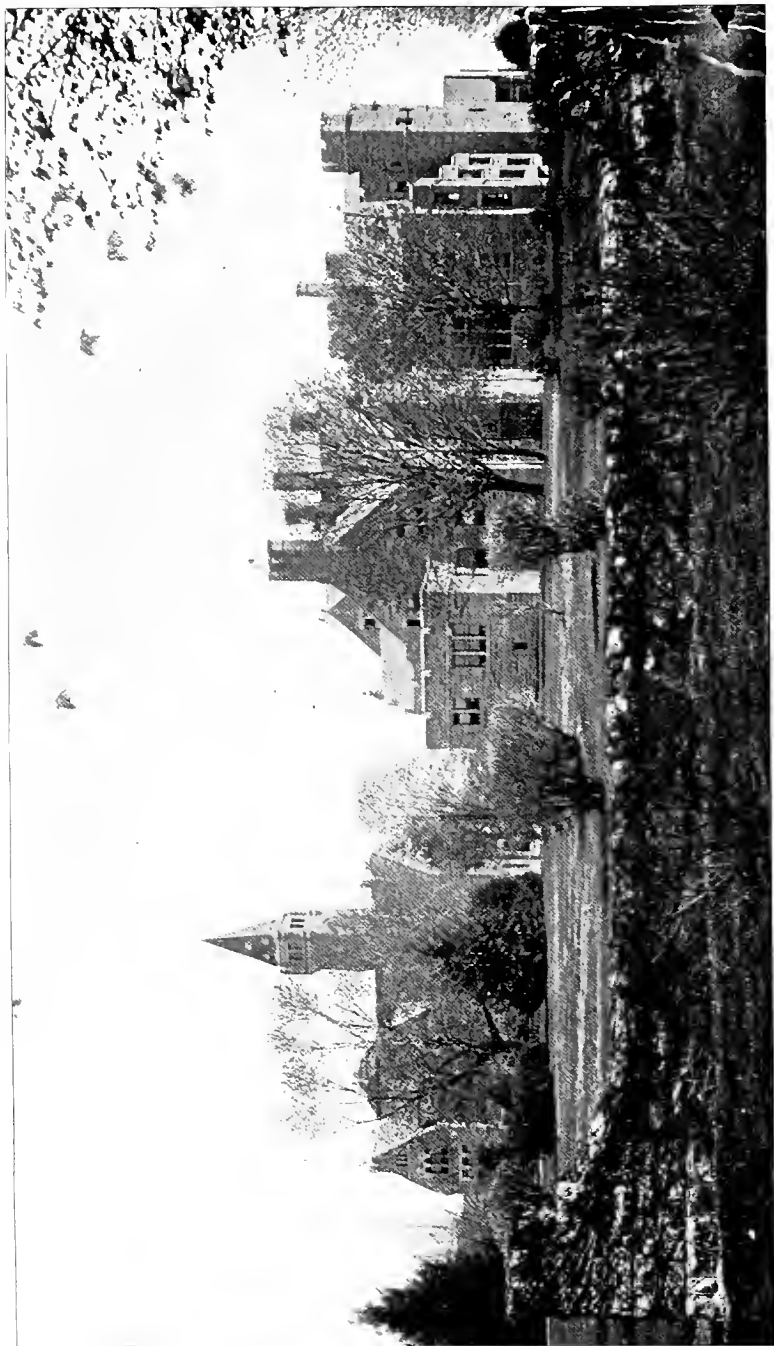
ELIZABETH NIELDS, '98
Business Manager

EDITH GOODELL, 1900
Assistant Business Manager

MARY EMMA GUFFEY, '99
Treasurer

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>Frontispiece: Taylor and Pembroke Halls</i>	
Editorial	7
On the Author of "Charles Auchester,"	
<i>Mabel Parker Clarke Huddleston, '89</i>	12
Arcades Ambo <i>Emily James Smith, '89</i>	27
Aspiration	30
Cœurs Simples <i>Mildred Minturn, '97</i>	31
Translations—	
I. St. Bernard's Prayer <i>Eleanor Olivia Brownell, '97</i>	42
II. Renouncement <i>Louise Sheffield Brownell, '93</i>	43
From Memory <i>Edith Child, '90</i>	44
<i>περὶ σκιάς μάχοντο</i> <i>Marion Edwards Park, '98</i>	47
The Anathema <i>Mary Elizabeth Waddington, '97</i>	48
The High Tide <i>H. R. P., '93</i>	54
Rudyard Kipling <i>Georgiana Goddard King, '96</i>	55
Beatae Postulant Arces <i>Content Shepard Nichols, '99</i>	80
An Unexpected Appropriation <i>Elva Lee, '93</i>	81
Street Scenes in Athens <i>Ruth Emerson, '93</i>	91
Unsterblichkeit <i>G. G. K., '96</i>	104
John Clifford Strong <i>Ruth Wadsworth Furness, '96</i>	105
Scriptores Trutina	118
Pigeon Holes	136
Collegiana	141
Leviore Plectro	157
College Songs	162



THE LANTERN

No. 6

BRYN MAWR

JUNE, 1897

EDITORIAL

EACH year, when the LANTERN is at last written, printed, and in the hands of the gentle reader, there comes a curious change of note in the mood, not only of the Board of Editors which has the responsibility of sustaining the standard of former years, but as well in the temper of most of the students. Then such of the editors as hold fast the tradition of what their great-uncles called classical elegance, fall to quoting *O navis referent?* And indeed, in the last two lines of that ode, Horace has contrived to give the single subtly perfect account of just the change under which they are breathing softlier, of the suddenly relaxed anxiety that holds company still with all the former loyalty and devotion.

“Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis.”

This precise color of sentiment, which is to my mind lightened and cooled overmuch in Mr. Austin Dobson's otherwise felicitous rendering of the ode—“a care at my heart's core”—is, I fancy, even unknown to many temperaments, and by the rest experienced seldom, with regard to but few affairs. To have, deep at heart and yet rarely remembered, some one object of anxiety, whose claims possess only a potential existence for months, yet, once presented, evoke an unfailing response; to entertain a latent concern, seldom drowsy and yet seldom obtrusive; to think of a matter infrequently and make the most fantastic sacrifices for it—this is impossible to natures either very strenuous or very indifferent. The disposition is known, however, to most of those

who occupy themselves at all with the LANTERN. That the terms which Horace was at pains to select in the expression of his solicitude with regard to the state—a concern to most Romans infinitely more vivid and insistent—that these could possibly describe her own deeper and more impassioned care for the little Commonwealth would be disclaimed by any student at Bryn Mawr, and hard upon the denial would come the vindication of the LANTERN as the second best, indeed, but second only to *Self-Government* in her heart.

This is the traditional, this is, I believe, the present feeling of the College for their magazine; and yet we find ourselves, after the total shipwreck of last year, putting out into deep water again, yellow and white all aflutter in the breath of the good wishes that speed us, to the sound of cheers and hand-clapping, but underneath that heartening clamor a buzz of doubt how long we shall hold together. Surely, by its constitution of ever-continued, ever-renewed editors, it should last as long as the ship *Argo* lasted at Athens. Forebodings have ways of accomplishing their fulfilment, and this one has already shown itself dangerous, almost fatal. And yet, that it is not incapacity but disinclination which leaves barren and void the Crypt, and that it is not ill-will but ignorance which lies at the root of the lamentable disinclination of the undergraduates to write, may be easily shown, and must be satisfactorily proved if the LANTERN is to burn longer.

The usual plea, that the College as it now exists cannot reach the high standard established in former years, is absurd on the very face of it. Since the whole number of our *alumnæ* stands to the whole number of students now in college in a proportion somewhat less than that of two to three, it is possible to infer that there should be, at the lowest opinion of the present body of students, as much ability amongst us now as at any other time since the LANTERN was founded; and since there is the entire body of the *alumnæ* to be drawn on for contribution, it is necessary to believe that there must be a far better hope for the future than ever before. Nothing, then, can possibly be found in her mere conditions to dishearten the intending writer. It is the intending writer that is addressed, for she is the Vestal by whom the LANTERN is fed, and upon whose apostasy it expires, and under her figure the address is made to every student present and past; the Vestal train

includes equally the alumna, the undergraduate, and the student from abroad.

It was from such various sources that the material for the first LANTERN came. The scheme of a single student in the second semester of 1892, eagerly received and enlarged, enriched, by others, it was carried forward with a rush to culminate, in June, in as good an issue as any which has followed. The Board of Editors was made up of both graduate and undergraduate elements, and its chairman was an alumna of Vassar, Scholar, and later Fellow, in English. By the generosity of their members the earliest classes were admirably represented on it, and the excellence of the work enabled the board to establish a tradition of distinction such as is rare in college literature. Already noticeable on more than one of the pages is that trait most characteristic and most admirable in the LANTERN—a sureness of touch, a steadiness and certainty of hand, which again and again has, by an essay, a story, a poem, lifted it for a moment out of the amateur and into the professional class. Grace, lightness, distinction—these are the qualities upon which the LANTERN prides itself—toward which it most earnestly endeavors.

It will be noticed that in the last paragraph I have been betrayed into words that are—to lay hold of a piece of pedantry—*purposive*. In effect, it is inevitable that the idea of the LANTERN should acquire the individuality and independence of a Platonic Idea, and that terms which would be grotesque if applied to the *Academy*, or the *Atlantic Monthly*, or any journal which has a policy to support, a business basis to support it, and a circulation to extend, should be the only one that truly describes the LANTERN, which belongs to no class, because it belongs to all the college, which represents no cult, because it sets its face toward the whole of culture—that this LANTERN should have the same identity and continuity as the stream of shifting, shadowed thoughts in the mind of a man, and by that token, have the same personality. Continuity, stability, are insured by the prescribed service for two or more years of at least one amongst the editors, and in practice by the service of each editor for three or four years as she works her way through apprentice's, through journeyman's work, to be chief; and no *Zeit Geist* had ever more clearly marked traits, lovely or ungracious,

than this ideal. It is known and recognized by the College, and although it is necessary for five students, in any case that arises, to utter the will of the LANTERN, yet the judgment of any other five, equally well informed, would be identical.

This ideal cannot, after all, be too often gathered up, out of the region of sub-conscious instinct that it occupies in most of us, into few and explicit words. To sound, for the students themselves and for the world without, the best note in the play of the intellect here, so far as the gamut of "pure" literature extends; to give expression to the varied life of the former, in aspects serious, airy, or studious, and exhibit to each the other's excellences; to represent abroad how the currents run in their thinking and feeling, and at home to stimulate further and more perfect craftsmanship—this is the end that the LANTERN proposes to itself. In every issue it must represent the College as it exists at that precise moment of time, but it must contain only the *silk o' the kine*—out of the microcosm selecting only the rarest of the atmosphere, the sweetest of the scale, the most brilliant of the dyes.

Our means to do this never change. The types are the same from year to year.

Although the form of the LANTERN's contents may seem as large as that of any other magazine, its substance is immeasurably less. Twin influences join to limit both subject-matter and method in our papers—the age of the writer, and her sex. Inside these bounds, anything may be attempted. There are papers upon special subjects, by women especially qualified to describe or discuss them: there are critical essays, which take usually the guise of the analysis or the appreciation, for the courtesy's sake due from inexperience to genius, and other essays which, for want of a more modern name, and with a bythought of the *Contes Moraux*, one is tempted to name *moral*,—Charles Lamb and Montaigne are our models; there is abundance of verse, never epic or dramatic, but characterized by lyrical felicity of phrase and touched occasionally with very real poetic beauty; there are stories—frothy, subtle, studied, or chiseled. The compass is great, but the instruments of the orchestra are few. Scholarship, in any extreme, is reserved for the technical journals where it can command appreciation, and in the realm of passion we go treading

very delicately. Once more the just self-estimate of the young, the inexperienced, the untried, withholds us from the hastiest excursion into the mountainous regions of the immense passions, with its storms and rose-glows, its avalanches and crevasses. Pathos and wit, the tragic and the comic, are strings on which we have some cunning, but we attempt no symphonies. And although these limits, thus defined, may seem overstrait, it is matter of experience that the voluntary exercises of our contributors stay, for the most part, well inside the field they bound. What the LANTERN needs is just what the students write, and if a great tragic genius appeared amongst them, it is safe to say she would stand in no risk of rejection.

As women, and at a woman's college, the criticism to which our every act lies exposed, is invariably severe, and might even with justice be called unfriendly. The LANTERN is accordingly careful to print upon no subject anything that could startle the most conservative. We ourselves may swing along the country byroads in our short corduroy skirts, but our muse paces gravely down the pages, discreet even when she dances. Not in our generation, alas! can the singing-robos of women, or the duffle-grey of their prose, attain the ideal of their walking-clothes—"width for walking and stridth for striding."

The situation, then, for the intending writer is artificially simplified to a greater degree than she would find it elsewhere,—but, at least, simplified. The undergraduates have shown their ability, in many instances, to write well—are training themselves and being trained to the increase of their skill, every year more. Their best service they owe to the LANTERN, of all publications at Bryn Mawr the oldest, the dearest, the choicest. It is between graduate and undergraduate the strongest tie, between the Bryn Mawr of 1897 and the Bryn Mawr of 1887, between those of whom we are proud here and now and those of whom we are prouder for the praise they send back to us from beyond the campus. To all of us dear, to many of us the foster-child of unsleeping watchful care, so long as the conditions remain which brought it forth, its stability is assured; and these conditions are,—the loyalty we offer, to the good fame of the College abroad, and at home to the ideal of the scholar—beauty, fellowship, and distinction.

ON THE AUTHOR OF "CHARLES AUCHESTER"

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

Among the influences which shape our human lives, and which are reckoned with so seriously by modern literature, there are some, not as yet highly rated by either fiction or sociology, whose potency nevertheless most of us are sooner or later brought to admit. Not the least of these are those generous dreams which urge young Quixotes to the quest of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. Our end-of-the-century sapience crushes these in its attempts to grasp them, as the artisan in Hawthorne's story crumples the artist's golden butterfly into scraps of tinsel; yet much of the present's own performance still responds to the ardent impulses of the century's early transcendental years. Byron and Shelley, Carlyle, Emerson and Ruskin, the Brontës and the Brownings all alike drew the intense new life with which they kindled their contemporaries more from their inward visions than from the world without. Akin to these in the individuality, the intimacy, of her inspiration, however subordinate in fame and achievement, was Elizabeth Sara Sheppard,—or, as the title page has it, E. Berger,—author of *Charles Auchester*, the youthful record of a lovely dream.

Forty years is a long life for a book never formally admitted among the classics, and it is almost as strange that a story of such delicate charm should have held its own in the crowd of cheap and usually transient fictions, as that the writer's name should still be unmentioned in more than one great cyclopedia of English literature. As for those others of her books which have any value, one who has unearthed them only after long search through the mustiest corners of shop or library, is more surprised at seeing the admirable new edition of McClurg and Company, than at the salesman's assurance that he last sold a copy of *Rumour* more than twelve years ago.

The lack of authentic records makes it hard to establish finally even the barest facts of Miss Sheppard's life. One of her critics sets 1830 as the date of her birth, another, 1837,—a difference of about one-fourth of her whole life. It is known, however, that her father was a clergyman of the English Church, at Blackheath, that her mother kept a school, and that from one or the other, Elizabeth inherited such a strain of Jewish blood as that to which she loyally gives credit for the fairy gifts lavished upon her most characteristic creations. For her, as for the young Brontës, writing was an amusement of childhood, and it was at a phenomenally early age, and in the scant intervals of teaching languages and music, that she produced her first and most important work, *Charles Auchester*.

This book, written in passionate haste, almost without erasure, as a memorial to Mendelssohn, then the musical idol of England, is still the purest and sweetest embodiment of youthful ideals in the English language. Its youthfulness, however, has not a touch of the tawdry stage romance of eager sixteen, grasping for the trinkets of life; but manifests itself instead in hero-worship without reserve, and in an ignoring of base motives like that of Landor's Lady Jane Grey, whose tender heart, "having always leant affectionately upon good, hath felt and known nothing of evil." Yet despite the preoccupation of the book with the good and the beautiful, there is, not always in the style, but always in the plan, a self-control marvelous in work done at such high spiritual tension. The mild austerity of the musical faith of Aro-nach and Seraphael, the cloistral monotony of Charles' artistic training, with its daily walk over the same ground wherein, "as the year grew and rounded, all, as it were, aspired without changing"; the contrast of Clara's unvarying dress of black silk, a mere frame for her clear beauty, with Laura's gaiety of adornment—these and many another detail strike the same note of self-restraint. A similar fine reserve marks those passages of deeper feeling which imply rather than express Auchester's surrender of the love of his life, at last almost within his reach, to the master whose need is greater than his own. Only a whisper, here and there, of hushed emotion suggests the significance of his counsel to Clara, and the exaltation, pure of all regret, with which he watches her happiness and Seraphael's.

Such emotional temperance is a rare quality in youth, and especially among those highly dowered spirits so apt to become, as it were, intoxicated with their own powers and sensibilities. Akin to it is the effectiveness of detail which gives to every event of *Charles Auchester* a remarkable aspect of matter-of-fact. The figures of D'Israeli become vague puppets twitched by visible strings beside those of the girl who regarded him as her model. The creations of Lytton stand the comparison but little better, while even Thackeray and George Eliot seldom depict scenes so unlike anything our experience could have helped us to anticipate, and yet so real and convincing. Elizabeth Sheppard, in *Charles Auchester*, at least, flashes upon us the pictures of her imagination as vividly as Charlotte Brontë sometimes did—hardly less sharply than Dickens, though without his tricks of caricature and catchword. The narrative has the reality of a trance. The minor novelist is in general discernible in the wings of his stage, calculating how this or that will fall out most naturally, but in *Charles Auchester* the reader can rarely find an excuse for the doubt that

“In this case
It all took place
Precisely as he says.”

The two little stools embroidered with acorns on which Charles as a child used to sit alternately, because his mother would not permit one to be worn more than the other; the skein of brown silk which he hid in his shoe, in order to be sent on an errand; the Christmas tree with the tiny cradle at its foot, which Seraphael decorated for Charles' baby niece,—these and similar trifles are in no way necessary to the plot, yet they give its simple incidents an air of having happened next door. Often too these tendrils flung out by the story's abundant life, have a poetic as well as a realistic charm,—such, for instance, as the incident of Maria Cerinthia's wearing in Paris a wreath of ivy in place of her worn-out mantilla, and that of the basket of rushes woven by Seraphael on his way to Cecilia's school, and left hanging on the lowest branch of a beech—“because one would like to fancy a little child finding a green basket by the dusty way.”

Singularly vivid also is the characterization of minor personages, or rather the rendering of Charles' impression of them. Florimond, Anastase, and Santonio,—Aronach, bearlike, yet plastic as wax to Seraphael's whimsical touch,—Miss Lawrence, oddly uniting careless self-assurance and beneficent reverence for art, most of all Lenhart Davy, upon whose face, radiating with intelligence, "it was life to look,"—these and other of the subordinate figures are rounded and vivacious as those in a background of Veronese.

That the central figures should present a less substantial aspect follows almost necessarily from the unusual subtlety of their distinguishing qualities. Maria Cerinthia, the marvelous girl-composer, may perhaps claim credence as expressing the creative impulse of Elizabeth Sheppard; as Auchester (a name to be pronounced as if it carried orchestral suggestion) embodies her ideal of the artist character,—forgetting personal desire in devout obedience, only to find a higher joy in the disciplined service of beauty. Seraphael, however, half elf, half angel, must appear to those who seek in fiction what they are wont to see in life, much as Ariel appeared to Trinculo,—"a picture of Nobody"; yet if it were my aim to justify Miss Sheppard to the realists I might show from Mendelssohn's own writings the nobility and insight of his serious thought; and point to memoirs as recent as those of Max Müller or Novello's daughter for the lasting remembrance of his arch playfulness—his delicate courtesy—his power to outdo at will the florid fantasy of the school with which he steadily refused to compete or to be reconciled. The plausibility, however, is to me less important than the beauty of this dream of a gracious possibility—a flawless embodiment of those powers of genius which actual life is apt to present in strange medleys of fine and sordid qualities.

Of such idealized visions is the kingdom of romance, which regards the world through but one mood at a time, and demands only that all its material be touched with the one soft, unearthly light. Realism, on the contrary, delights in canceling one mood by another, and might rest its truest claim to originality upon its revelation of their unfathomed inconsistency,—the irony, not of fate, but of the human soul, so long ignored by the tellers of tales. Instead of parceling out avarice and prodigality, candor and falsehood, to distinct individuals, realism pits

them against each other in a single soul. It is the peculiar triumph of the modern novelist to show the generous Levin repelled by his dying brother; and the unscrupulous little lawyer, Bellairs, "all sensibility and tremour," "brimful of a cheap poetry," tending sick children on the steamer, and going threadbare to support the worthless wife he has divorced. Engrossed in human paradoxes like these, realism wears a cynical brow and an air of superiority to the enthusiasms she professes to report. For a sincere rendering of ecstatic moods we must return to romance; and even there satisfaction is seldom to be found. To sustain unbroken the note of spiritual passion is the distinction of but few works of English prose, and those for the most part of no great length. This distinction, nevertheless, belongs to *Charles Auchester*, crude as is its style in all except its even purity of tone. Accordingly, for those who watch with some apprehension the swift reaction of literature upon life, such a presentation of a singularly exalted spirit has a value of its own not to be settled once for all by current literary canons. Critics thus disposed, turn from blemishes like "Is she not a sweet creature," or "She quite swam and turned her eyes upward," to delight in the general harmony of tone and the inexplicable charm of phrases like Seraphael's mystic exclamation—"The violin is the violet!"

The rhapsodies upon musical themes must be judged by the initiated; but as a transcription by a rarely sensitive mind of rapture drawn without stint from art alone, *Charles Auchester* still deserves, despite the recent claims of Bourdillon's flawless but unsubstantial *Nephelée*, the verdict of D'Israëli—"No greater book will ever be written upon music, and it will one day be recognized as the imaginative classic of that divine art." As a companion and an influence, which books will continue to be even when the "Novel with a Purpose" has joined the "Moral Tale" in Limbo, this book is of the sweetest and most inspiring quality—a very talisman against all that is unlovely.

The scene of *Counterparts* is wrapped in the same ethereal haze as that of *Charles Auchester*, but the author does not move therein with the same sureness of foot. The subtle interaction of perverse impulses between the two contrasted couples, however natural it may seem to persons of similar temperaments, forms a precarious foundation for consequences so weighty. But what *Counterparts* has lost in

reality it has gained in scope. *Auchester*, essentially a romance, followed a single thread and disregarded all conflicting elements; *Counterparts*, a novel of the modern type, tries to grasp the motley fabric wherein life at once grotesque and awful passes before our eyes. In minute psychological analysis, as well as in treatment of hypnotism and various problems as abstruse, it was almost a pioneer at a period when English fiction dealt chiefly with accepted principles of general application. Like George Meredith's early works, *Counterparts*, in its absorption with spiritual contradictions, anticipated a coming fashion, a proceeding as fatal to contemporary fame as falling behind the times.

For the ins and outs of ordinary human nature, Elizabeth Sheppard lacked the trained eyes of Thackeray or George Eliot; but, like Charlotte and Emily Brontë, she could paint from her own knowledge certain of those organizations of extraordinary sensibility which intensify every impression they receive, and to which, when linked with corresponding powers of reacting upon the world, we apply the vague term "genius." Such natures, more or less gifted, but alike in intensity, and usually in a plentiful lack of self-control, furnish to-day the chief material for what we style "strong fiction," but might as exactly call studies of nervous disease. Yet since adventure is forbidden to the writer who wishes to be taken seriously, and a normal life seldom furnishes crises enough for more than at most a novelette, whence can the novelist draw sustained interest and inevitable catastrophe except from those whose moods are always making their own tragedies? Of those forms of unrestrained excitability, therefore, which expose themselves most frankly to his observation, the pathological novelist composes his central group; and, filling in the background with satire of the shrewd, old-fashioned, superficial kind, labels the whole a "transcript of life." Vain imagination! Not all the world falls as yet under his two divisions, the hysterical and the ridiculous; and in regarding life's anomalies so steadily, he ever and anon fails to see life whole.

Fortunately, however, partisans of objective methods are unconsciously better than their own professions. Mr. Zangwill has lately complained that even the most impartial fictions do but offer us the author's spectacles: that, in the words of Anatole France, "All who

flatter themselves that they put something else than themselves into their work, are dupes of the cheapest illusion." Yet to regard an author's personality as a limitation imposed from without upon his power of penetrating into other souls is to see only one side of the matter; it is upon this inevitable self that the vitality of that power depends. Even experimental psychologists now declare that, except in cases of disease, the only valuable study is introspective. Moreover, those abnormal minds which appear to disclose their processes with least reservation, often conceal or exaggerate their most significant workings. The franker the confession, the more we instinctively distrust it. Not a mere list of symptoms, then—not the unbiased record of the snapping of a finger or the twisting of a handkerchief—but the interpretation of such dubious tokens by a wise sympathy, widens our spiritual chart. The sudden changes of feeling and the irrational whims of modern *dramatis personæ*—even their strange insensibility to those obvious motives which govern the heroes of Scott—testify to the modern author's increasing skill at the ancient game of "put yourself in his place," and constitute an emotional revelation only the more valuable because unconscious.

But criticism, while recognizing the general gain of novel-writers in acumen, has, as yet, no sure test for the value of any particular solution of a particular problem. An author's most illuminating passage may be trite or obscure to all but half a dozen congenial spirits. By turning its attention, however, to discriminating among the various gradations of insight, between the portrait which aims only to catch a surface resemblance or obvious mannerism and that which seeks to pierce even below the subject's knowledge of himself, criticism might attain more positive results, and clear the way for further progress. In *Counterparts*, for instance, Rose and Bernard, characters who show careful study, yet whose demeanor is more clearly to be discerned than the motives beneath it, are treated very differently from Cecilia Dudleigh and Herz Sarona, who share with them the central place, but are marked by certain of their creator's own traits.

The last two admittedly embody but a single type. Dr. Sarona, in whom the girl-novelist tried to construct a masculine representative of an essentially womanly temperament, is as unsubstantial as some

other heroes of feminine manufacture. Except for his man's ignorance of himself, and dread of emotion, he is Cecilia again, under happier conditions. In Cecilia, however, Elizabeth Sheppard drew a delicately organized woman from the life, as only Charlotte Brontë had done before her. To Jane Eyre and Lucy Snowe, Cecilia is akin not only by imaginative power, but by highly strung, easily disordered nerves. Like them, she wears no softening graces, unless her lofty forehead is to be reckoned as such. Their portraits, indeed, are drawn harshly, in part, because drawn by themselves—the first person being an ungracious medium at best, capable even, as in *Bleak House*, of distorting every feature of a really beautiful character—but in part, also, through the stern self-estimate of their author in contrast with her loving appreciation of her sister and her dearest friend, pictured in Shirley and Caroline Helstone. Cecilia does not tell her own story, but she is shown to us through no eyes more lenient than her own. She is too close to her author for any weakness to escape without touch of derision. No tender haze of others' admiration lingers about her as about Rose and Bernard, Salome and Sarona. Even to Sarona, her closest friend, her personal presence is declared to be nothing, while Bernard betrays the spell she casts upon him only by petulant mockery of her bearing. In small matters of behavior, her sensitiveness and pride, exaggerated through long suppression, lead her repeatedly into awkwardness or self-contradiction. Nevertheless, these very inconsistencies, so unsparingly depicted, suggest that the author knows whereof she speaks. Such fits of haughty waywardness as mar the propitious moments of Cecilia's life, had not in Elizabeth Sheppard's day become commonplaces of fiction.

For us of the present, however, the value of Cecilia's likeness does not lie alone in the ruthless analysis of a complex personality. "Souvent femme varie" was a proverb long before 1853, and every year of late has produced its share of modern instances. The rarity of this study lies in the strength of spirit underlying the fragile exterior, and gaining a final triumph. From most of the books called "strong" by reason of the weakness of their characters, comes forth neither light nor sweetness. Far from strengthening those who struggle with hereditary tendencies and almost irresistible desires, their warning out-

cries leave many only the more hopeless and bewildered. To be sensitive is, in them, usually to be frail. Emotion is delightful but dangerous, and salvation is to be found in mediocrity alone.

So it runs—this modern gospel—plausible enough with its half-truths; yet it is possible that the stubborn optimism that steered the old three-volume novel “to the islands of the blest” finds as much in life to give it countenance as the obstinate pessimism of Mr. Hardy. But the safe arrival of “the old three-decker” at her port was too evidently decreed from the first. The raging billows were “right painted cloth,” and tin thunder pealed harmlessly above her. Convincing instances of the triumph of high-strung natures over fate and their own souls—especially when those souls are feminine—appear with hardly greater frequency in fiction than women of approved (not amateur, undemonstrated) genius. Shirley was for years the only striking example of the latter class. Of the former a few specimens are somewhat vaguely sketched by George Meredith, but the most living women of such delicate yet indomitable fibre are of feminine handiwork—Jane Eyre, maintaining her soul’s integrity alike against Rochester and St. John; and Dorothea, subduing her own anguish to carry good news to her apparent rival. Of like quality is Cecilia, though the self-conquest which to these two brings a happy issue out of all their troubles means for her only escape from possible failure. Yet, though her courage is negative, like its reward, it is none the less heroic. How easy to let slip the emotions she holds so sternly in check; to break her long silence at last in passionate expression; to dull by gradual, slight concessions, that fine sense of honor whose most exacting behest she obeys without flinching! To such bursting of bonds, emotions real and strenuous as hers are sure sooner or later to bring our modern heroines.

Nevertheless, to show this nature, impassioned yet steadfast, at least as lifelike as the fatal instability of Anna Karénina or Kate Creegan, stands the summary of Elizabeth Sheppard’s own character, gathered from her friends. “Truthful, pure, unselfish, tender, and faithful. . . . She was intensely proud and utterly courageous, and she was capable of immense gratitude and magnanimity.” Behind the veil of delicate derision, these are also the essential traits of Cecilia. Most of all in these last qualities of gratitude and magnanimity is her

strength apparent. A sensitive, impulsive nature finds the appearance of selfishness or insensibility well-nigh intolerable, and its own happiness easier to forego than its own plan of self-abnegation. The acquiescence of Cecilia's proud spirit in Saron's wish that she shall remain an inmate of his house, and yet allow those dear to both to believe that his hopeless love is given, not to Rose, but to herself, is veritable proof of a gratitude no whit behind her passionate expressions of devotion: "O if you speak of helping them, of bearing for them,—why, you annihilate suffering at once with a shock of ecstasy like the euthanasia the poets have dreamed of. It is straight from the grave to glory. And they wonder, after that, how Christ could suffer on the cross!"

As the portrayal of Cecilia is so largely autobiographical, it is natural that she should be unique in depth and reality among her prototype's personages. A similar psychological study was attempted in the analysis of the marital unhappiness of Diamid and Geraldine, when, after an interval productive only of trivial stories, Elizabeth Sheppard gathered strength for the phantasmagoric work called *Rumour*. Her life meanwhile had not, however, materially altered her reading of her own personality, and for penetrating into dissimilar natures, a task for which the broadest minds are but half-equipped, she was peculiarly unfitted by her own intensity of temperament. Except for idealized sketches of a few contemporaries, and an apparent reminiscence of the fate of *Counterparts* in the adverse criticism of Geraldine's book with its novel utterances "about the affinities of sex," the real interest, as well as the power, of *Rumour* lies in the chapters which return to the romantic fanciful strain of *Auchester*, and tell the story of Rodomant, Porphyro, and Adelaïda.

Even more than its predecessors, *Rumour* depicts an enchanted world; "its occurrences would be sensational," in the words of one critic, "if they did not mount into the realms of poetry."

"D'Israeli did nothing more daring," says Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, "even when sealing Prince Metternich in the amber of Beckendorf, than Elizabeth Sheppard did in contrasting Beethoven and Louis Napoleon,—monarchs of the spiritual and of the material world."

Charles Auchester has been compared to *Consuelo*, but

Rumour would fit the comparison quite as well in its austere music-worship, and far more completely in its curious mingling of history and marvel. The romantic strain of *Auchester* is emotional—the abstraction of souls secluded amid common life by their absorption in higher things; that of *Rumour* is imaginative—the dream of a world framed to accommodate the mighty gestures of spiritual giants. The narrative, like Rodomant himself, moves more at ease through the mediæval state and masked perils of the court of Belvidere than through the modern societies of London and of Parisinia, fickle capital of Tris.

But wherever her scene is laid, Elizabeth Sheppard can find room for picturesque incident. Each of her later stories, like *Auchester*, “repeats itself in a thousand colored pictures to the eye,” as, in Stevenson’s opinion, every story should. Her life-long champion, Mrs. Spofford, has pointed out many of the most poetic pictures, among them that in which Porphyro shows Rodomant his prison-made, microscopic painting of the Paris he is to re-create, and that of the conservatory of coolness devised for German Rodomant by the princess of torrid Belvidere—“where blossomed old flowers which as a child he had gathered in the woods and fields— . . . countless blooms whose names he had forgotten, for they had been of his own creation”; and where, too, “a tiny fountain sprang from a basin sunk in vivid moss, with fern-leaves waving round it, just stirred on their delicate stems by the delicate vibration of the trickling water-drops—like kisses broken into song.” Not less striking are the episodes of Rodomant’s secret glimpse of the princess’s ministry in the dungeons—the return of the carrier-dove given by Adelaïda to Rodomant, just in time to turn the scale against Porphyro—the hastening of Bernard’s ill-advised declaration of love to Rose by the anonymous mazurka into which Cecilia had “poured her whole passion”—and the peaceful loitering of Saron and Cecilia at the celebration over the conquest of the cholera, while over the dark sea beyond the illumination comes a boat with the news that Bernard, their best-beloved, is mortally stricken by the flying foe. Most impressive of all is that tremendous scene in which Rodomant brings doom upon his head by his jubilant, audacious unfettering of the organ’s forbidden utmost volume.

But felicity of incident was but one of many manifestations of Elizabeth Sheppard's subtle feeling for beauty both of Nature's making and of man's. For costume—indeed, for decoration of all kinds—she possessed, in a showy time, a taste instinctively obedient to the essential principles, not alone of simplicity and effectiveness, but also of that symbolism which has since become a cult. The fragrant waterlilies and "pearls from a water deeper and cooler than the lilies' home," for which Adelaïda discards the diamond insignia of royalty, express better than words her reverence for Porphyro's assumed nobility of purpose. Maria's apparel, "such as would have become no other"—the deep blue and "dense rose-color" of the Madonna—makes us instantly sensible of her soul's pure and passionate depths.

Of dwelling-places Miss Sheppard's fancy was an unwearying architect. The more elaborate anticipate in their intricate unity the modern "color symphony." Such is Bernard's study, both as we see it first, in sea-green coolness, hung with paintings of ocean "in frames gnarled and twisted, . . . irregular as the mouths of caverns"—then transformed—to obliterate hateful memories—almost to the likeness of a roseate shell, walled about with clustered honeysuckles. More characteristic, however, are certain less ornate interiors. Individuality and simplicity create the charm of Davy's tiny house, everywhere sheathed and furnished with wood of a "rich, brown color like chestnut skins"—except for the study's even warmer lining of music-books. A similar fine reserve gives distinction to the modest room of the Cerinthians: "A light clearness threw up and out each decoration from the delicate hue of the walls, and the mild fresco of their borders, . . . startling from their excelling taste. . . . Upon brackets stood busts, three or four, and a single vase of such form that it could only have been purchased in Italy. At the window were a couch and reading-desk, and at the opposite end of the apartment rose from the floor the stove itself, entirely concealed under lime branches and oak leaves."

For beauty out-of-doors she had as keen a sense. In a commonplace London suburb she beholds a "paradise of fragrance"—"an Elysian tangle . . . of hedges all sweetbriar knotted into one embrace with double-blossomed hawthorn." Her books leave an impression of such a wealth of lovely landscape that one is amazed to

realize, on close scrutiny, that her pictures contain hardly a feature in itself remarkable. The fine sensibilities that for her perpetually renewed those every-day delights for many persons so easily exhaustible, made her, like Emerson, one of those who, far from needing Italy to stir their fancies,—

“Cannot circumnavigate the sea
Of thoughts and things at home.”

Who, of all the novelists that have painted Brighton, has caught any especial loveliness of atmosphere or coloring?—yet as X, in *Counterparts*, the English sea-city broods amid her moors no less ethereal than Venice beneath the Euganean Hills.

“A shore of clustered palaces, it encroached not upon the tenure of the deep,—that from the palace windows was as a dream, and rolled its crushed music through their chambers as a voice of sleep. . . . Far and far its gleaming architecture stretched, and melting into a mist-like light where the dazzling cliffs rose visionary, seemed lost in a heavenly country, leagues away.” Italy could have afforded her no more vivid contrast than her own fancy devised between the dim forest about Northeden Castle, where the long fern of the glades was crushed by fallen trunks—“some half-bleached, dry as ivory, with hollows that the wild bees made their cells in, others . . . enamelled with lichens delicately fair as the sea-flowers which wreath a sunken wreck”;—and the glimpse of Diamid’s brilliant garden seen through a gate in the ivied wall—a garden of gleaming basins and flower-beds like clustered jewels, “agitated by each quiver of the breeze to that stir of infinitely blended fragrance which is its paradise to the sense of smell, and that silent harmony with which the flutter of color feasts the eye.”

Of passages like these Matthew Arnold might not untruly have said, as once of an exquisite description of Mr. Ruskin’s, that the writer is “trying to make prose do more than it can perfectly do.” Nevertheless, lovers of English literature continue to hold precious the most nearly perfect work of those whose purpose has required them, without surrendering the freedom of prose, to play upon the emotions with the colors and tones of poetry. Uneven, often exaggerated as they are, the three books we have dealt with are throughout

of this two-fold nature, and maintain their poetic tone to a degree not readily paralleled in narrative prose. Elizabeth Sheppard's noblest pages, indeed, in their touch upon sense and soul together, resemble that music, which was also a familiar medium for her thought, and which was to her "the only rest, . . . the one idea of heaven, which is the essence of things longed for." A poet speaks in them as directly as if in a chain of sonnets, though with less of egotism. The singing impulse has followed an unwonted path, but its inspiration is still, like Keats', a personal joy in the perception of "the principle of beauty in all things." Even without their sensuous charm of color and rhythm—a charm greater, albeit harder to define, than that of their author's formal verse—these lyrical romances might well be cherished, if only as letters and journals, like Eugénie de Guérin's have been cherished, for their revelation of a rare and winning spirit.

What Elizabeth Sheppard might have done, with powers controlled yet expanded to their utmost, is unfortunately only to be conjectured. *Rumour* already betrayed the exhaustion of her intense vitality, and though the appreciation of Mr. and Mrs. Fields and other American friends moved her to begin another romance, *Grey Magic*, illness quickly forced her to put work aside forever. After eight years of suffering, disease of the lungs, induced by cancer, ended her short life on March 13, 1862.

"During her extremity of suffering, no stranger once approached her or looked upon her. She was alone with the friend who was all in all to her, till a few hours before the last, when that friend's husband, . . . whose own friendship had been of extraordinary devotion, came in, impelled by irresistible longing to be with her. He allowed no hireling to touch her; but he himself lifted her into the cruel coffin, and covered her with the rarest white flowers, and stood at the grave alone with his wife,—both feeling that there were none whose love entitled them to share the heart-breaking privilege."

So runs Mrs. Spofford's account of Elizabeth Sheppard's death,—an account which for its peculiar fitness might pass for a vision of her own,—no less poetic, indeed, than that midnight burial of Seraphael for which her imagination had long before devised ethereal music. "I waited until the wreaths, flung in, covered the treasure with their

kisses, that was a treasure for earth to hide. I saw the torches thrown into the abyss, quenched by the kisses of the flowers, even as the earthly joy . . . had been quenched in that abyss of light which to us is only darkness. . . . One suffocating cry arose, as if all hearts were broken in that spasm, or as if music herself had given up the ghost. *But music never dies.* In reply to that sickening shout . . . a peal of transcendent music fell from some distant height— . . . triumphant, jubilant, sublime in seraph sweetness, joy immortal. While yet its echoes rang, another strain came forth to meet it, and melted into its embrace, as jubilant, as blissful, but farther, fainter, more ineffable. Again it yielded to the echoes; but above those echoes swelled another, a softer, and yet another and a softer voice, that was but the mingling of many voices, now far and far away; . . . and at length, when the mystic spell was broken and I could hear no more, I could only believe it still went on and on, sounding through all the earth, and rising up to heaven from shores of lands untraversed as that country beyond the grave.”

Mabel Parker Clarke Huddleston, '89.

ARCADES AMBO

Bob is fifteen years old; to his consciousness the world is already differentiated into two parts—himself and the rest. Life means fighting, Bob knows, and he is measuring the adversary with a steady eye, and with a sobering sense of the chance of failure. This mental attitude, perhaps induced and certainly assisted by a childish invalidism but lately outgrown, gives him a misleading air of experience. Late hours or an excess of chocolate-cake leave dark spaces below his lucent eyes, and lines of disillusionment about his dainty mouth. Bob's physical characteristic is accuracy of movement. Based on utilitarian grounds, his motions end by exhibiting a restrained grace. He plays tennis in accordance with the laws of mechanics, as trees bend in the wind. This simple acquiescence in the action of natural forces without the interference of distorting human consciousness, makes Bob more congruent than most of us with a fine landscape. Clothing has wrought its work of deformity on the race until the diluted nature of parks is all that we can with propriety group ourselves against. But Bob, with his straight limbs and well-set joints, does not look amiss in the wild-wood. Nay, he translates the spirit of Nature into a tongue more intelligible than her own. In ancient Roman frescoes we see how the painter, distrustful of his imitative skill, was not content with drawing (let us say) a running stream, but would still set beside it the figure of a nymph, who, as all men might see, was the sprite of flowing water. For all, with an eye for the meaning of the human form, Bob renders the same service to the actual landscape; the lake is more emphatically a lake when he stands in the diver's posture at the swaying end of the spring-board.

But where Cosslett forms the centre of the scene, the human interest predominates, and the landscape retires into a Perugin-esque subordination. Cosslett is a year younger than Bob, and as yet amorphous. The bones have outgrown the muscles, which do their work by jerks, though powerfully. His elbow is uncertain, and his hand destructive. He is larger than Bob, but Bob can throw him without much effort, and does so gladly several times a day. Cosslett has the more active

mind, yet Bob is his master by virtue of a certain genius for the conduct of life. Cosslett has not yet clearly divined himself as a member of society; at the beck of pleasure, under the influence of a book or a pain, he forgets his relations to other people, and shows the blank consciousness of a child. Bob will make his way in life by understanding other people, Cosslett by affirming himself. The shifting events of life Cosslett views as objectively as he would a kaleidoscope. He has seen much of the world, has some knowledge of four tongues besides his own, and owns an advanced cosmopolitanism. Though the correct is at times attractive to him, he is always ready to abandon it for the amusing. To Bob, on the other hand, the correct is as his vital breath. In after life his pleasures will be expensive. In his case, ill-health has backed up a psychological trait and produced a fastidious taste. Mentally he does not exert himself fully, probably by a hint from Nature, who knows that he could not grow up in health on more strenuous terms. As the result of all these conditions, he is the easy prey of an *ennui* whose clutch Cosslett has never felt. When Cosslett, as a child, was on a visit to his grandmother, he was asked whether he slept with an open window. "I can sleep with anything," said he. "I have slept with a cat." And a like affability characterizes his waking hours. He admires and would emulate the gift whereby grown people can swing idle and silent in hammocks, looking at scenery or equally uninteresting matters, but he has made no great progress. Bob has the gift, but falls pensive as he exercises it, and then melancholy. He often says there is nothing to do, when he means that there is no savor in doing anything in this vale of tears.

Bob is neatly finished, physically and mentally. He will grow larger, but his proportions will not alter. He is now a miniature man. Cosslett, on the other hand, is ill-adjusted, without and within. His brains have got the start of his character, as his bones have of his muscles. One result is that, while Cosslett is the more honest of the two, Bob has the keener sense of honor. In the event of a coolness, Cosslett will tell discreditable tales of Bob in any presence; but Bob is already a party to the freemasonry whereby men, judiciously selecting from the facts, present a solid front of innocence to the feminine world.

The feminine world is at present a subject of grave interest to both, but it offers no perplexities; they read it like a book. Of their

contemporaries in it they think lightly but assiduously. They sigh over the nothingness of girls, and deem them facile creatures. The chase has as yet no pleasure for them save as it is fruitful in trophies, and dalliance is naught without an audience. Cosslett returns from rowing *tête-à-tête* with a girl whom both admire, and produces a lace-pin won by fair exchange, and a hair-ribbon detached from a pigtail *male pertinaci*. Bob applauds his prowess. "Yes," says Cosslett, "but what's the fun when you're all alone with her? Now, if you had been there to pace me!" With their contemporaries their success seems pretty equal. Cosslett's dash and Bob's more insidious methods seem to bring in about the same number of hair-ribbons in the course of the year. But by the two standards according to which women generally judge boys, Bob is several points ahead, in spite of Cosslett's romantic beauty of face. In the first place, Bob is gifted with a natural taste for manners, while to Cosslett's mind manners are a theory, or rather a curious course of action to be practiced occasionally, like sleight of hand, to show that you can do it, but savoring of ostentation in daily life. And besides his manners, Bob has a cool, practical judgment, comfortable to the mature feminine mind. If he says a hill is safe to coast, the most cautious wheelwoman may abandon her pedals.

There are many ways of classifying mankind which would throw Cosslett and Bob into contrasted groups. Cosslett rides a Victor and Bob a Remington. In choosing outing shirts, Bob inclines to blue and Cosslett to pink. Cosslett's method in mischief is piratical, Bob's demure. When something amusing happens, Bob laughs if the circumstances permit; Cosslett laughs whether or no. Cosslett is ridden by an interest in physical phenomena, and has, indeed, much aptitude for scientific studies. Bob is willing to take the material universe for granted, and devote himself to the study of his kind. But if we so distribute the race that one group shall contain all persons under sixteen years of age whose hearts are in the right place, who, without being innocent, contrive to be good, who spend their money as fast as they get it, but no faster, we shall find Bob and Cosslett trotting, as they would phrase it, in the same class.

Emily James Smith, '89.

ASPIRATION

The moon's thin ghost above, by wholesome day
Caught' lingering after cockcrow : bramble vines
Tangling the hither slope ; a ledge that shines
Sheer white beyond the many-rippled bay.

Like a smooth panther, stretched along the sky,
The down bends gradual, bare for the noon to sleep,
Save where soft glooms of Protean shadow creep
In pace with clouds deep-bosomed, journeying by.

There, where the road climbs to its half-way stage,
A small, gray, lonely church doth lift its spire
O'er the earth's edge ; and thither my desire
Hath all this morning gone on pilgrimage.

CŒURS SIMPLES

I.

MME. OTIGE.

Our fishing party had come to grief by the usual method—a hopeless, drizzling rain. We drove doggedly on through the penetrating moisture, until we were forced to realize that such blackness over the well-known mountains could, if we continued, mean nothing but disappointment. The question then presented itself, where to seek shelter. The long, narrow road, with its parallel “green-ribbon” lines, stretched before us, winding always up hill, between zigzag fences, by stream and lake and wood, into the desolate forests of the North. By its side were scattered farm-houses, unpromising in their minuteness. While the eye was taking in these details, the body of each suddenly acted for itself. A flash of lightning, a crack of thunder, and then water on our head as though emptied from buckets, sent us leaping from our perches on top of the high two-wheeled “calèches,” and racing to the nearest door. It opened at once, as if by magic, and disclosed the figure of a French peasant woman, whose ungainly person and ugly, toothless face still managed to express dignity, kindness, and self-respect. Taken aback by her sudden appearance, I could only gasp:—

“Can we enter, Madame?” She held wide open the door, and, with an inclination of the head and a courtesy as stately as it was natural, replied:—

“Enter, Mam’selle. This house and all that it contains are yours.” The rest of our party, young people all, tumbled in after me, and a moment later our drivers followed, shaking the rain from their heads and beards.

We found ourselves in a living-room about sixteen feet by fourteen, into which protruded a large iron stove, the other side of which passed through the wall into the room beyond. A large “*pièce*” (side-board, closet, cupboard in one) filled up most of another wall, while a

loom and spinning-wheel and the inevitable wooden cradle that contained an enchanting baby, disputed the remaining space with the large family table. The walls were partly papered with ancient journals, whose presence might well astonish the outsider, as these people cannot read, and could scarcely be supposed to appreciate the decorative advantages of rows of pictureless print. But it seems to be a quality common to us all to assume the appurtenances of that knowledge which we palpably lack, and as some like to fill their shelves with books whose bindings only are their familiar friends, so these Canadian peasants decorate their primitive dwellings with the products of a civilization to which they are utterly strangers.

The baby came to me readily enough, and seemed pleased with the foolish noises we all made to attract his grave attention. But on the entrance of the other members of the family, he set up a terrific yell, which was quickly and cheerfully stilled, however, by an exchange of protectors. He and the young woman who seemed to be the object of his affections made a pretty picture together, but the artistic impression soon gave way to vulgar curiosity. Could she be his mother? Her little, childish nose, still unformed, gave the lie to the baby's contented nestling in her arm, and I was finally driven to the children's question:—

"How old are you?" I need not have doubted the mannerliness of the query, for her triumphant reply more than justified me:—

"Seventeen." Then, with a laugh of self-satisfaction, "*Je suis mariée—moi!* I was fifteen when I was married."

I blushed for my own wasted youth.

At this moment our hostess bustled up, and, seizing my corduroy skirt, felt its clammy substance in disgust.

"*Par ici, Mam'selle,*" she commanded. "We must see to that."

The tiny room to which she conducted me was evidently her best, for it was the only other on the ground floor, while above, experience told me, was only a loft. Here my skirt was removed, and another, a blue-and-brown plaid, unfolded from a drawer in the old bureau, was triumphantly adjusted.

"My daughter-in-law's," explained the lady of the house, whose hospitality was overwhelming. And then, when I admired the mate-

rial, I was told that it was a specimen of pure home industry. The firm, strong wool had been shorn from the little sheep that graze in the upland pastures, the dyes had been cunningly manufactured from wood and the sap of plants, and the wool had been carded, spun, woven, cut, and sewed in that very log house.

Again that dreadful consciousness of wasted years. Could all this indeed be accomplished by a girl of seventeen, who was also a mother?

It was a day of experiences new and delightful. We sat about in the living-room, and did our best to become wise in the sciences of our sex. We carded wool, and left it more tangled than before; our dull fingers sought to spin the same fine thread that already half-covered the spindle, but many a lump was the result; and we each worked some rows of tape carpeting on the heavy wooden hand-loom in the corner.

When lunch-time arrived, three or four hulking men, the sons of our friend, straggled in; but on seeing guests, they went quietly to a corner, only eying with some curiosity the abbreviated skirts and gaiters hanging to dry before the stove. The table was set for our benefit, and we were royally served with a delicious *pot-au-feu*, followed by trout, dumped sizzling on to our plates from the hot saucepan, good brown bread, and the freshest of butter, cream, and milk. The trout were that morning's catch from the lake six miles away, where one of the stalwart sons had been busy; the blueberries that came after had been lately picked from the field. It was all quite perfect.

When we had finished, the family and our drivers sat modestly down and made their midday meal on soup and bread.

I was somewhat concerned, when the rain finally stopped and a little watery sunshine crept out, as to how I should repay our hostess. Our painful search was rewarded by the production of a fifty-cent piece; so when the party of six was ready to depart, I approached her with some diffidence, my paltry payment burning my hand.

"*Mille remerciements*, Madame, for all your kindness—and—" at a loss how gracefully to get the thing done, I held out the coin.

"Ah, my chère—no, of course not. It was our pleasure," and she waved it aside. And then, to my infinite discomfort, she stooped toward me and implanted a dirty but affectionate embrace on my

cheek. "Au revoir—may *le bon Dieu* bless you and send you a good husband soon."

And so we rattled off down the hills to more "civilized" parts.

The remainder of this tale it is painful to relate.

Our house was full of guests, and I was distractedly busy, when, one day a few weeks later, our little native maid announced:—

"*Mam'selle, voilà Mme. Otige qui vous demande un peu.*"

She had come to call. She had driven down with butter and cream from her tiny dairy, and she was there waiting for me to show to her the same generous hospitality and courteous kindness that I had received at the Otige house. What was to be done? I led her to the piazza, and we sat dejectedly side by side, conversing about the weather and my family. I could not invite her to dinner with sixteen guests, I could not give her tea at twelve in the morning, and I had no home industries at all wherewith to furnish her amusement. I was ashamed of our large house, too large for the reception of my gracious hostess, and of our table, too well spread for her refreshment. I was ashamed of my class, and my situation, that tied my hands toward one of her position, and I let her go, feeling with her the unprofitableness of her renewal of friendly intercourse.

II.

NICOLÀ.

I had never shot the rapids before, and the excitement of the first rushing dip was all that I expected. The waves dashed over the bow of the light canoe, as she dipped and bowed, but never swerved from her course. I held my breath as we bore down on a wicked-looking rock, but with a skillful stroke of the paddle the Indian in the stern swept us aside, and we rushed by, leaving a quarter of an inch leeway between our delicate bark and its jagged surface. This proved to me that I was as safe as though I had been in a steamer-chair on the deck of an ocean greyhound, and I resigned myself to a passive delight in

the brilliant, leaping water and the hurrying shores, with their smooth, rounded stones, precipitous banks, and scantily tilled fields beyond. The cold Canadian sun lit up all the colors with surpassing clearness, and the fresh wind from the Gulf swept up the narrow valley like a breath from the Far North, which somehow does not seem so far in that land of stunted trees and rocky soil.

"Here, Mam'selle," broke in the guttural voice of my guide, "is where the river runs deep and swift. The pools measure many feet, and the waters wait to drown the incautious man." I turned and watched him with admiration as he knelt there, the single representative in that district of a race whose natural inheritance was this swift river, this sunlit valley, and those miles of pathless forest and trout-filled lakes beyond. He was in the prime of complete physical manhood, tall, swarthy, powerful, swift in action, lazy in ordinary life, skilled in the arts of his people, but as arrogant a boaster as the least capable white man. His immovable bronzed face expressed the typical stolidity of the race as his arms swept us on with regular, untiring speed.

"And can you swim this river, Nicolà?" I inquired. The question was needless, for he would have modestly confessed to the powers of the Angel Gabriel if pressed on the subject.

"*Ah, oui.* Mam'selle should only see how I can swim. I care not for the cold, not I. Though the Americans and English come and can only take one plunge, I can swim without fatigue or pain from Pointe à Pic to Cap à l'Aigle" (a distance of about two miles, in water approximating 45° Fahrenheit). "Mam'selle should have seen me one day" (this with added animation as he leaned forward on his paddle, reminding me of the confidential gondolier, who deserts his poop to converse with the passenger); "Mam'selle should have been there. A fellow thought that he was a great swimmer, and challenged me, Nicolà, to a contest in distance swimming. The day arrived. Many people were assembled on the shore to see us start. All were waiting for me. Finally I stepped down toward the water, a small knapsack fastened to my shoulders. '*Sacré fou, man,*' cried the other; 'what do you do with that trunk on your back?' 'That,' I answered, 'is for my dinner. After I have been hard at work for some hours, I turn over in the

water and take a little refreshment, and then go on. And you?" That swimming match, Mam'selle, did not occur. I frightened him away," and he laughed with an abandon that spoke of French blood.

Half an hour afterward and the descent of the river was over, the blue bay had been crossed, and our prow lightly touched the pebbly beach by Nicolà's cottage. It was a small wooden building, new and comfortable in its way, with a piazza, and many growing plants, in pots, suspended from the ceiling, according to a pretty custom that gives an air of festival to the well-to-do houses in Quebec villages.

Having learned that one was welcome to make the acquaintance of the new baby, I approached the piazza. Madame Nicolà was weaving sweet-hay baskets and rocking the wooden cradle with her foot. Within was a prodigy who would have made the fortune of Mr. Mellin or Mother Siegel. He was six months old at the time, and no one could possibly have credited him with less than two years. He was fierce, black-headed, beady-eyed, monster-sized. He needed only the serpents to represent perfectly the Infant Hercules, as he gazed pugnaciously out into life. This wonder was the eighth child of the mild little mother, who quietly favored me with the information that for several months he had had meat and *patates*, or anything else he wanted, to eat. His name was Achilles.

"Your names," I remarked, grandly, to my hostess and the little group of idlers who had gathered from the wharf and tiny village street, "your names here are very interesting to us *étrangers*. You know Hector and Achilles and Télémaque were great warriors in olden days, and the heroes of many tales. And your name Amyas is especially interesting, because we have a story of an Amyas who lived three hundred years ago in England, and was a wonderful sailor and adventurer."

Whether my French was more than usually at fault I cannot tell, but with one accord the women all exclaimed:—

"Wonderful! Mam'selle says three hundred years old. What a man!"

"No, stupids," cried an old fellow, who leaned upon his stick and gesticulated fiercely. He seemed quite an oracle among them, and all turned to listen. "No, dull ones; Mam'selle said three hundred years ago."

"But there could have been a man three hundred years old, anyway," stoutly maintained Madame. "Behold Noah and Adam; they were far more than that."

"Yes, yes," answered the local philosopher; "but in those days the *Bon Dieu* had to allow men to live longer in order to fully populate the earth. But now, in these times of wickedness, we must be cut off at fifty or sixty, on account of our sins."

III.

THE BLESSED STE. ANNE.

"*Il vous confesse, M. votre curé?*" The speaker glanced, a trifle incredulously, I thought, in the direction whence came the even swish-swash of a slender yet incredibly powerful rod swung by the practiced hand of the parson, whose erect form could be seen but indistinctly across the lake in the soft evening light.

Round our boats the gentle waters spread out their mirror surface unbroken by a ripple save when—most thrilling sight—a glistening spotted trout leapt high in the air, twisting its supple body, and then fell again into the even water, leaving as token of his presence a tiny whirlpool that broke up into many dancing colors the calm sunset light. The wooded shores fell steeply down to the water's edge, their tender blackness intensified by the quiet afterglow, while above, in the clear serene of summer sky, a glowing crescent was making itself realized.

I turned with a start to answer the modestly posed question of my guide. "No, my curé did not confess me. If I were dying? Yes, certainly I should ask him to come, but no one else." Again quiet, while the man in the bow pondered. Then, tentatively:—

"Mam'selle, our church says there is but one religion. '*Hors de l'église, point de salut.*'" I smiled assent, and curiosity prompted me to ask if he thought mine no religion, a question of which I afterward repented, as being a trial to that perfect courtesy so invariable in the French Canadian. But the gentle-spirited Napoléon was not to be

taken unawares. "Ah, Mam'selle," (with a deprecating gesture) "one must always believe. But, to my mind, there are two dispensations, and he who lives under the commandment which has been given to him, and follows the will of *le bon Dieu*, will surely be saved."

My attention was quickly turned from philosophy to sport, and for an instant I experienced the keen joy of the gentle soul who has succeeded in slaying a harmless fellow-creature. It was the last catch of the day; with the slowly settling darkness the inhabitants of the lake sank to rest, while we, disturbers of that peaceful spot, paddled lazily toward our campfire's signal light. The strokes kept time to an old French melody borne over the waters by the tenor of one of our lusty guides, who had been left at home to prepare the hot supper that tastes so delicious to the camper-out. The searching melody and simple words — of Marguerite and how she sang so sweetly that the brook halted to listen and the birds tried in vain to imitate — had never sounded more appropriate or touching. As we drew nearer, Napoléon joined bravely in with the monotonous refrain:—

*"Chant-e, Margue-rite
Le plaisir et les beaux jours
Printemps passe si vit-e
Chant-e, chante toujours
Char-te, Marguerite, oui, chante toujours."*

But before we joined the other happy fishers, who were gathered, a group of moving black figures around the great pine fire, Napoléon turned to me, and, in a tone that spoke of confident and childlike faith, remarked:—

"Ah, *Mademoiselle*—*si vous sairez*—the miracles that our priests work—you would then believe."

At noon the next day, after a scramble through the woods, hot and fragrant with the penetrating scent of balsam-fir and sweet-fern, we found ourselves again at Napoléon's log-house, where his wife, a woman who must have been lovely once, before she worked so hard, gave us delicious milk in bowls. I asked Napoléon what I owed him for this excellent beverage, and he replied politely that he did not

know: "*Demandez les créatures.*" Puzzled, I was about to inquire if he referred to the cows themselves, when his old mother came out and claimed a quarter for the woman's share of profit.

We sat lazily about on the tiny uncovered piazza, waiting for the guides, who presently came up at a sort of dog-trot, each carrying a heavy pack fastened round his forehead by a broad leather band. It was good to have nothing to do but empty a large white bowl of its creamy contents, and pick pertinacious burrs from one's garments. Engaged in this pleasing sport, I became aware that I was being watched, and, turning, saw, over the board that is placed across the door of such cottages (so that the babies cannot crawl into the street), a bright, curious pair of black eyes, set in a gnome-like brown face.

"*Ai — Jacques — fait salut à Mam'selle,*" Mme. Napoléon cried, seeing that I had noticed the apparition. "Mam'selle will not mind, I hope," she continued to me; "he is my sister's son, and since his accident cannot go out or walk at all. She is very poor, and we keep him for her."

"What was the accident?" I inquired, and was told that he had been coasting with the other boys, had gone straight into a tree, and since then, his aunt said, with a resigned look, had been only able to crawl about. It was eighteen months ago, and he had suffered much. I could not get anything from the child himself, though I talked gently to him for some time, pitying the pathetic little body, shriveled up like his old little face. He was in his tenth year, but did not boast a very large vocabulary; indeed, the whole child seemed to have barely existed, not grown at all, since his misfortune.

"It is not that we have neglected him, Mam'selle," explained the aunt. "We took him to the bone-setter at Ste. Agnès a month or two after it happened, and he pulled and rubbed the leg — *mais — que voulez-vous? C'est le 'mauvais sang.'* His father froze his foot once, and it cannot get well; he is always lame. When there is '*mauvais sang*' in a family there is much sickness. But now," and her face brightened, "*le bon Dieu* may help him at last. We have saved enough money, with what my sister can give, for Jacques to go with the next pilgrimage up to Beaupré, where the blessed Ste. Anne will doubtless effect a great cure."

The memory of the helpless cripple boy, with his suffering eyes, would not let me enjoy my trip in retrospect until I had taken my trouble to the great New York surgeon, who was loved by all the peasants for his healing powers. He was going fishing, he would see Jacques, and I felt sure that the best would be done.

But the event did not justify my hopes. He made an examination, found that the hip had been broken and not properly set, and that it was an incurable case of hip-disease, starvation, and hereditary bad blood. Unfortunately, the child would live, and all we could do was to supply crutches and some good food tonic for the winter months.

In the long absence from September to June, the summer interests get crowded out, and it was not until the following spring, when our north-bound steamer⁷ passed the rotten old hulk that carries crowds of penitents and sick people at regular intervals to the shrine of Ste. Anne, near Quebec, that I thought again of Jacques and his poor little poisoned body. The thought that he might be there made me scan closely the crowded deck; but among all those honest, patient peasant folk going so trustfully to leave spiritual cares and physical crutches in the church of the blessed saint, I did not see the small, stunted boy whose dark eyes had unconsciously begged for aid that summer morning.

The broad, cold expanse of water, and the forbidding cliffs and black fir slopes of the Lower St. Lawrence held my attention during the rest of the trip. Each jagged promontory brought us nearer the familiar little bay; but none were quite the same as the last high mass, which, jutting out, hid from the approaching steamer the long old wharf characteristic of this great river, whose tides create such a disturbance each day with their twenty-foot rise and fall. The French captain manœuvred our clumsy craft with more honesty than skill, and it was not till the third attempt to come alongside that we finally succeeded in getting a rope caught and fastened by the first casual loiterer on the wharf. This arrival is the great event of each day, to witness which all the inhabitants, native or not, hurry down to the water's edge. All was confusion; the passengers stumbled up the

almost perpendicular gang-plank (for this was low tide), and were swallowed up by the anxious crowd of *calèche*-men, who differ but slightly from their brothers-in-arms, the New York drivers, with their cry of "Keb, kerridge, keb, kerridge," or the gondolieri, with their "*Gondola, Signora, gondola.*"

I surrendered myself to the first familiar solicitor, and was soon installed with my luggage in the high cart, that swung precariously on its leather straps. As we toiled up the long, steep hill, I was surprised to see that my driver did not dismount to aid the sturdy little horse. Then I remembered that this particular man was lame; but that he was the father of Jacques I did not realize until he turned his sad, dark eyes to me and said:—

"Mam'sellè, the little son is much improved. He walks about a little now, and can get to school, and has grown quite fat and well."

"Ah," I cried; "then the crutches and all the bottles of medicine have made him strong." A glow of self-approbation warmed me, when I considered that this was all due to my forethought and care.

"No, indeed, Mam'selle," said the father, with dignity and a certain elation. "We went to Beaupré and prayed and took the Communion, and with a bottle of sacred oil have anointed it every day. *Voilà—le bon Dieu* and the blessed Ste. Anne wrought this miracle for us."

I do not deny that this explanation had the immediate effect of wounding my pride, but my æsthetic sense has been permanently gratified by so charming and characteristic a *dénouement*. And, indeed, I should have expected nothing else, had I called to mind the scene of a former year, when the village lost some thirty quaint old cottages by fire—when, in the midst of the fight, all the peasants dropped hose and bucket and knelt in the mud, while the priest solemnly passed down between rows of burning houses, bearing aloft the Host that was to quell the conflagration.

I.

ST. BERNARD'S PRAYER

Paradiso XXXIII.

Virgin Mother, daughter of thine own Son : lowly, yet more exalted than any creature ; appointed end of the eternal plan ; thou art she, who didst so ennoble human nature, that its Creator disdained not to become His own creation ; in thy heart glowed that love through whose warmth in eternal peace thus blossomed forth this flower. Thou art for us the noonday sun of charity, and on earth among mortals art of hope the living fountain. Madonna, so great and so beneficent art thou, that whoso craves a grace, and commends himself not to thee, is like one wishing his desires to fly without wings. Thy blessing not only succours man, when asked for, but oftentimes bountifully foreruns the prayer. In thee mercy, in thee compassion, in thee magnificence is found, in thee whatever there is of good in humankind. Now this Man, who thus high from the lowest abyss of the universe has gazed upon the living spirits one by one, prays through the grace of thy efficacy thus much from thee, that he may raise himself through beholding, nearer to the Final Salvation. And I, who never for my own sight burned more than now for his, I offer to thee all my prayers, and beseech that they may not be of light avail ; that thou, by thy intercession, shouldst disperse all the clouds of his mortality, in such way that the Highest Bliss shall unfold before him. More, I pray thee, Queen of Heaven, who hast power for all thy desires, do thou preserve unharmed all his senses after so great a sight. Subdue by thy protecting power the emotions of his humanity. Behold, how Beatrice, and with her what numbers of the blessed, before thee, for my prayers clasp their hands.

Eleanor Olivia Brownell, '97.

II.

RENOUNCEMENT

From the French of Marceline de Val Ambéry.

Forgive, dear Lord, this face with grief grown old ;
Beneath my happy eyes Thou hadst laid tears ;
Thy other gifts are gone, this one I hold.

This, envied least, perhaps is best for me—
Death shalt not find me bound with flower-chains
To earth ; Lord, I have given them all to Thee,
Only my hot tears' salt to me remains.

Flowers for children ; salt for womanhood ;
In its white purity steep all my days.
Lord, when the deep salt seas my soul hath stood,
Give back a heart to love Thee with always.

All earth's amazements now are past for me,
All farewells said ; and my soul fain would win
To her dear fruits, deep held in mystery,
Which great pure death alone dared gather in.

O Christ, be tender of other mothers' fears,
For love of Thine and ours, and pity of me.
Baptize their children with my bitter tears ;
Take up my fallen little ones on Thy knee.

Louise Sheffield Brownell, '93.

FROM MEMORY

A pasture path, through young birch woods, whose bright leaves, wet with heavy showers, glitter in strong sunlight. The ground is covered with fine, short grass and moss; here and there, in little companies, are toadstools, pale pink and green and Quakerish gray,—children of the warm rain and the ardent sun. Against the wet tree-trunks gleam masses of red fungus, with its ragged saffron lining. From the bending briars along the pathway, hangs down the ungrudged bounty of the hedges, clusters of rain-wet blackberries, ice-cold and honey-sweet, yielding with all readiness to the hand, and dyeing with their rich blood the too-eager fingers.

* * *

The rocks to which we clung, high up against the face of the cliff, were warm with the sun; and the breath of the pine was in our nostrils. Above, through pine boughs, shone the pure blue of the summer sky, and far beneath stretched out green, generous reaches of fair country, hills rising softly behind hills. A clear mountain brook sparkled and sang beside us, making its way over smooth-worn rocks and beneath fallen tree-trunks. Then, gathering volume as it goes, the torrent leaps down its channel and falls crashing into spray.

* * *

At the close of a long day, we were riding, fresh and untired, along the valley road, through the green meadows. The trees bordering the road were weighed down with fruit, the early fall apples ripe and fragrant, or the bright, unmellow red ones, that ripen later, dangerously tempting. Tell me, if you can, greater happiness than to lie on one's back, resting on the clean grass of the roadside, eating stolen apples, still warm with the sun. Stolen we deemed them,

merely to add to their sweetness,—though the term belied the generous spirit of the farmers, kind to wayfarers. Beyond our stopping-place stretched an unfenced meadow, moorlike and unkempt; and as we looked, a cry ran from mouth to mouth, and we had dismounted from our wheels and were running hither and thither over the field, filling our arms with the tall, straight stems of purple gentian. This shy flower, whose secret hiding-place is guarded with jealous care by those that love it, grew here in lavish plenty; yet we were the first to reap the rich harvest. Binding up the purple sheaves, we fastened them to the front of our wheels, and rode on toward the sunset.

* * *

A gorge between bold cliffs, narrow as if cleft by a single blow of some earth-shaping Titan, widens out into a smiling valley. In the shadow of the sheer walls, a stream, swollen by the recent rains, pours down the narrow channel. The rocks hem in and block its progress, but without avail, until, leaping against a giant boulder which juts out from the rock like the prow of a galley, the torrent parts and falls in a double stream, to meet in the hollowed basin below and rush on rejoicing down the valley. The level rays of the sun, shining straight down the ravine, catch the drops of spray as they fall, and form a rainbow, which, as the stream varies in the might of its onrush, shivers into broken gleams of prismatic color, and forms anew,—a Valhalla pathway bridging the chasm. Tempted by the rocks which towered above us, we scorned the road, winding in tame security up to the head of the gorge, and clambered up beside the leaping water. Up and up we climbed, slipping back yet pressing forward, grasping the pliant roots of the young trees above our heads, and finding unstable foothold in the burrows of chipmunk and rattlesnake. For us, joy in the widening view, the clear sky, and the cool soft air, was for the moment merged in the simple physical rapture of the struggle upward.

A narrow ledge of rock was reached at last, high above the din of the waterfall and the stream. As we lay panting there and resting, we looked straight down the valley toward the yellow sun, whose rays, shining below the level of our eyes, lit up the tree-tops. The sides of the valley were covered with dense woods,—here and there flaunted

a flame-red tree, betraying the first touch of frost. Beyond rose other green-clad hills, and in the distance, as far as the eye could carry, towered into the sky, clear and distinct, the blue peaks of the Kaatskills.

* * *

From the Dome of the Taconics we watched the twilight gather; and the world, spread out far below us, grew vague and shadowy as a dream. The sunset lines of pale yellow were fading into livid pallor, and from the valleys rose mist-wreaths, melting the rounded curves of the hills into still softer contours. Over the blurred outlines of the Twin Lakes and the unsubstantial masses of their encircling hills, the moon rose round, red, and threatening, until, freed from the low-lying vapors, it rode clear in the serene upper sky. The air grew fresher and more chill, and on the rocks drops of dew glittered in the moonlight. The loneliness and remoteness of the bare mountain-top awed and stilled us; but below, close at hand, was the darkness and security of the tree-trunks. Along the steep downward path we stumbled, happy yet half-afraid, over roots of trees and against outstretched branches, now in complete darkness, and again with the eye of the moon piercing down to us through the tree-tops. All was drowsy and at peace (we alone, scrambling on, disturbed with our hushed laughter and broken whispers the eloquent silence of the woods). Out from the odorous darkness we passed in safety, and down a clear path of moonlight we made our haste homeward.

E. C., '90.

* * *

The Berkshires, September, '96.

Περὶ σκιῶς μάχοντο.

I.

Lizbeth wears pinafores,
And I do too.
We quarrel awful every day,
That's true as true ;
'Cause Lizbeth's pinafores are white
And mine are blue.
And so we quarrel every day—
Wouldn't you ?

II.

Cynthia's charms win every heart,
So they say do mine.
Feasters pledge us night by night
Together in the wine.
Myself, I love not lips so red—
Ah, Cupid ! may she die unwed.

III.

We are listening for the bugle mid the neighing of the horses.
Ah ! how black a night can be without a star !
Stand still, my beauty, while I fasten firm the stirrup—
Is your heart beating, too, to know that this is war ?
Our king has a river and theirs a seaport,
So rightfully we hate them and show our hate to-night,
And perchance the young fop who rides beside me
May—Hurrah ! the charge is on ! For God and the Right !

Marion Edwards Park, '98.

THE ANATHEMA

THE CURÉ.

YVES THE SEXTON.

SUZANNE.

URSULE.

SCENE.—*In front of the church.*

YVES.—You are early at church this morning, Mère Suzanne.

SUZANNE.—Ah, none too soon, Yves, none too soon. Before long the bell will be tolling for my poor Bonate. How little I ever thought I should see him lying on the gloomy bier, with the candles burning round him!

YVES.—He was a wild and reckless fellow, with no respect for any one. I always said he would come to no good end.

SUZANNE.—Poor Bonate, he was very young. It was a sad death to have the life-breath beaten out of him by the cruel salt waves, with never a chance to confess himself ere he died.

YVES.—The devil was in a hurry to get his soul and did not give him time to get absolution.

SUZANNE.—Ah, evil day, that a child of mine should die cursed by the Church and be buried like a dog in unconsecrated ground!

YVES.—A fearful warning for all godless youth who stay away from the sacraments.

SUZANNE.—He has broken my heart and Ursule's too. Have you seen the poor child lately?

YVES.—Why I caught a glimpse of her a while ago under that willow, kneeling on the mound, but when she heard my step she started, and without a word ran into the church.

SUZANNE.—She has been strangely silent lately. Ever since they brought in Bonate's poor, dripping body, she has watched night and day by his side.

(Ursule comes out of the church.)

YVES.—There she is, kneeling again on the mound. What has come over the girl!

SUZANNE.—Ah, Yves, you little know what she has suffered. You did not hear the Curé tell her that since my grandson had died under the ban of the Church he could not have holy burial. "Oh, shut not my brother out of heaven!" cried Ursule, and her hollow voice made me shiver. Since then she has scarce spoken a word, but I have heard her murmur to herself, "Shut out of heaven!"

(The Curé enters.)

CURÉ.—Peace be upon you, good Suzanne.

SUZANNE.—Ah, your reverence, there's but little peace in this life for an old woman who has lost every blessing.

CURÉ.—Nay, you have Ursule still.

SUZANNE.—Ursule! what does she care for her poor old grandmother? She has no thought for anything but Bonate.

CURÉ.—Where is she? I will speak with her.

YVES.—There she is yonder, your reverence.

CURÉ.—Ursule.

URSULE.—Who called me? I thought I was alone.

CURÉ.—I called you, my child.

URSULE.—Oh, you, the priest that doth refuse forgiveness unto the helpless dead.

CURÉ.—Nay, my child. I am powerless to remove the ban of the Church.

URSULE.—Then the Church is without mercy.

CURÉ.—She is all merciful, for there is mercy even in punishment. Therefore she lays down an awful penalty for those who die unreconciled and unforgiven. She doth deny them Christian sepulture.

URSULE.—But Bonate repented before he died. That fearful night, above the roaring of the storm, I heard him cry, "Have mercy on my soul!" Then came the rush of waters and I heard him no more. But God will not refuse that last prayer uttered by lips that an instant after grew cold in death. The waves, as they washed over him, must have cleansed him from the stain of his sins. What need had he then of other sacrament?

CURÉ.—My child, Heaven surely sent you this consoling dream.

URSULE.—Then Heaven wills my brother should be laid in consecrated ground.

CURÉ.—This cannot be, my child.

URSULE.—Then you believe my brother is not saved.

CURÉ.—I am much troubled by your words, Ursule, for I remember how, when you were a child, I found you kneeling alone before the altar, your little head just touching the high rail. Your uplifted face caught the holy light of the slowly swinging lamp, and your lips smiled as they whispered a prayer; and as your smile came to me through the dim church, I felt myself less far away from heaven. "Here is one," I said to myself "whose prayers must pass before the very throne of God." Therefore, my child, I verily believe you have won mercy for your brother. Be then content, for all the blessings of the Church could not sanctify the grave of the wicked, nor can her curse make unholy the grave of the righteous. For God alone can truly bless or curse.

(The bell tolls.)

The Church now, with solemn voice, bids us pay the last sad rites to the dead.

SUZANNE.—Your arm, child. My eyes are dim and the ground seems tottering under my feet.

(Exeunt Curé, Suzanne and Ursule.)

YVES.—I wonder what idea the girl has in her head about this mound. She flits about here like a timid bird that visits by stealth her brood of nestlings.

(Ursule comes out of the church.)

URSULE.—"God alone can truly bless or curse." Has all then been in vain?

YVES.—What! You here again, Ursule! Surely the service is not already over?

URSULE.—I could bear it no longer—no longer. Poor grandmother's eyes were so full of tears that she did not see me when I left her side.

YVES.—I never thought I should find you playing truant from church. What has come over you?

URSULE.—I cannot tell you, Yves. I do not know. These long, weary days of suspense, I wish I could forget them forever.

YVES.—You seem to love this mound.

URSULE.—Poppies grow here. Poppies have the power of soothing pain. I need some balm to bring me sleep.

(The funeral procession comes down the steps.)

YVES.—Many a funeral have I seen in this church, but never one before that could not stop in churchyard.

URSULE.—Oh, listen to me one moment.

CURÉ.—What, my child?

URSULE.—My father, grant to me this one boon. It is not much to ask, and it will bring great comfort to my sad heart.

CURÉ.—What is it? Speak, my child.

URSULE.—Before you go out of this holy place, let the coffin rest an instant on this mound, and give it your last blessing.

CURÉ.—But, my child—

YVES.—The girl is surely mad.

CURÉ.—Ursule, my child, this is a strange request. Why do you ask it?

URSULE.—Oh, I dreamed last night that Bonate and I were children once again, and we played here plucking the sleepy poppies. We sat under the shadow of this willow, and Bonate fell asleep with the long grasses twining around his pallid face. I became frightened and called to him, and he woke not, but seemed to sink down as into deep gurgling water. Then the grass closed over him, and I found myself sitting here alone. Blame me not if I think of him lying beneath this peaceful sod.

CURÉ.—Poor child; it shall be done as you desire. Kneel all, and I will say the holy words.

YVES.—Your reverence, wait one instant. The coffin has not been properly closed.

URSULE.—You shall not touch it.

CURÉ.—Why, child, he will do no harm.

URSULE.—Oh, I beseech you, let him not touch it.

SUZANNE.—For shame, Ursule. She is so jealous about Bonate. She would scarce allow me to look at his poor pale face.

URSULE.—My father, give your blessing. Do not wait.

CURÉ.—Have patience. Yves will not be long.

URSULE (*aside*).—All is lost—all is lost.

YVES.—Holy Virgin, saints and angels, the coffin is empty!

SUZANNE.—What, what! Why, your reverence, it was but yesterday at the vespers' bell that they laid my poor Bonate in it, before my very eyes.

CURÉ.—What evil hand has dared to tamper thus profanely with the dead?

YVES.—The devil knew his own!

SUZANNE.—Oh, terrible, terrible! Bonate, my poor Bonate!

URSULE.—May fire from heaven consume thy wicked tongue.

CURÉ.—Ursule! Hush, hush, my child.

URSULE.—That was a cursed lie.

YVES.—Where, then, is the body? Perhaps you believe it has been the angels have cared for it.

URSULE.—Oh! God will punish you for these cruel taunts.

CURÉ.—For shame, Yves. Say no more.

YVES.—Your reverence, but make her speak, and you will soon learn the secret.

URSULE.—Do not think you can make me speak. I will keep my lips as if the seal of death were on them.

SUZANNE.—Oh, I am in torment. May the holy saints have mercy on us all.

CURÉ.—I beseech you be calm, my child. What do you fear? Surely you trust my love. I will not let any harm come to you. Speak then and quiet our anxious minds.

URSULE.—My brother is here beneath this mound.

YVES.—Ha! just what I thought.

CURÉ.—Woe to him who hath disobeyed the Church; let him abide the punishment.

SUZANNE.—Do not punish me, I swear I did not do it.

URSULE.—Mine was the disobedience. On me alone must the punishment fall.

CURÉ.—Ursule, what is this you say? You have defied the law of the Church.

URSULE.—Oh, it was surely not a sin! I seemed to hear my brother's voice pleading for me to give him peace. He could not rest until he was laid in holy ground. In the long silent nights it haunted me, that piteous appeal of the dead, and when the dreary daylight dawned, I heard it still

above all other sound, as I watched ever by his side, keeping the tapers burning. By their dim flickering light I saw his face and it was pitiful in its yearning like a child's that is too young to speak. I took his cold hand in mine, and whispered a promise that I would never see him laid in that desolate place, uncared for and unblest, but that he should rest within this sacred enclosure. Here then he lies, and the flowers grow upon his grave. Ah! surely God has blest it.

YVES.—They shall not grow there long; 'tis as easy to unmake a grave as to make one.

URSULE.—You will not disturb him now?

YVES.—You had best say no more, but beg humble pardon for all your sins. He shall go where he belongs.

URSULE.—Let the Church punish me for my sin, if it were so great a sin, with bitter penance all the rest of my life, but in the name of all that is sacred, I implore you to let him sleep here where the shadow of the cross falls on his grave.

YVES.—This place is for good Christians; not for such as he.

SUZANNE.—My poor Bonate! My poor Bonate!

CURÉ.—Silence and hear me; the Church's blessing is on this grave. Who dares desecrate what she hath blest, on him shall fall the horror of her curse.

A. M. T. Waddington, 97.

THE HIGH TIDE

Gray is the evening sky : no sunset glow
 Tinges the ocean with its soft, warm light.
 Out from the gathering darkness masses white
Along the shore move restless to and fro.
The impetuous waves, that but an hour ago
 Crouched trembling, and drew backwards in affright,
 Now lift proud, quivering heads aloft, and smite
With deafening roar the yellow sands below.
 The tossed-up foam gathers itself anew,
And creeps far out upon the sloping shore.
 Higher the swollen waters rise to view,
And ever louder sounds the breakers' roar :
 While overhead, casting her veil aside,
 The moon shares in the triumph of the tide.

H. R. P., '93.

RUDYARD KIPLING

I.

We have been told this winter, with much insistence, concerning *The Seven Seas*, all the things that were equally true and no more significant with regard to *The Light That Failed* or even *Plain Tales*. The exhaustion of the first edition on the day of publication is not only the freshest, but the pleasantest, of the facts enumerated, since it makes a treasure of a first edition. So great excitement on the part of those who are by their nature, or, as Professor James would say, who are fatally incompetent to appreciate the books they interest themselves in, is troublesome to a class of readers who, believing themselves discerning, know themselves exacting, and are perhaps, in yet greater degree than they suspect, devoted on the score of its exclusiveness to a deliberate cult of the esoteric, and too often of the avowedly second-rate. These would gladly have Mr. Kipling less great, if they might have him to themselves. And when they claim for him a place among the supreme masters, it is with a conscious wish to remove him, in so doing, beyond the blast of common acclaim, and thin out to a desirable minority the numbers that support their judgment. For one's self, while making haste at the outset to become identified with these, one ventures to claim a further distinction in having formed a decision undismayed by its coincidence with every one's else, in even finding its warrant in its universality. Mr. Kipling, although he commends himself in every line to the plain man, appeals in every word to the strenuous craftsman in letters, whose trained understanding is alone equal to entire appreciation of his fellow.

There is ground, nevertheless, for some dismay. The people who industriously quote *The Seven Seas* in their lectures and addresses, have a knack of selecting bits that some of us would wish to forget. Since the *Departmental Ditties* appeared, Mr. Kipling has not put his name to anything that cried so loudly for the ordeal by fire. *The Miracles*, *The Three-Decker*, *Sappers*, and *Bill 'Awkins*, one

is obliged, however reluctantly, to challenge as inadmissible, and one is suspicious of the metamorphosed Dungara. That comfortable old Asiatic divinity, the God of Things as They Are, was, in the country of the Buria Kol, an idle god, and must himself be a little oppressed by the immense amount of overseeing that fell to him when he became the Master of All Good Workmen; it is perhaps his punishment, the madness of Yat, that is just touching Mr. Kipling and prompting such verse as this:—

“And those that were good shall be happy : they shall sit in a golden chair. . . .
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter and Paul ;
They shall work for an age at a sitting, and never be tired at all.”

There is a change, here, from the entirely noble movement of *The True Romance*.

But on leaving *The Seven Seas* and surveying the whole mass of Mr. Kipling's work, the entire contents of the eighteen or twenty volumes for which he has already made himself responsible, the same phenomenon occurs. Those of the Simla stories which deal, not very profoundly, with the more sordid aspects of Indian life, are singled out for special praise by the same enthusiasts who suggest that *Thrown Away* and *Beyond the Pale* “would,” in the unique and imperishable phrase of one of them, “appropriately reduce to the ballad form”: the *Ballad of East and West*, which, in such lines as “The dun he fell at a watercourse—in a woeful heap fell he,” has not even good ballad manner, is as unreservedly applauded as *The Light That Failed* is unconditionally decried. These and similar freaks of the critical spirit, moreover, do not signify so much by half, since they perish within the month, as the attitude of those whom they *write for* in the reciprocal senses of the term, both expressing and influencing their feeling. The sentiment of the public toward Mr. Kipling is perhaps comparable to that of a lady for her petted spaniel,—indiscriminating admiration excepting when he tugs or tramples on the skirts of fancy or prejudice, and gets slapped for his pains.

Appearing, as he did, in a civilization no less hybrid, and far more sterile, than that of Alexandria, he has been treated by even his most

distinguished critics as our ancestors treated meteoric stones and certain of our own scientists treated the small creatures they contrived to rear in hay-broth, although one had thought that to the clear sight he was unmistakable—plain by every mark, a late and perfect flower of the Romantic spirit.

A deeper cause exists, however, for regretting the instant wholesale acceptance of the man. That any one who should be, from the time he was twenty until he was thirty-five, or longer, most read, most praised, most paid of English writers, could fail of having his head turned, is almost inconceivable. That his steady vision did discern, even better than the rest of us, the danger hemming him in, is indicated by his writing *The Light That Failed*, and analyzing in it the precise nature and course of his temptations; that his great strength carried him safely out of them is proved by his continuing, like the hero of *The Middle Years*, to revise his work even after publication. But although the facts stand that Mr. Kipling recognizes only one master—himself—and only one critic—the Deity—and that his endeavor is tireless for perfection, how explain the indiscriminating publication of good and bad work together?

The point of departure for explanation is similitude, and if one might dare for once in a way to be frankly fantastic, one would urge that, from the likeness of temperament in Mr. Kipling and Shakespeare, a like line of conduct might surely be prophesied—that the same quiet indifference and negligence which led the one in the seventeenth century to leave his plays scattered, even unprinted, were at the root of the other's culpable inclination, in the nineteenth, to throw everything into type and leave the winnowing to the wind of destiny. He plays with age-old pebbles, fragments of the foundations of the world, and with rags and pickings that, yesterday caught in the thorns, still flutter in the wind; he is as careless, as catholic, as irresponsible as a boy of ten. The love of man for man, of men for women, the second-rate amours of a frothy society, the memories and instincts that have no part in consciousness and can yet impel to action and speech, the amenities and enmities of half his acquaintance—nothing human is valueless for him, and the volumes of his verse are like a nursery toy-box, where mechanical beasts that move of themselves, and silver trinkets, lie

tumbled together with flakes of quartz, buttons, lengths of pink string, wrecked tin soldiers; imperishable poetry along with the flimsiest "occasional" verse.

The actual power that checks this laxity is not quite plain to discover. Mr. Kipling's own account of the matter is veiled:—

“One instant's toil to Thee denied
Stands all eternity's offence,
Of that I did with Thee to guide,
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

“The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest who hast made the fire,
Thou knowest who hast made the clay.”

The standard for all reference, the source of all power, which, although addressed, is seldom named, must be discovered by the reader for himself. The spell that keeps hand, eye, and brain steady, cannot be more securely hidden than the Naulahka was, and we have his word that those who heartily embrace may touch the secret.

II.

Born in 1865, in the Dekkan, in the great trading city of Bombay, “between the palms and the sea, where the world-end steamers wait,” Mr. Kipling had from the dawn of consciousness, as befits the wanderer and mystic, the sea stretching in front, and at his back the mother of lands. The sound of the surf, never to be quite lost, beat on his childish ears, and into his thought drifted all manner of strange sailor and gypsy lore—mysterious slopes of the sea, and the unseen tides of the air, the “set of day.” He gives evidence of quaint tastes, a love of useless and recondite knowledge, and a great power of realizing for the sensuous imagination matters that are rarely more than names to one,—the stars and naked space, the component parts of a bad smell, and the strange, crisp touch

of hair. He shivers in the blast of "the wind that blows between the worlds"; he has "heard as the roar of a rain-fed ford the roar of the Milky Way"; and he gives in a phrase physical and mental vision of the Void:—

"Beyond the bounds our staring rounds
Across the pressing dark."

He is preoccupied, too, with the picturesque possibilities in the study of geography, not as the school-books teach it him, but as travelers speak it and the winds breathe it: maps have had always an immense fascination for him, and the same sort of reality as astronomic facts, they suffice him to conjure up the sights, the sounds, the odours of which each continent is made up. A complete knowledge of the map of India is necessary to his readers if they would not miss half the significance of what they read; one great source, for instance, of the magic and mystery in *The Bisara of Pooree* being lost to those who do not know that Pooree lies far down on the Madras coast, distant from Simla by all the breadth and half the length of India. It was one of Mr. Kipling's advantages, also, to have been thrown much into the company of traveled men—soldiers, pioneers, gentlemen-adventurers; so that the history of continents became to him the history of the men who discovered or conquered them, the human and the cosmic interest thus reinforcing each other. Torpenhow's fear for Dick, "And—he'll never go on the long trail!" will always be a bootless fear with regard to Dick's maker. For even the smell of open water, he confesses, makes him restless. The companionless figure of the Wanderer (whom we name indifferently Wotan and Heracles), footsore, ragged in his blue cloak, half-blind, with piercing vision, fighting and toiling for other men who neither heed nor know, without hope of other reward or possession for himself than the right to die for them when his time shall come,—this is essentially his own. "Help me," he came to pray,

"Help me to need no aid from men
That I may help such men as need!"

and the possibility of such service is precisely the fruit of a childhood like Tod's and Wee Willie Winkie's—like, probably, his own—spent

not only with English-speaking people from all over the world, but with father's grooms, and mother's *ayah*, and all the people of the bazars, learning their speech, their thought, their life. The child—the little history is plainly a reminiscence—"was precocious for his age, and his mixing with natives had taught him some of the more bitter truths of life; the meanness and the sordidness of it. He used, over his bread and milk, to deliver solemn and serious aphorisms, translated from the vernacular into the English, that made his Mama jump"; sentences that lie deep in the mind and rise again with the air of long-known truths when one is of an age to understand and verify them. It is not, after all, what one says and does to a young child that signifies, but what he sees and overhears; and whatever the knowledge of the sordid and the vile that the boy Rudyard may have acquired, he arrived also, through his friends of the Army and the Departments, at a notion of the masculine ideal. Above all, his relation with his father was evidently one of peculiar intimacy and beauty. Mr. John Lockwood Kipling, himself high in the hierarchy of civil government, an artist (in a certain light fashion), a master of men, and Companion of the Order of the Star of India, has somehow held so securely to the elasticity and charm of youth as to make himself the most delightful of companions for his son, and probably, like "Young" Gayerson, in spirit the younger of the two.

Not many facts are accessible about Mr. Kipling's life, but it may from various indications be inferred that he was at school in England, and that his life since leaving school has been spent at writing. There was a time, one does not know how long, in a petty town on the English coast, where the familiar sea, stretching westward, and the sun and stars going down into it, were the only objects common to the English and Indian existences; then another time, at school, away from even these. In the unkindly charge of a sordid woman not free from taint of cruelty, he presumably lapsed into just such an unhappy, grubby little rebel as Punch, and took on the hardness and brutality which survive in his work as heavy-handed realism, and surprise the reader at times. In part to this arbitrary and unnatural rule of a stranger is due, also, his preference for the natural and constituted relations in life,—to this and to his living, in India, under a political system which, however far-

reaching in all its minuteness of exact supervision, is favorable to individual freedom of action. The interference of government is confined to business matters and hours, and in consequence "India is the one place in the world where a man can do as he pleases and nobody asks why." What Mr. Kipling so frankly despises in democracy is not permitted freedom of movement, but the absence of permission to move freely: first, the senseless interference of the *bandar-log* (at least as conspicuous, he notes, in the government at London, as anywhere in America); and secondly, the lack of any chief to call into play the primary virtues of loyalty and obedience. That great England, the passionate love of which so possesses and absorbs him, is in reality a Republic of states recognizing in the Empress of India the incarnation of an authority scarcely less abstract than the *Mater Triumphalis*. If, indeed, he suffered at any time from injustice, the fact explains much otherwise inexplicable in his early poems. A sort of bitterness tinctures them that he has never been able quite to rid himself of, although its traces on his face are so slight that portraits of him are certain to surprise on a first and superficial view. It is something in the way he carries himself that, together with an air of seeing steadily and seeing whole, forbids one to call their original entirely commonplace-looking, and explains how it happens that what the complacent bust of Shakespeare, and the slightly heavy, prosperous head of Browning, have undeniably, Mr. John Collier's picture very narrowly, and very happily, escapes. The face grows upon the beholder's apprehension, till the man emerges: rather small, with the stoop of one who spends the best part of his life above a desk, and a forward thrust of head that comes from the near-sighted endeavor to see clearly, and symbolizes to the fancy the mental strain to observe and penetrate. To a period shortly after his return to India belongs the earliest portrait that one comes upon, in which every trait suffices to silence the slur, sometimes cast, of "vulgar" and "cad"—the picture of a youth of twenty, showing the singular sweetness of a face half-boyish, half-worn.

From school he went immediately on the staff of the *Civil and Military Gazette*.—if staff that may be called which two men comprise—his family having removed a thousand miles from the Dekkan to the Punjab. One is lured into a theory that the newspaper was the best

hothouse his peculiar genius could have found; but one is delivered from the dangerous speculation again by the reflection that his genius probably received its form from the kind of work into which it was forced. Concerning his method of working, three things are self-evident. The inevitable little note-book and pencil of the professional "reporter," he holds in as high esteem as do certain modern French writers: it is easy to trace a single fact, learned from the blind beggar in the Punjab or the commercial traveler in Rajputana, through a dozen stories, and to watch the triple-threshing of every sheaf he gleans. Mr. Kipling's style throughout the Indian period, and particularly in *Plain Tales*, rings as if every sentence had been thought out and irrevocably settled before pen touched paper. The method is the best there is for writers on a daily paper—one which, when a man learns the habit of, he can write at full speed and without need of revision. Every sentence is as sharp and as hard as a bit of type, and every tale is as lean and wiry as the polo-players of the Lushkar White Horse. But Mr. Kipling is untiring in revision. It is plain to any one who cares to note the frequent minute changes, sometimes of no more than punctuation, in the text of successive editions of a few frequently printed stories.

In *The Man Who Was* and *A Conference of the Powers*, which appeared in *Mine Own People*, and some years later were at the general redistribution republished without important changes in *Life's Handicap* and *Many Inventions*, not a page, scarcely a paragraph, stands quite as it was first printed. There will be seven or eight alterations on a single page, infinitesimal touches. Sometimes these make for vividness; at other times they amplify and translate what the author, in India, had supposed clear to all; too often they tell of increasing caution and "side" disappearing as youth goes. Cutting out the absurd and delightful story of the White Hussars' champagne and brandy has left a bad hiatus in otherwise perfect work. "He could not quite realize that the cross existed in any form," is a poor exchange for "He disbelieved wholly in a book which described crucifixion at length, and he could not quite realize that the custom still existed." The mutilated *Light That Failed* also lacks one sentence, no more blasphemous than that in intention: "Too thin, Dick. A better man

than you denied with cursing and swearing on a memorable occasion. You've overdone it, just as he did." Although the criticism has been disputed, one dares maintain that *The True Romance* has suffered in the substitution of *lovely* for the former "utter truth, the careless angels know"; on the other hand, the poem to Wolcott Balestier counts only gain from the changed rhythm and word—

"He scarce had need to doff his pride or slough the dross of earth,"
into

"Scarce had he need to cast his pride."

Probably not even Guy de Maupassant, who had the inestimable advantage of Flaubert for critic and teacher, worked more systematically than Mr. Kipling did in learning his trade. We have (and the matter, like the alterations first cited, is more important and more gratifying to the student than to the unprofessional reader) abundance of specimen *Aufgaben*. Single exercises, more or less imitative and widely different in intrinsic worth, are: *One Viceroy Resigns*, *The Border Cattle-Thief*, the *Song of the Cities*, *True Thomas*, the song at the head of the nineteenth chapter of *The Naulahka*, *The Sacrifice of Er-Heb*. With perhaps unreasonable surprise, the reader discovers also that Mr. Kipling leaned naturally toward "Asiatic" prose, and finds it entirely edifying to realize the stern self-control, the intellectual *ascêsis* and the austere preoccupation with naked humanity prompting it, which curbed to the measure of *Plain Tales* the magnificence manifest in the account of Amber, of which a fragment is cited. It is the very note of Omar, but the cadence is that of *Intentions*:—

"The water-birds have their home in the half submerged arcades and the mugger muzzles the shafts of the pillars. It is a fitting prelude to the desolation of Amber. Beyond the Man Sagar (Lake) the road of to-day climbs up-hill, and by its side runs the huge stone causeway of yesterday—blocks of stone sunk in concrete. Down this path the swords of Amber went out to kill. . . . The Englishman looked into empty houses where the little grey squirrel sat and

scratched its ears. The peacock walked upon the housetop, and the blue pigeon roosted within. . . . There was no sound of men or cattle or grindstones in those pitiful streets—nothing but the cooing of the pigeons. At first it seemed that the palace was not ruined at all—that presently the women would come up on the housetops and the bells would ring in the temples. . . . She is the city whose graves are set in the side of the pit, and her company is round about her graves; sister of Patmos, Zoan and No.”

First of all, and with a strenuousness of effort not even yet relaxed, he set himself to learn what is style—mere style, stripped of every mode and attribute. He learned by surprising the secrets of the great poets, writing as they wrote in order to learn how they wrote, then, the knowledge gained, subtracting all that is particular in the hope of finding a residue, a sediment, that should yield the general laws. Again and again he took up an author perhaps well known before, but seen suddenly in that startling freshness the command of which is the most valuable power of the artist who creates by reproduction, and, laying down the book, said, triumphantly, “That’s good,” then, “I can do that too!” with just the happy confidence with which one so well remembers setting out, on sunny, windblown autumn mornings, to be a pirate and discover a desert island. To play thus with any writer, even to make out of him what Shakespeare called an *anatomy*, does not tarnish the bright reality of his life or of one’s own love toward him. Mr. Kipling has surprising preferences. McIntosh’s quoting *The Song of the Bower* surprises also the reader who takes delight in the author’s love for Browning, for poor James Thompson, beyond all—wise boy!—for Shakespeare.

At Lahore, according to the account of his co-editor, an almost intolerable amount of work was required of him, and although the tale is of unquenchable pluck and indomitable merriment, there is his own word how the burden galled:—

“For Pearls strew not the market-place,
In this my town of banishment,
Where with the shifting dust I play,
And eat the bread of discontent.

Yet is there life in that I make—
O Thou who knowest, turn and see,
As Thou hast power over me
So have I power over these,
Because I wrought them for Thy sake,
And breathed in them mine agonies.
Small mirth was in the making."

If the *toil that knows no breaking* was lightened at Simla, the difference in weight was less for him than for other men "on leave," since the newspaper, like the regiment, claims the lives of all and lives forever, and he gave it knight's service.

There are hints that his life was odd, shaped by forces so many and so varied; the boy's natural inclination to dance, ride, and flirt, to be, briefly, as much as possible like every one else, in conflict with the shyness that, springing from sensitiveness, shut him off from the cheerful young officers and civilians in the place; and, similarly, a very real quiet consideration of women, rather like Dante's, *for mere womanhood*, acted upon by a bad tendency not only to see them, but to exhibit them, unveiled. The impulse is rooted in that disinterested interest, besetting all writers, in whatever can serve the great purpose. And quietly, outside of society, he was making his most serviceable friends, Tommy Atkins, Lalun, and Dana Da.

He seems to have known at this time only two sorts of woman: girls, who were more or less lovable and caressing, like Bisesa, or dignified and handsome, like Miss Hollis; and ladies, who were usually clever, and sometimes nice. He found the last repay observation wonderfully, and came near to disgracing himself by the fidelity of his studies—say, of Mrs. Hauksbee. He liked, but did he love them? Men, dogs, and horses he loved, all with one sort of open good-fellowship overlying strong, silent affection; and for children, although with them also he merely played and told stories, he had a softer, less fortified devotion. Above and beneath everything ran, in all its supreme strength, his desire to know; one hears through the speaker's voice the murmur of the underground river, and sees above the battlefield the clouds, far up, driven by unfelt winds. All his time, all his wealth,

all his strength, all his passion, was spent at the mart which Wisdom holds in the openings of the gates—was lavished that he might *get understanding*.

Estrekeen Sahib (the name a very simple variant of "Kippuleen Sahib") presents himself as just the dream of what Mr. Kipling would be if he might—the silent man who took things very gravely: he had an "outlandish custom of prying into native life. It is the most fascinating thing in the world; Love not excepted. Where other men took ten days to the Hills, Strickland took leave for what he called *shikar*, . . . stepped down into the brown crowd, and was swallowed up for a while. He was a quiet, dark young fellow—spare, black eyes—and, when he was not thinking of something else, a very interesting companion." The record of some of these excursions remains, only less delightful than Strickland's would have been, because of his not venturing on a native disguise. The vacation in Rajputana, however, was scarcely begun before it was turning itself into copy for the *Pioneer*; then, as now, everything that came within touch of fingertip became his spoil, and the almost unknown history of an obscure army officer fired his imagination with a more splendid and magic feudalism than European records could supply. One cannot too often urge that of nine-tenths of Mr. Kipling's romance the germ is to be found in those immature, almost second-rate letters, *Out of India*; not because he had at no other time traveled or heard travelers' tales, but because he, like the fabulous scientist, knows everything only in relation to everything else, and whatever is in his total of knowledge at a given time, goes into whatever he is writing; either by implication or in full. At another time he exploited Calcutta, not alone to the furthest limits of its present recesses, but all the city of Warren Hastings as history gives it up. In those years of incessant toil in the service of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, the words *weary* and *wearily* came to be used so often and so curiously, with regard to the look and speech and gesture of the strongest men; and to the sum of his experience, the transfer to Allahabad, to the staff of the *Pioneer*, when he was twenty-four, can only have added a new sort of loneliness. In every other respect his life was unchanged until the return westward by way of the East, a few years later, through China to America. A photograph that

belongs to this time shows him seated at a table with the invariable attributes, pen and cigar, the genuinely sweet boy face grown curiously rugged, the heavy eyebrows and the searching eyes only intensified, the shoulders already bowed.

Long before this it must surely have been, that he had had to learn fear—to discover the worst possible thing that could happen to him, and then wait for it—to live in anticipation of blindness. *To each man is appointed his particular dread—the terror that, if he does not fight against it, will cow him even to the loss of his manhood.* figures itself to Mr. Kipling as a blind face, sometimes sullen, sometimes crying and unable to wipe its eyes. And it was by virtue of this intolerable fear always close at hand, which takes a man by the throat as crab-claws nip, that he discovered the unpardonable sin of the apostle, the blasphemy against the Holy Spirit of Man, to be simple cowardice, and set himself loyally to “the old, old refrain—that whatever came or did not come, the children of men must not be afraid.” Conceive it—this little, blinking, sensitive, short-sighted man choosing the boldest, the roughest, the most cosmic of ideals. The great virtue of his personages is their ability, having never given ground for accusing them of a single untarnished virtue, suddenly to achieve a splendid heroism; the slightest of them can engineer works of supererogation, like Reggie Burke, and address his command, when fighting is imminent, like Tommy Dodd:—

“O men! If you die you will go to hell. Therefore endeavour to keep alive. But if you go to hell that place cannot be hotter than this place, and we are not told that we shall there suffer from fever. Consequently be not afraid of dying. File out there!”

Most of his people belong to that Church of England, described by Mr. Kipling and by others of his own and earlier centuries, which is neither Christian nor a religion, but a system, nevertheless, established as firmly, backed by power as strong, as the government of India. “The Deputy is above the Assistant, the Commissioner above the Deputy, the Lieutenant-Governor above the Commissioner, and the Viceroy above all four, under the orders of the Secretary of State, who is responsible to the Empress. If the Empress be not responsible

to her Maker—if there is no Maker for her to be responsible to—the entire system of Our administration must be entirely wrong: Which is manifestly impossible.” Let a man live lustily, is their code, in strength of mind and body and loyalty to friends and the Service. *I forgot that I was a God, but I drew the plough straight for all that.* A few of them, like Little Mildred and Georgie Cotter, recognized other obligations of “simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean mirth,” and there are some who annexed blacker traits, who, like Duncan Parrenness, feared neither God nor man and had no pity on women. Of his own religion it is hard even to conjecture anything quite satisfactory in its details. The might, majesty, dominion, and power of God he is never tired of contemplating, nor does he falter in his responsibility as artifex to the Great Overseer. But he has never cared to explain the exact relation of this living Lord of a splendid heaven and hell to the Six Houses, in whom he also believes—the same as those Lords of Life and Death whose joy is to baffle and betray a man. These are they whom *we mustn't let think we're afraid.* Then there are also all the little gods like Ganesh of the elephant-trunk. He flings his silver piece into Ganesh's bowl with the simplicity and free sincerity with which he writes:—

“ If there is good in that I wrought
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine.”

Very possibly, he may have thought, the Lords of many lands have their own international courtesies, and certainly the smoke from all altars goes up to the one sky. Kindly, pot-bellied little Ganesh may be propitiated by the sacrifice of a threepenny-piece or a favorite pipe to avert ill luck, but neither Mr. Kipling's own God nor the Lords of Life and Death ever interfere in order to protect. Since, then, a man's best scheme of life is liable to be frustrate by the sly malice of his masters, and since They disagree among themselves, every man must live in his own way, by his human laws, arraigning or ignoring the Powers above, and enduring as a fair price for his life, and what it yields him, the timeless and cureless sorrow that is the burden of all flesh.

In one place and another, by the time he was twenty-five, he had

named a good many things that, according to him, a boy ought not to understand; for the Powers allot different knowledge to men, according as they differ in age and race. Trejago and Dicky Hatt are both men who sought after forbidden wisdom, and, finding it, found punishment swift and final: *In the Pride of His Youth* is the history of such a punishment, and so, in another realm, is *Without Benefit of Clergy*.

Certainly, this protagonist of so many tales, whom, because of a certain comprehension and sureness of touch in the narrative, one believes to be very nearly related to the hero of this essay,—very certainly, he was *too wise in that he should not know*. But because he has “known all the sorrow that a man could know, including the full knowledge of his own fall who had once been a God,” he arrived long since at a new power to move the heart of the world to laughter and tears, and a new estimate, not only of men, but of women, that slowly widened and modified the characters of the personages his playthings. By the time he had written *The Children of the Zodiac*, before 1893, that is, he had quite settled his ideal of eternal womanhood, and given as full an account of it in *The Naulahka* as he gave of his theory of good work a little earlier in *The Light That Failed*.

That tribal priestess and prophetess familiar to our ancestral kindred of the Mark, or the lovely vision of Cecilia in *Marius*, appearing always with little children in her arms and clinging to the skirts of her gown, as in the exquisite Homeric image,*—these are the only types he had, until that time, or indeed has yet, conceived, and these, each, only in a partial and imperfect manner. The Queen’s speech in *The Naulahka* borders on greatness, precisely because all that she said holds true, not merely of the woman, but of the artist, who by experience, or, in default of that, by imagination, apprehends the entire

* “τίπτε δεδάκρυσαι, Πατρόκλεες, ἥντε κοῦρη
νηπίη, ἥ θ' ἅμα μητρὶ θέουσ' ἀνελέσθαι ἀνώγει,
εἰανοῦ ἀπτομένη, καὶ τ' ἐσσυμένην κατερύκει,
δακρνώεσσα δέ μιν ποτιδέρεται ὄφρ' ἀνέλγεται.”

Iliad XVI.

richness of the most splendid life: but in assuming universality the argument lost the particular force the author had meant it to carry. *From all, except such as have borne a child, the world is hid*; from himself also it had been hid until a child's first touch, first cry, quickened the sense. But of the other aspect of motherhood, the relation of a woman to a man and of the universe to mankind,—of the Great Mother, he does not even dream. A writer of genius in no wise comparable to his, touches what he missed: "The mother-heart had not swelled in me yet; I did not know that all men were my children as the large woman knows when her heart is grown."

The greatest Greek women, Alcestis and Antigone, knew that all men were their children: but Mr. Kipling has not as yet discovered this larger motherhood. He did, however, discover that his wife may be to a man almost as dear as his friend, and infinitely more precious, bringing him sharp and fearful happiness, doubling and dividing his wisdom and misfortune, by her frail touch holding him toward his ideal, and by her womanhood speaking in his stead to her sisters, *talk-ing woman-talk* with other wives. Like the prophet, she is given words to speak whose source and significance she cannot understand; she divines for him the secrets of the unwilling gods. *They know*, he declared, *and we,—we are blind, all of us*. But, so far as he had yet discerned, they do not know that they know. The themes are identical of *The Children of the Zodiac* and the *Ring des Nibelungen*, but there is nothing in the tale of the Girl's history to correspond to the last act of the *Walküre*. Where Wagner's protagonist was a woman, Mr. Kipling had to hold to his man, although he had not then, nor has he yet, seen a woman of heroic size; one who, like Brünhilde, is divine in reason and little less than the goddess in strength. Yet "*Mary, Pity Women!*" that most perfect pearl of *The Seven Seas*, is a more flawless jewel of matchless comprehension, a more thrilling violin-note as of outraged and passionate womanhood, than had been before achieved or might ever have been achieved under any less potent touch than that of time upon slowly ripening maturity.

In the five or six years between his leaving India and his leaving America, many of the traits already touched on were working themselves out. He met and mastered the Sphinx, Success, who fawned

upon him with the mysterious words which it is spiritual death to misinterpret. The story of the encounter he wrote in *The Light That Failed*, but the answer to the riddle, the key to his life, is not to be found in that tragic history. That master-word—how he discovered and how he pronounced it, remains yet for one's best search perhaps to unearth.

III.

Although the study of Mr. Kipling's style does not seem to lie directly in the road to the desired discovery, it is yet possible that, ranging afield a little, as hunters cast in wide circles to recover a lost scent, those distinctive qualities of his style may be found which must set us hot on the scent again.

The formula for Mr. Kipling's prose is simple: with realism for his method, he aims at the characteristic Romantic effects, and uses convention solely as a means to attain them. By the most rigid limitation he narrows his subject-matter, and then enlarges his borders to the edge of the world, filling them with the finest flower of beauty and wonder.

The best of his brief creed that the artist may do what he pleases, so long as he succeeds in pleasing—restated subjectively, that "all we can do is to learn how to do our work, to be masters of our materials instead of servants, and never to be afraid of anything"—the splendid virtue of it, is that a single man may speed his way through all styles or all arts, and enlarge his method as often as, like the Tyrian whelk, he outgrows the old house of pearl. It is eminently a theory constructed with reference to the eternal life, in recognition of the primal fact that the artist, in every instant while he works, lives, like Thoreau's strong man fashioning his staff, in eternity and not in time. The perspective of infinity is not like that of this world, and of the points which it selects to pass lines through, more than half had been unseen by the ordinary eye. The fixing of these points is the nice and difficult problem of art—the choice, that is to say, of its precise materials.

It is a commonplace of the theory of literature that absolute realism would have to record, at least, every instant in the life of the

protagonist, and that the events and thoughts of even a single year, a month, a day, *if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written.* And hard upon the beginnings of selection appears convention to lay down guiding lines. The ultimate importance of fixed and complex form is clear to anyone reflecting that, if the Cosmos is made by the mind of man imposing its own laws upon its own material, beauty exists only in so far as laws are laid upon this seething Chaos; and the more law there is, the clearer and the more fully does beauty emerge. Our own life, the very condition of life, consists in expecting and then getting what we expect; this, in effect, constitutes the reasonableness of metre and rhyme, and, no less, the beauty, say, of the Spanish drama, of the great liturgies, of Japanese art. The inevitability of the last is almost too fine to be felt; but then, the Japanese is only truly pleasurable to minds so subtle as to catch the pattern, to anticipate what the event approves.

Even without exactly defending this transcendental demonstration of the doctrine, one necessarily grants the facts which it attempts to explain. One of these is that a burthen is only an expanded rhyme, and performs the function proper, according to Wordsworth, to the rhyme, of bridling and mastering too-surgent emotions, while enhancing the power of feelings almost too slight to accomplish their purpose unaided. The entire system of a literature of rigid form attains, amongst other ends, precisely this one so frequently sought by Mr. Kipling, and succeeds, not merely in tempering and welding the passion and pathos of such a poem as *Ford o' Kabul River*, but still oftener in presenting less usual devices: additional beauty and dignity, the stress of a note of fate running through a composition and scarcely felt except as a trembling beneath all the storm and singing of the other organ-pipes; and the wealth and sharpness of the overtones, like the voices of children or women who have wept long, that give even to prose *the lyrical cry*; the recurrent darkness of Maisie's blown hair, the almost Biblical prelude of the Queen's speech, and the thrice-piercing, passionate perfection of *Dray Wara Yow Dee*.

Here, were there anywhere room to do so, would be the place to touch on Mr. Kipling's position among poets, a distinction from which, so far as one knows, he has never claimed the rights that it confers. This

excessive humility appears almost unworthy, confronting the magnificent mastery of verse that he exhibits, the control of precisely those lines along which poetry breaks away from prose. There are manifold qualities in his prose to buttress it against oblivion; but, although it should be already dissolved, the monument of his poetry is stable and abides. It is a small thing to say that he is incomparably the greatest poet of his generation; but there remains also to say—and the word cannot be spoken lightly—that there are no lines in English more subtle-sweet, more fiery-strong than *The Love-Song of Har Dyal* and *King Anthony*, than the *Hymn Before Action* and the ending to *Birds of Prey March*; than the poem of *Jeluladin McIntosh*, than the roll of *Barrack-Room Ballads*, none more profoundly austere, more superbly coarse (as Mr. Henry James would say), steaming with sweat and blood and bloody sweat.

And as only one living English poet—since he stands alone, master supreme and confessed—is more cunning at *metrik*, so even he, although he can equal, cannot surpass, the modulation of these three lines:—

Thus said the Lord in the Vault above the Cherubim. . . .
Then said the souls of the gentlemen-adventurers. . . .
Then said the soul of the Angel of the Off-Shore Wind. . . .

The necessity, before named, of cutting out a large part of the universe in making one's *Welt-Bild*, is conspicuously acknowledged by Mr. Kipling, and that to an extraordinary degree. A single and admirable instance of the method is found in his picture of Lahore. Of that "city of dreadful night," which contains the Gate of the Hundred Sorrows, the House of Suddhoo, and Amir Nath's Gully—who could know that it was tainted and deadly, like the Canaanitish houses, in its very walls, stone and mortar, with the fretting leprosy of abominations? The clear-eyed, clean-handed young man who sits within its gates, writing and writing, sends one's memory back to our English woman-poet's standard of purity, *clean as the palm of a man*.

Although more obvious, yet more astonishing, is his treatment of love with even more than the traditional English reticence. Except

for two hints in *The Light That Failed*, and (what is, after all, not directly connected with the matter) one daring story in the *Jungle Books*, the passion of love is ignored, with a silence not even significant.

Mr. Kipling's whole policy is one of artificial simplification. His tales contain, on the whole, comparatively few types, although the individuals under them are differentiated, modified, recombined in all their elements, with infinite craft; and he has deliberately and invariably chosen motives the most frequent and obvious, common, he says himself, to his trade since the beginnings of literature. It is a byword with the critics that he has not cared to construct a single really subtle personage, and his range of character and passion is as limited as Homer's.

"Four things greater than all things are—
Women and horses and power and war.
We spake of them all but the last the most,"

and it must not be forgotten that, barring magical and supernatural interference, even the tales and situations freshest and most delightful to us, were the very substance of the men's lives for whom he wrote. He is not only loyal to the fact, but so intensely loyal that he can afford to wanton with it, dropping out here, putting in there, the most unexpected, the strangest matters. There is such accuracy of narrative and description in every case which the ordinary reader is able to investigate, that he gives simple and spontaneous credence to anything whatever that Mr. Kipling may choose to tell, and his comment on *The Jungle Book* is not, *How could he conceive the wonderful things?* but *Where did he learn it all?*

The intense and frank desire for strangeness and for immensity, that would seem necessarily at variance with this primary rule of limitation, he manages to reconcile with it by treating the most extraordinary matters with the most absolute simplicity. Thus he handles the *Dedication to Wolcott Balestier*. *The Last Chantey* presents just the conception of celestial geography proper to a child, or to the writers of the English miracle-plays, or to the painter, Blake; the poem, like *Tomlinson*, gets itself taken unquestioningly as an additional

Invention to the Book of Job. Mr. Kipling offers himself, like the lad whom Socrates questions for us in the *Meno*; set him thinking, give him half a hint, and straightway he remembers all the past happenings of the world, and the life of the universe *or ever the earth and the world were made.* All the adventures and sorrows of the Incas and the Æsir, the passion of the seraphim, and the shrewdness of the apes, our fathers, are familiar to him. To the quality of his cosmical conceptions, already so often touched on, their reality and intensity, let *Miriam Cohen* serve as a final witness. He has, in effect, annexed the whole realm that Walt Whitman unsuccessfully attempted the invasion of—the great star spaces, and all the ages of eternity past and to come.

So it is (and this is true more especially of his earlier works) that when Mr. Kipling sets himself to write a story, after having stripped off the last rag of superfluity, he turns and begins to enrich the shivering speck that remains with more than a king's dower.

The most obvious means to double the driving power is to double the pressure in the steam-chest, and accordingly Mr. Kipling wraps his tales up one inside of another. The plainest, forthright story of battle or sudden death by the man who fought it, who witnessed it, is adjusted to an elaborate frame of circumstance, place, and feeling, like the lovely landscapes, showing miles of river, campaign, and woodland with mountains beyond, that appear as backgrounds in the early Italian paintings. Most of Mulvaney's narratives are episodes in another drama only less alluring in its interest, enacted in the guard-room of Fort Amara at dawn, before the elephant-lines at dusk, at the end of a trial for murder, or in the hasty bivouac of a sham-fight.

The thing can also be done by fetching the ends of the earth to view. The story, professes the writer, is everything, and the single special story is the important one. *But that is another story*, he says; and *That is irrelevant*, he seems to say, *we will drop the matter here.* But *That is likewise something fine or new or somehow delightful*, he is really saying, *and some time or other you shall have that also, and after that another and yet another, till all the treasures of the world are emptied in shining piles about your knees.* East and West are drawn together, and he loves to circumnavigate the British Empire in all its vastness, to fly abroad on

the wings of the wind, and follow the gypsy trails across and across the earth along its circling lines of latitude.

The carven cup of his tales, whatever its fashion and substance, is always brimming with passion, that tastes in one's mouth now bitter, now salt, with the savor of blood or of tears. Of all Mr. Kipling's surprises, and he is prodigal of them, the most magnificent is his frank lapse into sentiment when dealing with Mulvaney. In part his thirst for justice prompts it, his determination to give to the soul that he holds in his hand something more, even, than careful, kindly clasp—a tenderer touch, a meed pressed down and running over. This is the purpose which informed Mrs. Hawksbee's experience with *The Dowd*; which made amends by sending hard upon the ballads of the *King's Jest* and the *King's Mercy* the story, likest a steel scimeter inlaid with gold, of the Homily of Abdur Rahman; which, after the offence to the bandar-log in the first *Jungle Book*, submitted as charming palinode the account of the *langurs* that were friends of Purun Bhagat. So Mr. Kipling has chosen to make of the drunken, libertine, brutal Terence Mulvaney his most tragic personage.

But the lapse referred to occurs, after all, probably, because Mr. Kipling likes sentiment, in the same way that he likes "side." He delights in outrageous laughter and heaven-scaling arrogance. Sometimes, but rarely, he suffers the fate of vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself, and the fall is a heavy one. Changing the metaphor, it appears that there is now and then a touch of falsetto in his note, in the introduction of an incongruous word or phrase for the sake of its grandiosity — and yet in each several instance the reader's personal estimate must judge of failure or triumphant and immortal success. Did ever man before dream of beginning a satire on his critics with two stanzas of the purest passion of homesickness; with a song in which that almost inevitably grotesque figure, Primitive Man, is neither grotesque nor strange, but, like the elephant and the seal in those two earlier poems of subtle and piercing loveliness, a figure entirely beautiful by sheer force of verbal and sonorous beauty? Not since the Norse giants played at ball with mountains has there been so immense and so heroic a sport as the writing of *An American*, and their feat could have equaled his only if their toys had been their own enormous souls.

And, last among the great means which Mr. Kipling finds to buttress his building with infinity, one notes the gradual appearance, in his later stories, of an indeterminable factor of life,—the malice of fate overriding the utmost wisdom and strength of will that a man can possess. It makes itself felt, acting through the soul itself, in the inexplicable fatuity of Daniel Dravot; and in *The Light That Failed* its presence is sensible, its strokes are anticipated, from the opening of the book; but in *The Naulahka* the whole is managed from the outside, with what the author would call a ridiculous assumption of accident. Tarvin laid his plans, the Powers laid theirs—and then he began to pile up schemes again as ants rebuild their ruined hill. The things which, in the Stoic word, *are not in a man's power*, are in number and strength so infinitely and piteously superior to those which he can call *in his own power*: they embrace all, sometimes, except his courage.

Even when the malice of fate is not active to thwart, man is beset with mystery to baffle and control him. Mr. Kipling is always straying into “that Oldest Land wherein the powers of darkness range,” that elder world of which the laws are identical with the laws of magic, and in which reason has not yet touched self-consciousness. All the strange and unknowable forces that underlie and mould the deepest world known to the man of science or the man of action, are to his sharper sense profoundly important and beautiful. Nothing whose appeal is merely to the material organs of sense can hope to stand in the light of their haunting loveliness. The reader, to his own surprise, not only perceives in the writer, but recognizes in himself a thrill of sharp beauty in the statement:—

“They carried themselves with the swing that is the peculiar right of the Punjab Frontier Force and all Irregular Horse. Like everything else in the Service, it has to be learnt, but unlike many things, it is never forgotten, and remains on the body till death.”

It is neither chance nor the desire to display a bit of special knowledge that leads to his naming more than once the places where, if you wait long enough, you will surely see the one pass by for whom you wait,—neither of these, but a preoccupation with the mysterious law

which acts here, which somehow shapes the events of men's lives and fetches the man, as south winds carry the fledgling stork, to places undreamed of and unsought. Moreover, these mystic thoroughfares, these watchers with weary, puckered eyelids, are his mates, are the paths he follows. The tireless charm of the Long Trail, the resistless appeal of the scent of the Himalayas, are in his blood, and he himself already knows that he *will at the last, forgetting all else, return to the Hills to die.*

IV.

“Over the strife of the schools
Low the day burns—
Back with the kine from the pools
Each one returns

To the life that he knows, where the altar-flame glows and the tulsi is trimmed
in the urns.”

Those are not wise who marvel at the single-eyed, sharp-breathed wisdom of the boy, or at the steady absorption of the man in his task, deaf to praise and blame; for he has learned the mystery of life—why should he not?—in the land of the beginnings of life.

“He believed that all things were one big miracle, and when a man knows that much he knows something to go upon. He knew for a certainty that there was nothing great and nothing little in this world; and day and night he strove to think out his way into the heart of things, back to the place whence his soul had come.”

At starting, Mr. Kipling had dealt with visible life, hard, bare, and salt, passion and deed, until he grew keen for reality, and burrowed among the thoughts and sufferings that play themselves out in the soul; then he fell back on older powers than the race of man,—the instincts that feed the life, the laws under the secret stress of which the exile finds his old regiment, the son of a Hill-woman returns to the

Hills, and Man goes to Man at the last. But when the limbs are weary with action, and the mind with knowledge, he will return to that wherewith the eye is not satisfied in seeing nor the ear in hearing; he will find himself in as simple and sublime a life of absorption in beauty as the masters knew who on that day will name him brother. For underneath all that is aggressive, all that is superficial, all that is modern in him, he is in the profoundest sense a mystic.

This wayfarer, this outcaste, has laid fast hold on the Key of the Brahmin; his feet are set on the Way, his eyes have pierced the Veil. By him, who is more American than us all, since at a single point the East and the West are one, by him the secret that was lost at the birth of time has been found again at the birthplace of man. It avails for himself alone, since it is not given to tell that master-word, and no man can buy it for his brother; but he that has it has in every moment of his existence eternal life. Some day, however, he will tire of wandering, and we shall have from him, at least, the precious gifts that we have so long awaited,—the perfect poem and the true romance: till then a story is told by the campfire between march and march, while we wait, and a ballad lightens the burden, by day, of the weary, dusty miles.

When the word comes to him as it came to Purun Bhagat, the world will have enough of time to forget her master, that took her by the shoulders when he was still a boy. In the long season of silence, time to forget, but at the last upon the silence will rise, star-like and supreme, so great a work that the earth shall never again forget him till the full moon fails to call the full tide, till the heart no longer answers the call of beauty. He has taken the world already twice by the shoulders, and there yet remains for him a third time to do it. *Sing on, Leo—the old song runs as well as ever.*

Georgiana Goddard King, '96.

BEATAE POSTULANT ARCES

The happy hills are calling. How clear the summons sounds !
Do you not hear them, far beyond the dim horizon's bounds ?
The voices of the forest, stirred by the summer breeze,
That calls you to the pleasant seat under the chestnut trees,
Or where in hidden forest depths the murmuring pines alone
Watch o'er the secret resting-place beside the great gray stone.
The voice of that transparent spring whence flows the mountain brook,
Where branching rue and plummy fern hide in the farthest nook,
And mossy stones have formed a wall, over whose smooth-worn face
The lispng water glides away with ever-quickenng pace :
The voices of all living things in forest or in field ;
The note of shyest thrush, that depths of quiet woodland yield,
The shrilling of the locust under the broad noon sun,
The noise of cattle turning home at evening one by one.
The happy hills are calling ; always for you they yearn :
The happy hills are calling ; return to them, return !

Content Shepard Nichols, '99.

AN UNEXPECTED APPROPRIATION

It was a slumberous, early September afternoon. The road from the village, rising gently with slight curves and level breaks, lay in the shadow of the thick, rounded maples and tall elms. Among the trees rose the naked white poles of the new telephone line, and its glass insulators flashed back to the low afternoon sun from amid the dark green foliage. In the perspective this series of gleaming points drew together into one prismatic-colored line.

"That line," remarked Mr. Lemuel Davis to his daughter, as they mounted the hill, "that line, Susan, represents to me the march of modern progress. When I came down that hill for the first time, nearly fifty years ago, even the telegraph was unknown; and now over the same hill runs a line that tells in sparkling signs to the valley below what the mind of man has done."

Susan, a slim, erect girl, taller than her father, did not seem greatly interested in this evidence of man's achievement. She was looking with some attention at the neat dooryard of a small brown house close to the road.

"What pretty dahlias Mrs. Camp has!" she said, absently. Her father gave her a look of much-enduring patience, and shifted her bag from one hand to the other.

"You never can expect a woman to be interested in anything above flowers or clothes," he murmured, eying his daughter with a sidelong twinkling glance.

"Oh, father!" and Susan turned reproach upon him from a face pretty by reason of its soft color and bright eyes, and in spite of its irregular features. She looked for a moment as if she wished to do battle with him on the subject, then she closed her mouth with a firmness that drew its soft lines into an odd resemblance to his thin, slightly puckered lips.

They were both silent until they came to their own gateway, which was shaded by a row of larches. He unlatched the gate with a somewhat pompous air.

"Well, my daughter," he said, in his deep yet incisive tones, "here you are at home again." Susan did not reply,—she slipped through the gate and up the walk.

The house, low and broad, with a vine-wreathed, latticed portico, stood on a rise of an undulating meadow, and had represented, at the time of its erection, a style of great architectural pretensions. There had been some attempt, too, at ornamenting the grounds, and the walk, curved from gate to door, was bordered with low box hedges.

Lemuel Davis' pride in this direction, however, had early found satisfaction in the admiration given his ambitious intentions, and the box borders were grown wild, the bricks of the walk were broken and displaced, while the house itself stood manifestly in need of paint and other improvements.

At the door stood Susan's mother, a pale, light-haired woman, with a sweet, tired face.

"Oh, my daughter!" she said, as she drew Susan to her. The girl bent to the tenderness of this embrace, and rested her head for an instant on her mother's shoulder. Then she straightened herself suddenly and faced her father, as he stood watching them with a shrewdly humorous smile.

"Carrying that satchel of yours was warm work, Susan; suppose you get me a drink."

"Oh, Lemuel, do let her get her hat off! I'll go," and Mrs. Davis turned.

"Indeed, mother, you'll not." Susan darted past her mother, through the low, cool rooms, into the big, clean kitchen, and out upon the wide, shaded platform, whence was soon heard the creaking of the wooden pump, as she flung the handle up and down with a vigorous gesture, stopping now and then to look across the meadows to the wooded hills. In full relief on the wide, open field nearest the house, stood one maple, its dark green already dashed with flame-points of red—the touches of an early frost.

Susan frowned, as if at the hills. She was thinking of the abundance of springs on the hillsides, and of the ease with which a stream of running water could be brought to her mother's door.

"But just wait," was her almost outspoken thought, as she took a broken-stemmed goblet from the top of the pump and filled it.

"Is father going to the village this evening?" she asked her mother as they were wiping the supper dishes.

"Yes, this is 'Lodge' night. Don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes; I hadn't thought," replied Susan from the depth of the pantry. She came out and went on hurriedly. She heard the creak of the barn-doors, and knew that her father was locking up and would soon be in.

"I have something I want to talk to you about when we are sure to be alone."

Mrs. Davis turned a sudden, half-startled glance toward Susan, but said nothing until they were alone in the sitting-room. Then she lighted a lamp, and her fingers trembled a little as she put in its place a stiff, green paper shade decorated with small landscapes showing a Wouvermans-like multiplicity of white horses. She stood a moment looking irresolutely at Susan, who was lying on the worn, carpet-covered lounge, her fingers intertwined across her eyes.

"Well, daughter, what have you to tell me?"

At the scarcely concealed anxiety in her mother's tone, Susan sprang up, facing her with laughing eyes.

"Oh, the dear mother!" she cried; "I actually believe you thought I was going to tell you I am engaged to be married. No, it isn't that; you're not going to get rid of me that completely yet." As she talked, she drew her mother to a chair.

"But, mother, do you think you could spare me again? I know it's cruel, after I've been away six months. It's for a year this time—perhaps more. I want to go to college." Here Susan dropped to her knees by her mother's side, and went on, holding her mother's hands tightly, and gazing into her eyes with an anxiously intent glance. "Mother, do you think father would give me the money?"

Mrs. Davis freed one hand to put back the tumbled hair from Susan's forehead. She met the girl's eager eyes with a look of tender pride and trouble. Then, with a vehemence startling to Susan:—

"My child, I would work on my hands and knees to give you this desire. But if I worked my flesh to the bone, you know I could not help you."

"It is a shame! I know father has money enough." Susan sprang to her feet and began a swift walk through the room. "I have

earned enough this summer to pay for my books and travelling expenses. I am sure I could pass the examinations. I've looked over Cousin Alice's papers, and I've studied every chance I've had. If I could only have one year of it, then I would know what I am good for. I won't pretend, mother, that I want to go just because I can do more for you if I have a better education—I wouldn't go if I weren't sure of that. But I want to go. I want to know things. I ache with longing to see and touch the books; to hear the professors' voices; to have long, long hours to read and study. Oh!" kneeling again as she saw the pain that was troubling her mother's eyes, "I don't forget that women have lived and died with such longings unsatisfied. But it's the thinking that it's possible for me, if father only was willing, that it would be a good investment, that I could do more for you. It's all that that makes me wild. May I ask father?" she ended abruptly.

Mrs. Davis put out her hand to turn down the lamp-flame before replying. Her voice was unsteady as she spoke:—

"You can ask him, but it won't do any good. Couldn't you earn the money if you had a school all the year round? I don't need you at home."

Susan pushed back her hair impatiently:—

"Yes; at the end of three years perhaps I'd have enough for one year of college, and so on; and where would you be, and what would I be, at the end of that time?"

She stepped hastily to the door, flung it open, and went out. Mrs. Davis sat for a moment staring straight before her; then she rose, and, going into the kitchen, began winding the clock. In a few minutes Susan came in again. "Mother, I am going to ask him." There was a suspicion of defiance in her tone. Mrs. Davis was fastening the big key of the back door with a piece of strong wire, and did not turn. When she followed Susan into the sitting-room she had her sewing-basket and a checked gingham shirt in her hands.

"Mother, you never rest," burst out Susan, impatiently.

"Well, I don't know as many of us do," said Mrs. Davis, quietly, comparing the size of a hole in the shirt-sleeve to some pieces of new gingham. Something in her attitude seemed to forbid any recurrence

to their former topic, and they talked in low voices of the events of their separate lives of the last few months.

The clock had just given nine slow, whirring strokes, when the barking of a dog was heard.

"There; father must be coming." Susan went to the door and looked out. The sky was clear, the stars sparkling faintly, like silver dust, through the white, cool moonlight that outlined the black masses and shadows of the trees. The air was full of the ripe odors of grass and fruit. From the darkness about the gate Lemuel Davis' figure detached itself, and he came toward the house with his brisk, firm step. He blinked a little at the light as he came in. He seated himself in a rocking-chair, removed his hat, and wiped his forehead.

"Well, Susan, I am glad to have you at home again."

"Thank you, father; but I hope you're not so glad that you won't let me go away again."

"Eh! what's that? Go again? Well, I don't know; I've been thinking about that."

"You have?" Susan gave a quick side-look at her mother, but Mrs. Davis was holding her work up close to the light, and apparently was not listening.

"Yes; Silas Harvey was telling me that his girls made a dollar a day in the grape country last year. Now, if you want to make a little something, I guess your mother could spare you for six weeks or so. Couldn't you, Henrietta?"

"I guess so." Mrs. Davis was threading a needle, and did not look up.

"But, father, I don't want to earn money; I want to spend it."

"Well, I'm sure I've no objection to your spending all the money you've got."

He had been trying unsuccessfully to pull off one of his boots. He now stood up and attempted to work it off against the toe of the other boot, balancing himself with outstretched arms.

"Here, father," Susan moved forward and knelt before him, "sit down; I'll pull it off." She drew the boot off, leaning far back to free its entire length. She clasped her hands about the other boot, and leaned forward a little. "Father, I want to go to college."

"Well, have you got the money to pay for it?"

"Father, you know I haven't. Won't you give me the money to go?"

Lemuel Davis looked first at Susan and then at her mother, his eyes twinkling fast.

"Of all the insane ideas that have taken possession of people in these days,—this women's going to college! What do you want to go to college for? You've been to the academy."

He rose and limped across to the bedroom door, carrying his boot in his hand. He disappeared in the darkness of the bedroom, and returned with a carpet slipper, into which he thrust his foot.

Susan was leaning against his chair:—

"But father—"

"Now, Susan, I don't want to hear any more of this. It's all foolishness. I should think it my duty to forbid any such notion, even if I could afford to indulge it. I guess you don't want to put your mother and me in the poor-house just for you to spend two or three years, or maybe more, in getting some fanciful notions, whilst the other girls of your age are getting all the likely husbands."

Susan went into the kitchen, and came back carrying a tallow candle in a tin candlestick. She lighted the candle from the lamp, with a taper made of a strip of newspaper.

"Father, will you lend me the money to go?"

There was no reply; her father had drawn a newspaper from his pocket, and was reading.

"Father." Still no reply. Susan gave a pleading look at her mother. Mrs. Davis was folding her work, and would not look at her daughter. Susan turned away.

The next day Lemuel Davis came in to supper with a smiling face.

"I've been talking to Harvey again. He's writing to a man about his girls' places in the vineyards at Lakeport, and I told him that if he could get a place for you, you'd go in with them. That will be real pleasant work for you, Susan, and better pay than school-teaching, too, because all's found."

One morning, two or three weeks later, he came in and asked his wife to lay out some clean linen for him.

"Where's father going?" asked Susan, coming from the pantry with flour on her hands and apron. Mrs. Davis was drying her hands on a roller-towel. "I don't know," she replied as she left the kitchen. When she came back, it was to call to Susan: "Your father wants you should come in and tie his necktie."

It was not until his preparations were finished that Mr. Davis gave any intimation of his intentions.

"I've got to go to Elm Valley; I've business there. If Jason Rogers should come here to see me, Henrietta, you tell him to wait till next week. 'Tisn't likely he will come before I get back, but if he does, you tell him to wait. Good bye." He gave Mrs. Davis and Susan little dry, pecking kisses, which they received passively. He turned back from the steps of the portico:—

"Oh, Susan, I told Harvey you'd be ready to go with his girls next Saturday. Ellen Harvey is coming up to-morrow to tell you what you'll need to take. So good-bye, if I don't get back before you're gone."

Susan turned around. Her mother was not in sight. She followed her to the kitchen:—

"Mother, must I go?"

"I don't see any way out of it," said Mrs. Davis, with apathetic indifference. The hurt look deepened in Susan's eyes, and she went back to the pantry without a word.

"Now, you're sure this'll be all right, Mis' Davis?" A big, burly man, with bushy hair and whiskers and troubled blue eyes, sat facing Mrs. Davis in the sitting-room. She held a roll of bills in her hand, while he examined gravely a small slip of paper.

"Of course it's all right." There was a slight huskiness in her voice. "That's my signature. You're not afraid to trust me, are you, Mr. Rogers?"

"No, no," he answered, still somewhat doubtfully, "but you know your husband's pretty puhtikler about money matters." He drew out a shiny leather pocketbook and folded the slip of paper in it, fastening it with a leather strap.

"Well, I guess I'll hev to go."

Mrs. Davis watched him to the gate. Then she drew a chair to

the window, and, sitting down, began counting the money. Her cheeks were red, and her fingers cold and trembling. The counting finished, she went into the hall to the foot of the stairs.

"Susan," she called, "when does the college begin?"

"Why, mother?" Susan appeared on the little landing at the head of the stairs. "It begins Monday. But what—"

"Then I want you should begin packing your trunk right now. You can get ready and start this afternoon. I've got the money. All you'll need this year, and perhaps more, too, if you're saving. Now, don't you ask me where I got this money. It's mine; I've earned it. No, and I'm not crazy," she went on, rapidly, anticipating the girl's exclamations and questions. She had mounted the stairs and entered Susan's room. Here she turned and put her hands on her daughter's shoulders, her unwonted excitement giving place to a tender solemnity.

"My child, for three weeks I have prayed night and day that some way would open before me. I didn't believe it would, but it has, and don't you spoil it."

Susan twisted her head about and down, and kissed her mother's hand, still on her shoulder. "It is too good to be true."

Together they pulled Susan's trunk from the closet and began the packing.

"I wish you'd had time to get one new dress," said Mrs. Davis, folding tenderly a well-worn skirt.

"My clothes will do. They'll have to. I don't care, anyway. I'm too glad to go."

Mrs. Davis left the room. She came back soon, holding a package wrapped in a white towel.

"It's my white silk shawl, dearie," she said in answer to Susan's look of inquiry, unpinning the towel.

"Mother, I can't take that away from you."

"Yes, you can. Don't you think"—wistfully—"that you could make a pretty waist out of it? You're real handy with your needle."

Something in her mother's look conquered Susan's objections. She took up the shawl, pressed it to her face, then laid it softly in the trunk, saying, "Yes, it will make a lovely waist."

The train that took Susan away, passed, at the next station, the train on which her father was returning. He was scarcely in the house before he questioned her mother:—

“Has Susan gone?”

“Yes,” was the reply.

“Did Jason Rogers come?”

“Yes.”

Later on, at supper, he continued his inquiries.

“Did you tell Jason Rogers what I told you to?”

“No, I didn’t.”

“You didn’t? What did you tell him?”

“I didn’t tell him anything.”

He stared.

“Well, why didn’t you tell him?”

“Because it wasn’t necessary.”

“Wasn’t necessary? Henrietta, you don’t know what you’re talking about. Didn’t he—did he—say anything about some—a little money he owes me?”

“He paid the money.”

“Well, Henrietta, I wish you’d explain yourself. What right have you to interfere in my affairs? If I’d wanted Jason Rogers to pay you that money, I’d have told you. Where is it? Where’ve you put it?”

“I gave it to Susan.”

“You gave it to Susan!”

All the twinkling left his eyes, and his face narrowed to a hatchet sharpness, as he turned upon his wife.

“Yes, I gave it to Susan, and you can’t get it back again. She’s gone—she’s gone to college.” She spoke in a low, spiritless, but distinct voice, looking, not at him, but beyond him, out of the window. “I’ve done what I thought was right, Lemuel, but if you oppose me in this, I may do something I know is wrong. You let Susan alone, and don’t make any trouble with Jason Rogers, and I’ll work harder than I ever did; but you trouble her, and I can’t answer for what I’ll do.”

For a few minutes there was silence, Lemuel Davis eying his wife narrowly. Then he rose and picked up the butter-plate.

"I'll just set this back in the butt'ry. I guess we can do without butter this winter."

October passed. One November afternoon Lemuel Davis stood by his gate, talking to a neighbor. The lowering sun sent a golden glow across the purple and amethyst of the leafless woods, and shot a sudden gleam along the telephone line. Lemuel's eye followed it.

"Where's your girl now? Ain't she away to school som'ers?" questioned the neighbor, a round-shouldered, white-haired man.

Davis straightened himself with pride.

"Yes, sir; my daughter is in college. I believe in giving your children the best that money will buy, no matter what sacrifices you must make yourself."

"Well, I guess there wunt nobuddy dispute ye in that. What's that a-comin' up the hill; ain't that Bentley's coal waggin?"

"Yes, it is." Davis gave a glance toward the house. He could see his wife by the window. He waited till the wagon was opposite to him, then called to the boy who was driving:—

"You can draw that back again. I have decided I can't have any coal fires this winter."

The boy grumbled.

"Well, I was told to draw it here. You'll have to take it."

"I don't want it, and I won't pay for it. Your father doesn't want to give away his coal, so you'd better draw it back." The tones were apparently amiable, but something in them induced the boy to yield. for, though still grumbling, he gathered up the reins and drove away.

Meanwhile, the old man was looking on with open eyes and mouth. That the real state of affairs was not without a more or less shrewd interpretation in the neighborhood was apparent from his comment as he trudged away:—

"I wonder what Lem Davis thinks his wife cares for white sugar and butter and coal fires when she knows Susan's gettin' an eddication. He's spitin' himself more'n her, a-goin' that way without things he likes best himself. But mebbe spite makes your vittles taste jest as good as kind feelin's do. There's a big diff'rence in folks."

Elva Lee, '93.

STREET SCENES IN ATHENS

[The Editors feel it due to the author to state that this article was written and accepted before the outbreak of war in Greece, and consequently, also, before the change in popular feeling toward the Royal Family.]

The first impression produced on one arriving at the Peloponnesus Station in Athens, after the eight-hour journey from Patras, is that of shabbiness amounting almost to squalor. From the broad, ill-paved roads, which become streets as they enter the city, the penetrating white dust is blown in gusts against the houses, to be whirled back about the blinded and suffocated visitor. In search of relief, one looks away and upward, and at once all the glare and discomfort are forgotten. One is conscious only of being in the centre of a broad triangular plain, of which the sides and apex are formed by light-gray sculptured mountains, with clear-cut outlines, softened by the evening shadows. The eye, returning reluctantly from the purple mystery of those distant bare hills, is rewarded and thrilled by the near view of a rugged yellow rock of unmistakable outline, rearing itself from the heart of the city, flooded with sunset light that streams between the columns of the loveliest and saddest ruin in the world—the Parthenon.

Uplifted by these sights, we look again at the streets through which we pass, and they have become more pleasing. The glare has faded from the houses, leaving only the faint pink and blue tints which color the stucco; the glistening marble, used so lavishly on even the poorer dwellings, is softened by the twilight; the warm evening breeze blows the pungent smell of thyme from Hymettus; and over all hangs the crown of violet haze which is peculiar to the plain of Athens. The whole effect, as has been said by a transient visitor, is that of a water-color in which the delicate though perfectly distinct shades are totally different from the gorgeous richness of Italian landscapes.

A person walking down Hermes Street—one of the main shopping centres—is apt to be so absorbed in watching the gay store-windows, where the wares are arranged according to the Greek idea

of French fashion, that he is oblivious of the scant two or three feet allowed for sidewalk, until he is jostled into the gutter by a sturdy little soldier returning from the barracks. In the street his fate is worse; for the carriages are driven at a furious pace up and down hills and around corners, with slight regard to foot-passengers, while a heavily laden donkey walks into and right through an unwary stranger, apparently unconscious that anything has impeded the even tenor of his way. Though Hermes Street is one of the old thoroughfares, it is not so old as the tiny Byzantine church planted right in the middle of it, around which it must divide and reunite, rather than disturb this small and ancient sanctuary.

The Athenian type of face is seen in an attractive form in the little schoolboys, who loiter along the streets at almost any hour of the day, dressed in the inevitable sailor suit, which well sets off their firm throats and their intensely black hair, waving about a face which is sometimes strikingly beautiful in its pale olive coloring, regular features, and lustrous eyes. But these same boys never seem to mature; they remain under-sized, though with the faces of men, from which, however, the fresh tint has gone, with eyes which have assumed a restless, not over-intelligent look, and a bearing altogether insignificant and weak. This description refers more especially to the shopkeepers, politicians, bankers, and other men in European civilian costume; for there is often fine, manly bearing in the sailors and militia. Those who have been in Germany are apt to talk slightly of the inefficient discipline and small numbers of the Greek army, but we were furnished with never-ending delight and amusement by the handsome cavalymen, resplendent in green uniform ornamented with silver frogs, and gay with plumes and shiny top-boots, galloping past on superb horses; or by the dapper, little, immaculate, laced infantry officers, clanking their swords on the pavements, and nonchalantly returning the scrupulous salutes of the squads of soldiers that meet them. These small warriors of the line always wear the coat and trousers of the man who served before them for his six months, and the garments are sure to be two inches too big or too small, according as the owners are small or big.

But the most pleasing, and, I like to think, the most truly Greek

type of face, is met with in the peasants of the surrounding villages and country, who come into Athens in numbers to exchange the loads of their donkeys for such clothing and food as they cannot make or grow on their tiny farms. When the bartering is over, they stroll along the streets, quite unconscious that they are enlivening the dull way by their odd and interesting dress, and by the simple friendliness of their bright faces. Among both men and women, it is the rule rather than the exception to see the beautifully straight line from the hair to the tip of the nose, which is found in all Greek statues of the best period; and the faces, with their uniform regularity of feature, make a less picturesque impression, perhaps, than the Italian faces, but are none the less delightful to look upon. We also rejoiced in their fine, liquid eyes, and in the richness of their brown skin and their hair, which was usually chestnut or black, though once in a while we saw in the women a marvellous combination of dark-blue eyes and that kind of hair in which the sun draws forth auburn tints. But their chief charm was their gait. There was something royal in the superb, easy carriage of the head in both men and girls, and the long, elastic stride, resulting, I suppose, from much wandering over mountain slopes with the flocks. One felt honored on meeting one of these true Hellenes on the country road, where the feeling that they were hosts prompted them to the invariable friendly greeting, warmed by a smile showing the evenest, whitest teeth that ever met in fig or olive, and accompanied by a half-sideways bend of the head, inimitable in its grace.

On Sundays can be seen the dull Greek silver jewelry, and delicately colored scarfs with ends beautifully embroidered in gold and silver thread; but on week-days the peasant woman shows only quiet shades. Her dress, to outward appearance, consists of one long garment of coarse linen, covering her entirely, but clearing the ground by several inches, so that the flat, bare feet are visible. It is often ornamented round the bottom by an elaborate pattern heavily worked in queer blues and greens. Over this is worn a thick, coarse woollen coat, reaching almost to the knees, without sleeves, and showing at the breast the rather shapeless bodice and white folds of the underdress. An inheritance from the Turk, is the use of large sulphur-colored

or scarlet-figured handkerchiefs, which cover the hair, mouth, and throat, and fasten in a knot on the top of the head; and it is astonishing to see the grace with which the young girls put on and wear these scarfs, in themselves disfigurements.

It is due to the peasant men and to a few conservatives in the towns that the native Greek costume is kept at all, and even among these it is fast yielding to the European dress, so that we thought ourselves lucky to be in Greece while it was still often seen in the cities and almost constantly in the country. The most noticeable feature is the exceedingly ample plaited skirt of white muslin, falling to the knee on the staid elders, and flaring jauntily out on the younger men, so that the uppermost layers seem to lie almost horizontal. Of course, in the well-to-do families, these *fustanellas* are kept snowy white; but they assume a very different hue on the shepherds and muleteers in the course of their long wanderings, and hang in sad limp folds. About the waist is worn a bulky, manifold leather belt, in which anything can be carried, from a sardine to a letter, and this covers the connection between the skirt and the white blouse, the full sleeves of which show under the heavy, round cloth jacket. This is often most handsomely embroidered in black silk. Gaiters of buff or dark-blue cloth reaching to the knee, slouched scarlet fez with long, drooping silken tassel, and red heelless shoes tipped with a nodding tuft, complete a dress which, though ill-adapted for protection or utility, has about it the same brightness, buoyancy, and easy grace which one finds in the modern Greek character, and which one ultimately identifies with the gay costume of the peasant lads.

Next to the peasants, perhaps the most peculiarly Greek figures seen in Athens streets are the priests. They are clad in long black alpaca gowns, almost always dirty and rusty; their hair is unkempt, and so long that they have to turn it up in a loose knot behind, while on their heads they wear a tall black structure which has been described as a waste-paper basket turned upside down,—a cylinder about a foot high, flaring very slightly toward the closed top. They possess only a fraction more of education than the lowest peasants, from whose ranks they are chosen, but often serve in the small country villages as doctor and lawyer as well as priest, and many is the tale of

devotion told of their humble lives. In Athens, those belonging to the richer churches have much influence; but the sombre appearance of the whole class has something so repellent that we were told it was the custom among the natives always to count thirteen and a half on meeting a priest, as it were, to avert the evil eye.

They are especially in evidence in connection with funeral processions, which they lead on foot through the streets, chanting a dismal nasal dirge, and carrying enormous purple wreaths aloft on poles. The cheerful unconcern of the bereaved participants, and the invariable respectful attention of the bystanders along the route, are what strike the visitor first, until, in an unguarded and unfortunate moment, he casts a glance at the coffin which is being carried high on the shoulders of the bearers, and then he receives a shock which he never forgets; for there, exposed to the full view of all strangers, with pitiless rain or sun or disfiguring dust beating down upon it, lies the corpse, draped in coarse or fine grave-clothes, according to the means of the family, with bare, waxen face turned up to the sky. Nothing could be more horrible and startling, except, perhaps, when, at the death of an archbishop, the dead man, as a mark of honor, is carried through the streets fastened erect in his chair of state. To excuse this ghastly practice, the Greeks tell you that during the war of Independence, prisoners escaped from the city in closed coffins, and since then law has compelled all coffins to be open, in entire disregard of the more likely and immediate danger resulting from the exposure of the living to infection from one dead of a contagious disease.

A less depressing side of out-of-door life is presented by the boot-blacks and other little fellows who spend a happy-go-lucky and improvident existence on the streets and sidewalks, sharing the national dislike to a shelter if the open air is at all tolerable. They are up before the peep of dawn, their brief rest having endowed them with a temporary store of high spirits, which at that early hour apparently can be expended only in making a noise. This is inconvenient for those who have an inclination to sleep from four to seven a. m., but it gives the boys endless joy, and I have seen them sitting on house-stoops emitting shout after shout, quite unmeaning, but uttered with a glee which is irresistible. The preparation of breakfast, consisting of a fish

cooked on a square foot of sidewalk, over as many glowing coals as would go in a saucer, or over a blazing bit of newspaper, seems to exhaust this matutinal energy, and they stretch themselves at full length, face downward, sometimes actually on the curb, or curl up like puppies in any corner where they will not be trodden on. From this nap they rise refreshed, to begin rapping furiously on their little boxes, in order to attract the notice of any passer-by whose shoes seem to them to need their care. The most meagre mid-day meal suffices, and I have seen many a one relishing keenly a lunch of one sardine and two olives. Repose is necessary to digest this, and any one who ventures out during the blazing noon hours, stumbles over them lying wherever the shade is expected to come, while the white dust settles softly on their brown little faces, and turns them ashen gray. They are awake by five o'clock in the afternoon, and in full force in the squares, chasing from table to table to sell papers or run errands, and later, in the cool of the evening, they wander past the gardens, sniffing the air laden with the perfume of orange-blossoms, or stopping to listen to the thrilling, scattered notes of the nightingale that ring forth from the heavy shade of the cypress trees.

All these street folk earn their living by their own exertions, however slight and desultory these may be, and rely in no way upon charity for their support. In fact, beggars are few, and are allowed to appear only on Saturdays, when they timidly ask the passer-by for aid, or sit and whine in a dolorous tone under the little pepper-trees. But the slightest gesture or sharp word serves to rebuff them, and their unobtrusiveness could give many a lesson to the Italian members of the guild. They also differ from the Italians in being rarely picturesque, excepting one poor, old, white-bearded shepherd (crazed, it was said, by grief at having shot his son at night, mistaking him for a sheep robber), who sits in his long-haired cloak beside the walk, blowing feebly upon his two divergent pipes the same plaintive, shrill air with which he was wont to gather his flocks in former days. Possibly he is reminded of his past life by the flocks of sheep and goats which are constantly being driven through the streets, in company with a large assortment of other live stock. The goats wander slowly past the houses, until the owner calls one by name, when she stops and is

milked at the door into a tiny tin cup holding about two gills, while the others lie down until the procession is ready to move on. It is some compensation for being waked so early in the morning to know that the cry of *γὰδὸν* is the same, even to intonation, as in the earliest days of Greece; and there are rather striking cries of long strings of vegetables' names which are reeled off in one breath so fast that you fear for the consequences.

I have already alluded to the universal beast of burden and conveyance throughout southern and eastern Europe—the donkey; but in the Athenian streets he is such a feature that he deserves special mention. Hardly a single peasant family seems too poor to own one, on which the market produce is carried into town for sale in huge panniers, and on which, when the day is over, they ride out again singing, swinging their heels against the shaggy sides of the little plodding animals. Everything in the shape of small salable wares is hawked about the streets on the backs of donkeys instead of in carts—from eatables to shoes, dry goods, and crockery, either carried in the usual way or actually displayed in two great glass cases which meet slantingly far above the animal's back. It must be the sense of indignity at being turned into a perambulating store which impels a donkey every now and then to face toward the sidewalk, gaze pointedly at you, fetch several sighs from the lowest depths, and then rend the air with a series of most fearful brays, of heartrending and ear-splitting quality, that seem to last an eternity. Geese, ducks, chickens, cats, and dogs are under foot in all the side streets, though these last do not become such an overpowering nuisance as in Stamboul, while overhead swing cages containing birds something like the partridge, of most beautiful plumage. A curious sight is a drove of turkeys, generally guided by a woman holding a very long, tapering rod; with this she shapes her aimless flock into an isosceles triangle of varying outline, the apex turned toward her, which presents a shrinking, wavering base to the stretch of street in front. The horses are the most ill-used of all the animals, for they are made to drag too heavy loads, and to gallop up hill at a furious pace. The street-car horses are so small that it takes three to drag one of the short cars, and the two outside ones lean weakly in for support upon the middle one in a most pathetic way.

But the general attitude of the Greeks toward animals is one of kindness, though often as ill-directed as a child's.

One is reminded of Naples streets by the Athenian custom of doing everything in the open air that is usually done indoors, such as visiting, cooking, dressing, caring for the children, etc., all without any false shame, though chiefly, of course, in the poorer parts of the town. But these run so directly into the nicer streets that one sees a great deal of them, and incidentally absorbs a good many ideas of the beginnings of things; not only the beginnings of costume in its scantiest first efforts, but the early stages of weaving can be seen in one street, a shoemaker working at an embryo shoe in front of a shop, or several men twisting the separate strands for twine in another store,—and everything done by hand.

It is well known that in ancient times, separate trades or guilds gathered in separate quarters of the town, and this custom prevails largely even now in the old parts of Athens. One alley is the centre of all the brass and iron-working, and the visitor is fairly deafened by the hammering and beating on the brilliant cauldrons, re-echoed across the narrow way; while by merely crossing a little square he is in the realm of leather, and can hardly advance at all, so tempting are the scarlet and green shoes, belts, purses, and bags, hung in great bunches at the shop-doors, along a street so narrow that both sides can be touched at once by the outstretched arms. In an adjoining quarter, ugly, great pigskins, all bristling and rampant, line the sidewalk, filled to bursting with wine or olive oil, which is poured out through the neck, while the feet, fastened securely, obtrude themselves aggressively at the buyer.

If wearied, you can find refreshment and endless entertainment at one of the little round iron tables which, after five o'clock, are symmetrically arranged in the square in front of the palace. Waiters will speedily bring the black Turkish coffee, in small cups, and on the saucer will be two large squares of delicious *loukoumi*,—the sugared paste of different flavors with almonds scattered through it,—or you may call for *masticha*,—a strong liquor, a tiny glass of which, poured into a tumbler of water, gives it an opalescent hue. Boys in a sort of uniform will come with pistachio-nuts, which they carry in covered

tin baskets, and sell for a few *lepta* a hundred, after the inevitable amount of bargaining.

While partaking of these, you cannot fail to be struck by the very large number of the leisure class, which seems to comprise the Athenian population of all ages and sexes. At any time of the day the square is thronged with men doing nothing as hard as they can, nicely dressed, intelligent-looking people, sauntering around in the sun, in the most careless and unoccupied fashion, as if they were all tourists, though indeed much less busy than the average careworn and hurried traveller. One sees that labor and time count for almost nothing, by the fact that it takes two men to work a hand-organ, one man carrying it and the other grinding it *on* him. In military life, the acting officers, outside of the few hours spent in arduous drilling of recruits, find the time hanging so heavily on their hands that they take solace in driving, making themselves most attractive at "teas," and leading children's cotillions.

If we notice who are our fellow-loiterers this afternoon, we may see at the next table a group of soldiers of the Queen's Guard, in native costume, but exalted above their kind by the dazzling whiteness of their *fustanellas*, the richness and length of their tassels, and the heavy embroidery and gold buttons of their jackets. At the next is a gathering of gorgeous cavalry officers, with glinting swords and fluttering green and white plumes; while near by is a darker-hued party, consisting of a venerable priest and one or two excited politicians, all twisting in their hands the inevitable appendage of every civilian,—the string of beads, which serves no religious purpose, but is the indispensable accompaniment to speech, thought, and peace of mind. All this, it must be noted, does not take place in the unsavory haunts of a barroom, but under the most glorious sky that ever arched over any land, with the breeze blowing in from the Ægean, and on all sides the harmonious mountains just assuming their marvellous sunset hues.

After this rest, the next step for a native is to stroll up the slope past the hotels and the hideous palace, built by Otho's Bavarian architect, in which the present royal family is doomed to dwell,—and on down Amalia Street, the fashionable promenade, with the beautiful

royal garden on one side and a row of handsome private houses on the other. Here all Athens walks, and sees, and has the satisfaction of being seen, as soon as the sun has slanted nearly to the Saronic Gulf. Shortly after passing the palace, one hears on fine afternoons the musical royal salute, and all eyes turn to the driveway to see the guard present arms and the royal carriage roll out on its way to Phaleron, where the king and queen like to walk along the rocky road above the sea. Every one stops and salutes with as much genuine loyalty as if King George were of their own blood,—the officers rein in their horses, the ladies curtsy, and even the clumsy Phaleron tram stops to allow the carriage to pass, steam rollers alone having been known to be refractory. But the king often dispenses with even this amount of state, and walks along the streets attended only by two little dogs. In fact, we must realize that Greece, as an independent country, is only sixty-six years old; so it is natural that all the business of state and the very institution of royalty should not be taken very seriously. Besides, everything is on such a small scale that it is like the game of a child who is laying out his neat little streets and playing “king and queen” for fun. So the royal family sees that excessive ceremony would be farcical, and adopts the sensible plan of allowing only so much as is necessary for preserving dignity and proper relations with other courts.

Of all these mundane matters one is suddenly made oblivious by the sight at the end of the street of the blue, symmetrical cone of the Ægina Mountain, just completing the vista made by the branches, and shimmering hazily across the glancing waters, precisely as it did when Codrus, and not the Danish George, was King of Athens.

It should be understood that these are some of the aspects of every-day Athens; but at certain periods of the year the streets furnish peculiar scenes meriting especial mention.

At their Christmas, which, as is well known, comes, according to the Greek calendar, twelve days after ours, the streets are as crowded with shoppers as in Western cities, and men stand in the middle of the streets, shouting out the *δάλσεις* or liquidation sales, at the top of their lungs, with all sorts of droll phrases and gestures to attract the crowd. The butchers' shops are especially gay, for the great heads

of animals hung up in front over the sidewalk, which are rather ghastly at other times, are now decked with garlands and covered with thin masks of goldleaf and tinsel.

The next event of the year is the carnival which, between Christmas and Easter, lasts for some weeks. This word conjures up in the minds of most people the famous scenes of picturesque merry-making in Rome and Venice; but the Greek nature does not lend itself so naturally or gracefully to frolics of this kind, and the attempts in this direction are pathetic rather than amusing or artistic. One finds in every other street bands of boys and girls, in red clothes, dancing, with rattles and horns, about an apology for a May-pole, twisting in and out the faded ribbons fastened to the top, all to the same everlasting, droning tune of "Margareta," which we had first heard sung by the Neapolitan peasants with a swinging charm that made it seem like a different melody. In a neighboring square, one may find a group of dancers about a huge, raw-boned semblance of a camel, carried by men, which pokes its long neck among the crowd for pennies; or it may be the ship, borne on wheels through the streets, which one is greatly tempted to view as the lineal descendant of the ship carrying the famous peplos for Athena in the great Panathenaic processions. One afternoon we found ourselves among a crowd of people with such serious faces that we could hardly believe they were gathered for the pleasure of seeing a solemn sword-swallower performing his tricks; he was succeeded by a Punch and Judy Show with the very same incidents as at home, only so irresistibly funny when all was said in Greek, that we roared with laughter, and were stared at in deprecating surprise by the crowd. They seemed to think our mirth quite out of place, and did not raise a vestige of a smile even when Punch beats the policeman.

The only people who seem to be able to treat the Carnival as a revel are the well-to-do Athenians, who are fond of disguising themselves in all sorts of pretty peasant and fancy costumes, in which they pay calls on their friends. They enter unannounced, and, going, after a few moments, leave their hosts to guess their identity. But with the majority of the Athenians it seemed to be a conscientious, rather ponderous, effort to think they were having a good time, rather than the natural hearty enjoyment of a frolic.

What the Greeks seem to find most congenial to their nature are the various religious festivals through the year, the longest and most elaborate of which is Easter. This coincided last year with the anniversary of the declaration of Greek Independence and the reopening of the Olympic Games, so that the city gave itself over, after Easter Sunday, to wild, joyful celebration. During all the preceding week the deep purple and black hangings had been growing more and more abundant in the streets and windows, and the flags were all at half-mast. When we asked for whom the mourning was, they answered, quite simply, "For Christ," and the sad, quiet look on the faces showed that they were really grieving for a friend whom they had lost. On the evening of Good Friday, from all the churches there pass slowly through the streets processions of men, women, and children bearing lighted tapers, headed by the chief priest and his attendants carrying the *εἶκον* of Christ,—a cloth on which is heavily embroidered the figure of Christ;—for the Greek Church follows the Mohammedan custom in not permitting the use of any graven image whatsoever. As they walk, they all chant an impressive dirge in a minor key, which wails through the darkness as they march along the streets or wind their toilsome way up the steep sides of Lycabettos to the little shrine on top, the flickering lights tracing their upward progress against the blackness of the rocky slope. The carrying of the body, and the singing, made all of us with classic associations think of nothing but the lament for Adonis which may have occurred among these very hills.

But the reaction from all this sadness begins at midnight on Saturday, when the high priest of the Metropolitan Church announces to the crowds assembled outside, and to the royal family and dignitaries within, the glad news that Christ is risen. Immediately joy spreads over the city, as heartfelt and universal and sincere as if this were the first time in the history of the world that mankind had such good cause for happiness. Men meet, grasp each other's hands, kiss, and part with beaming faces; pistols and cannon are fired off at intervals; children buy the red eggs which are in the store windows and crack them; and peasants are seen carrying the kid to roast,—it is said there is no family in all Greece too poor to enjoy this feast for Easter Day. On all sides, between all classes and sexes, the words of greeting are,

χρυσὸς ἀνέστι, and then the answer, ἀλλθῶς ἀνέστι, accompanied by a smile and look of such radiant, new-born, unexpected joy, that it is contagious, and one's heart warms more than ever to the simple children of the moment, who so lend themselves to the passing mood.

The only other aspect of the streets that occurs to me as worth mentioning was that occasioned by the games, when by day faces from all lands crowded the streets, speaking all languages, thronging the square or streaming with joyous expectancy over the bridge across the Ilissos and into the glistening Stadion. At every corner one had to dodge hatless, breathless small boys just winning a miniature "Marathon race," and any one of them willing to die happy at that moment if he could be called a second Loues. The arch of brilliant pennons and streamers which fluttered in the sunlight by day, by night was turned into a tunnel of blazing light as far as the eye could stretch, and from the square, itself encircled with fire, one could see, as if magically suspended just above the noise and glare of the city, the lovely constellation of the Parthenon, every fluting and delicate line of carving standing out clear in the crimson illumination against the blackness of the sky, while above, the stars shone with a soft intentness over the loved city as steady and luminous as in the days of the First Olympiad.

And, in fact, the impulse to look off and away from the immediate surroundings is the last, as it was the first on entering Athens, and is typical of the modern attitude of the Greeks; for as the eye finds relief in resting on sea, mountain, and Akropolis, so the spirit turns to the past for encouragement and inspiration in present dangers, from the noble and immortal deeds and words of those who have made the same land famous in former times.

Ruth Emerson, '93.

UNSTERBLICHKEIT

He felt it in the calling of the sea,
 He felt it in the north wind's triumph-cry,
 In green-touched buds that promised bloom to be,
 In white-rimed dawns that threatened snow-fall nigh—
 The snow whose melting sets the safe grass free,
 Haste, haste, fond boy, so soon art thou to die !

He was not loth to bid the body die ;
 To drift with emerald tides that change the sea,
 Or lapped in clay to feel the daisies nigh,
 Or yet in any wise to cease to be :
 But "Still while flesh doth pant, must soul," his cry,
 "From time and change and circumstance be free.

"Who serves another will, he is not free ;
 And souls enslaved grow dumb, grow waste and die :
 Swayed by the moon, the dumb and passionate sea
 Across her barren borders crawls not nigh
 Green turf, nor small sweet beasts, nor such as be
 Glad with the voice of love's imperious cry."

His subtle ears could catch the cricket's cry,
 His cloudless eyes from doubt and shame were free,
 His spirit lived with things that cannot die,—
 The silent, star-tipped hills, the furrowed sea,
 In love of love and all to love that's nigh,
 And strenuous hope of lovelier things to be.

Man's inmost power, how strong so e'er he be,
 Of will, to drown passion's imperious cry
 As thunder drowns the roaring of the sea,
 Was his : though he to find escape must die
 From things he could not rule to struggle free
 Nor e'en vouchsafe his God approach too nigh.

Slowly those men forsook him that were nigh,
 And woman-love he scarcely knew to be ;
 His ears were tuned not to the human cry,
 His eyes from mist of world's desire free,
 Alone, not lonely, did he live and die,
 Whose old prayers drew him, as the moon the sea.

O mighty sea of death, forever nigh,
 Thy surges cry to me of lives to be,
 And men born free, who, dead, can never die !

G. G. K., '96.

JOHN CLIFFORD STRONG

A comedy in one act.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

CELIA. — *Who writes poetry.*

HELEN. — *Who criticises it.*

HARRIET. — *Who reads it.*

[*Scene:—The sunny parlor of a flat in New York City, furnished in good taste, though somewhat bare, and seeming much lived in. The chairs are moved forward in disorder and on a large table in the centre is a confused mass of writing materials and a work-basket. A cloak and hat are thrown on one chair and books on several others and on the floor. Doors to right and left.*]

(*Enter Helen.*)

HELEN (*glancing at clock*).—I'm glad Celia could sleep late this morning. She was looking tired yesterday, and then up so late last night that I thought she needed a rest. Now that my marketing is done I must begin work. (*She takes an apron from the table and ties it on, then seats herself by the table with a stocking from the basket in her hand.*) What holes that dear sister of mine does wear in her heels—it must be the fault of those worn-out slippers she persists in wearing. I must persuade her to give up the shiftless things—as if I could, or would if I could, make Celia do anything she didn't want to! (*A ring is heard. Looking at the clock.*) It's early for the postman.

(*Exit L. and re-enter with a number of letters in her hand. She reads the addresses as she lays them on the table one by one.*)

“Miss Celia Prescott”—that's funny! “Mr. John Clifford Strong”—that's more like! “Miss Helen Prescott”—hem, the butcher's bill. “Mr. John Clifford Strong” again, “Mr. John Clifford Strong,” “Mr. John Clifford Strong,” and so on. Five for Mr. John Clifford Strong—as usual he

gets all our mail. The postman is a discreet person, but I wonder what he thinks of our continued and ready acceptance of all Mr. John Clifford Strong's mail. Oh, perhaps he has scrutinized the envelopes, as I am doing, and seeing the publisher's name so often in the upper corner, suspects it's only a *nom de guerre*. I *hope* he'll not tell, for Celia's sake, though why she wants to make a mystery of her success is more than I can understand. (*Takes up her darning again.*) Same old heel! I'm inclined to give it up as a bad job.

(*Enter Celia in petticoat and dressing sacque at R.; watches Helen a minute, smiling.*)

CELIA.—Dear, industrious little sister, good morning!

HELEN.—Are you awake, dear?

CELIA.—And yearning for your company.

HELEN.—I hoped you would sleep late.

CELIA.—Don't you call ten o'clock late?

HELEN.—Are you rested?

CELIA.—Pussy, what made you think I needed a rest? I didn't realize it myself.

HELEN.—Have you had breakfast?

CELIA.—All I wanted—and now let's talk. It's like grace before meat to me, only it's talk with Nellie afterwards.

HELEN.—Did you enjoy the play last night? I meant to sit up for you, and then it grew late and I was sleepy, so I left the light burning in here and went to bed.

CELIA.—That was well. We came in late, as the play was long, oh, much too long, and George did enjoy it all so!

HELEN.—But you didn't?

CELIA.—It was the same stupid old play that it always is now. All the characters were frightfully sophisticated and *new*, you know, and consequently disagreeable. George thought it *strong*.

HELEN.—Now, Celia!

CELIA.—Oh, but he did, I assure you. He wasn't cross with me for my lack of appreciation—he never is that, you know—just grieved and a little surprised. I wish he'd stop being surprised at me, Nellie.

HELEN.—He admires you so.

CELIA.—Yes, doesn't he? And that grows tiresome, too. Poor old George, I'm afraid I'm a great trial to his affection. But it's good practice for one's friends to have to stand a little strain on their patience.

HELEN.—You are enough to strain the patience of—

CELIA.—Of Helen?

HELEN.—Of George.

CELIA.—Oh, of all the saints in the calendar, no doubt. (*Sits down lazily in an arm chair.*) How nice it is to do nothing. Why don't you try it, my dear?

HELEN.—And what would become of your stockings then?

CELIA.—How ashamed I ought to feel at that! Truly, Nell, don't you hate it? I'll help you—

HELEN (*hastily*).—Oh, no, don't. Really, Celia, I'd much rather do them alone.

CELIA.—Of course, I knew it. A little black court-plaster, skillfully applied, would be my device, if I had those stockings to darn. But, dear little sister, you really work too hard, while I do nothing.

HELEN.—Except earn all the money to keep us alive and happy.

CELIA.—What a sordid way to put it! I am a poet, and in consideration of certain new beauties that I bring into the world, the world for its part lets me live and make those I love happy. (*Laughing.*)

HELEN.—That is your way of saying it.

CELIA.—Oh, I'll not quarrel with your wording, dear. I'm happy, so happy, when I think that what is my greatest pleasure is also your greatest profit. (*With a sudden change of tone*) Has the mail come?

HELEN.—Just this minute. On the table, there.

CELIA (*taking up the letters*).—What a lot. One for myself and five for John Clifford Strong. These came care of the publishers—probably demands for my autograph: I'll not oblige those silly collectors again. (*Begins to tear open and read the letters.*) "Mabel Johnson" is my "warm admirer" and wishes me to send her—what impertinence!—an original verse for her album. Not even a stamp for return postage:—no, Mabel, you go into the waste-basket! (*Opening the second letter*) "An unknown," who comes from "Cairo, Illinois," wants my autograph and sends a stamp. Well, the poor, misguided creature shall have it. Cairo, Illinois, sounds so

dismal that if my manly, dashing, scrawl, JOHN CLIFFORD STRONG! (*making a flourish in the air*) can lighten its horrors, I'll gladly send it. (*Opening the third letter*) This from my last effort (*holding out a check*), and asks for "more"—that was a pretty remunerative little quatrain, wasn't it? Take it, Helen. (*Opening the fourth*) More demands! Genevieve Morrison wants a photograph of her "favorite poet." Don't you think it's tiresome, Nell, that all these silly girls keep writing to me—a strange man! Really, when I get an average of five requests a day for autographs and a demand for a photograph, say, every other day, I do lose patience with the folly of women.

HELEN.—It makes me wonder more than ever, dear, that you persist in keeping your identity a secret, since the secrecy doesn't save you from these annoyances at all, as long as the publishers send the letters on.

CELIA.—But it saves me, and you, too, from *seeing* these impertinent people, and—oh, I have lots of reasons, Nellie. (*Wistfully*) Don't you think it's pleasanter for us to live here all alone, as we do, since there are only we two left—without any one's interference or comment? Aren't you happy so, dear?

HELEN.—Of course I'm happy. I never could have believed I'd be so happy when our brother died, and I don't want any one but you; only I wonder that you don't long for the approval of the world and its gratitude.

CELIA.—Bosh, Pussy. As for its gratitude, the world won't go into spasms of that for the sake of a few ditties more or less, and I am already well recompensed for my expenditure of ink and paper. The trouble is, you realize too well my vanity, sharp-sighted little sister. Well, to be sure, I'm vain and like applause and glory—but you give me the one, and the critics try their best to give me the other. (*Laughing.*) Oh, and George quite surfeits me with admiration.

HELEN.—You aren't kind about George.

CELIA.—That's really what keeps me, more than anything else, from disclosing my identity to this greedy public. I should have to live up to character provided for me ready made. No more happy, uninterrupted mornings spent with you in disarray like this, no more lunches of bread and cheese on the kitchen table, no more unchaperoned sprees with our brother's old friend—you needn't tell me, Helen mine, I know better.

HELEN.—I ask nothing more than this life of ours.

CELIA.—Oh, I saw how it was last night. While that good old George and I sat and enjoyed ourselves—when the play wasn't too awful—right above us in a box sat the authoress of that book every one is talking about, "The Father of a Democrat;" isn't that its wretched title? Poor girl, she had to pretend this and pretend that and never revel in her own moods, but grow old and ugly and be forgotten all in public view. No, I'll not be forgotten in plain sight of all their silly, gaping, faces, not I!

HELEN.—You forgotten! Impossible.

CELIA.—I knew you'd not believe it. (*Opening fifth letter. Excitedly.*) Oh, Nell, this is about my tragedy; it is wanted at once. Shall we really see it acted? Oh, Nell!

HELEN.—Oh, Celia!

CELIA.—I believe you, Nell; I shan't be forgotten. I shall live. (*Slyly.*) Do you think I'm Shakespeare's equal?

HELEN (*doubtfully*).—Celia!

CELIA.—Don't be astonished. George thinks I'm his super—

HELEN.—Don't laugh at him.

CELIA.—The idea! As if my chief amusement wasn't derived from George. I can't give up all my pleasures, Pussy.

HELEN.—It's not fair to make fun of him all the time when he admires you so.

CELIA.—He does, doesn't he?

HELEN.—And you know how good he has been to us. When we came here after Hal's death, all alone and wanting something to keep us alive, really, you know it was Hal's friend, it was George, who induced you to send your poems to the publishers. He first got them into print.

CELIA (*defiantly*).—Their own merit did that.

HELEN.—Of course. But it was George who made that merit known.

CELIA.—Oh, that's enough. I know all you will say. He is simply the best and the most deserving and the most uncomprehending, slow-moving, provoking goose—

HELEN.—Celia! When he loves you!

CELIA (*gravely, after a pause*).—Now, Nellie, that wasn't like you.

HELEN (*impetuously*).—No, it's vulgar of me, and inexcusable. We don't talk of such things. But it's true and you ought to know it.

CELIA.—Perhaps I do know it. I'm not at all sure.

HELEN.—It's as evident as that he admires you, which you admit.

CELIA.—Oh, yes. But love is a different matter. What is love, Nellie?

HELEN.—I don't know. You should.

CELIA.—I certainly should. I've written enough about it, but as for feeling it—

HELEN (*wistfully*).—Don't you feel it, Celia?

CELIA.—I—don't—know. I am trying to find out. If George does love me, which I don't yet believe, then I want to love him, don't I?

HELEN.—But don't you?

CELIA.—Well, I'm very fond of him, certainly; and I like to have him about, or when I don't I haven't the slightest objection to telling him so—that argues a certain tenderness—

HELEN.—Be serious, Celia.

CELIA.—Oh, I'm as serious as George at a modern play. There, Nellie, that's the difficulty, we don't feel the same way about things, George and I. I laugh when he cries—he really did cry last night; I heard him blow his nose—and when I cry—no, he never laughs, does he? except at my jokes.

HELEN.—Do be careful, dear, what you say.

CELIA.—I really want to know how matters stand if George loves me. For if he loves me he will tell me so and I shall have to answer him, and what I should say under those circumstances I really cannot imagine. Perhaps I should cry, perhaps I should laugh. I'm certain I should be incoherent and he would be—ridiculous.

HELEN.—Oh, Celia!

CELIA (*impatiently*).—He is just the kind of a man to make himself ridiculous. He has no saving sense of humor—poor dear! Helen, I like him very much, I'm sure I could be happy if I—if I married him. I'd make him a good wife, though I'd not darn his stockings—but, in honesty, I should have to stop writing poetry, and that would be dreadful.

HELEN.—He would never ask you to stop.

CELIA.—I should think not! What impertinence he would have, to think of such a thing.

HELEN.—Then what is the trouble?

CELIA.—Why, Helen, I've written a great deal about love and I've believed it. If my poetry is true then I don't love George. If I don't love George I certainly can't marry him. But if I do love George (*smiling*) I want to marry him. But it will force me to stop writing poetry that isn't truthful.

HELEN.—I think you are mistaken—perhaps—about your own feelings.

CELIA.—I know how fond I am of George—just so fond and no fonder.

HELEN.—But your poetry—?

CELIA.—You know I never lie. I can't reconcile the two.

HELEN (*hopelessly*).—You don't understand yourself.

CELIA.—Bah, what a fuss over nothing. When George asks me to marry him, I will, that's settled.

HELEN.—I don't want you to if you feel that way.

CELIA.—Oh, what way, what way? (*Teasingly.*) Marriage is a very holy state and I've always had a predilection for a holy state, as my stockings bear witness. (*Seriously.*) The only trouble is that I've hitherto endowed myself with various capabilities for emotion that I don't possess and I must cure myself. My poetry has treated of imaginary, not genuine, feeling, and I'm disappointed because the slight amount of genuine feeling I possess doesn't equal the imaginary feeling in my poems. (*Smiling.*) Well, George will be an inspiration to cure me.

HELEN.—I don't want you to marry George.

CELIA.—Don't worry, dear. I am glad to have talked this over. I haven't cut myself off just yet from the delights of imaginary emotion, and I must write a little before luncheon. (*She sits down at the table, clearing a space for herself, and picks up a photograph.*) Here is the subject of our debate. He shall lie face downwards while I write and only regain his rightful position when the muse has left me. I have an idea, a glorious one. It came to me last night at that horrid play, and I told George to keep perfectly still while I pretended he wasn't there, and so managed to work it out quite well.

(*There is silence for a few minutes, while Celia writes and Helen sews with occasional glances at her sister. Then a ring is heard.*)

CELIA.—Oh, dear, is it any one to see us?

HELEN.—What can any one want at this time of day?

(Exit R. Celia writes busily.)

(Re-enter Helen.)

HELEN.—Such a surprising thing, Celia.

CELIA (*absently writing*).—Hm.

HELEN.—Celia—

CELIA.—Oh! what is it? Not any one who wants to come in?

HELEN.—A young lady—

CELIA.—Send her away—or take her into the dining-room.

HELEN (*persisting*).—She asks if John Clifford Strong lives here, and she says—

CELIA.—What! (*Rising*.) What did you say?

HELEN.—I said I'd see. Shall I go back and tell her he doesn't?

CELIA.—Who could have told her? Does she know it's I?

HELEN.—She thinks he is a man, I'm sure. What shall I do?

CELIA (*suddenly*).—Let her come in. I'll see her. What a joke!

HELEN.—But Celia—

CELIA.—Oh, I shall be discreet. The whole affair promises to be amusing, and you've made me be solemn enough this morning to last a week.

HELEN.—There is no sense in it.

CELIA.—That's just why it pleases me. Must we be accountable for our actions?

HELEN.—Not that, but—

CELIA.—No, no, I want to see her. But my costume! Send her in here, Nell, while I put on something respectable. (*Picking up an armful of MSS. Celia prepares to go out L., while Helen moves doubtfully towards R.*)

(Enter Harriet.)

HELEN.—Oh!

HARRIET.—Please excuse me. I was so afraid you wouldn't let me in. *Must* I go?

CELIA (*stopping at door L.*).—No, stay. If you don't mind the brevity of my skirts, I don't—we don't.

HELEN.—Celia, your sash, your hair.

CELIA.—True. Shall I go? (*Looking at Harriet with a smile.*)

HARRIET.—Please don't.

CELIA (*laying her armful on the table and still smiling*).—Did you want to see me? (*In undertone to Helen.*) Please go.

(*Exit Helen.*)

HARRIET.—I want to see John Clifford Strong.

CELIA (*doubtfully*).—Well?

HARRIET.—Oh, please don't send me away. You are his sister, aren't you? (*A pause, while Celia, still smiling, remains silent.*) Mayn't I see him?

CELIA.—There are no men here. Can't you tell me your errand.

HARRIET.—Oh, I did want to see your brother. I never thought of his being out. I suppose then there is no use— (*Moves towards door at R.*)

CELIA (*suddenly*).—Don't go. Stay—wait—perhaps you can see him—

HARRIET (*returning*).—Oh, I'll wait.

CELIA.—How did you find out where I—we lived?

HARRIET.—A friend told me this was the place. I never meant to come—but to-day I had to—

CELIA (*alarmed*).—You're not a reporter, surely?

HARRIET.—Oh, no, no. I—I wanted to see him. I admire his poetry very much. (*As Celia only looks at her when she pauses for reply, she goes on hesitatingly.*) It must be a great happiness to you to live with him and see to his needs and help him?

CELIA (*coldly*).—He always works alone.

HARRIET.—I knew that, of course. (*With effusion.*) But there must be things that you can do for him all the time. You must love to sympathize with him and hear his poetry before it goes into print—while it is his own, before it belongs to the world.

CELIA (*laughingly*).—There is so much of it, you know, that it grows tiresome.

HARRIET (*indignantly*).—Oh, impossible. But a man of genius is never appreciated by his own family.

CELIA.—Still you must acknowledge that the eccentricities of a genius— (*Teasingly.*) You said genius, didn't you?

HARRIET.—Certainly, genius.

CELIA.—Yes. Well, that they are sometimes trying to very practical people like you and me, you know.

HARRIET.—I think I appreciate his poetry.

CELIA.—I don't know. He expects a good deal.

HARRIET.—A genius would always realize his own strength. I think that is one of John Clifford Strong's greatest charms—his consciousness of power.

CELIA (*murmurs*).—"A manly virility united with a woman's tenderness."

HARRIET.—What? The strength in those poems must show in his face. Have you a picture of him?

CELIA.—I am said to resemble him.

HARRIET (*disappointed*).—Are you?

CELIA (*laughing*).—And so your idol is shattered?

HARRIET.—Oh, no, no. I'm sure he is as good as he is strong, a man to make friends of men and worshipers of women—

CELIA.—Whew! Is that all?

HARRIET (*offended*).—I know you don't appreciate him. It isn't fair that you should have the privilege of living here where every breath you draw ought to be an inspiration, when I would give up everything I have just to see him once.

CELIA (*in gentle scorn*).—Aren't you a little extravagant in your language? I can assure you that John Clifford Strong isn't at all the kind of person to enjoy having young girls go into ecstasies over his name. And as for his neighborhood's being an inspiration, it's often been far from that to me.

HARRIET.—I wish I had your common sense. (*Rises*) I am foolish, no doubt, but I worship him. (*She walks to the table.*)

CELIA (*between amusement and alarm*).—Oh, no, don't say that.

HARRIET.—These are the manuscripts of his poems. May I look?

CELIA.—Don't—

HARRIET.—Is this "Forgiven?"—Oh, here is the series "To Isabel"—don't you *love* those poems, especially "The Song at Daybreak" and "In the Fields"?

CELIA.—Dear me!

HARRIET.—Is this—oh, here is "Estranged."

CELIA (*weakly*).—It's all in a dreadful mess.

HARRIET (*holding out a manuscript*).—This is why I came to-day.

CELIA (*reading*).—"Service"—Yes, that is pretty.

HARRIET.—Pretty! You don't understand it. When I read this I understood so much that I hadn't before that I *longed* to see the man who wrote it and tell him all my trouble. I thought perhaps he could help me—so I came.

CELIA (*severely*).—It was very wrong, and very foolish. You shouldn't have come alone to the house of a strange man who wouldn't help you if he could.

HARRIET.—He could, I know. I'm very unhappy.

CELIA (*suddenly repenting of her harshness*).—I'm sorry for that. If I can help you in any way—

HARRIET.—You know him—you ought to understand me.

CELIA.—Well, let me try.

HARRIET.—There is some one I love—I loved—I mean—that is I thought I loved him and I was going to marry him.

CELIA.—Oh dear, oh dear!

HARRIET.—But I've decided not to.

CELIA (*shrewdly*).—And you're very unhappy about it. Why don't you tell him so?

HARRIET.—No, no, I don't want to tell him. That isn't the trouble—exactly. I found out I couldn't marry him—after I read some of John Clifford Strong's poetry.

CELIA.—Oh, child, how foolish! You said you loved him.

HARRIET.—I thought so. Well, I did once.

CELIA.—Then you do still.

HARRIET.—I'd much rather give up my life to service. (*Celia smiles, involuntarily.*) I don't want to waste my life in other ways.

CELIA (*sighs*).—This is perfectly ridiculous. Aren't you ashamed of coming here?

HARRIET.—No, John Clifford Strong is a genius, and will understand.

CELIA.—John Clifford Strong would feel, just as I do, that it is very indecorous of you, and moreover unkind and heartless. Does the man love you?

HARRIET.—Oh, yes, he does.

CELIA.—And you love him?

HARRIET.—I'm—not—sure. But I don't want to waste myself like that.

CELIA.—Have you told him?

HARRIET.—I wrote to him (*with a sob*). He feels dreadfully.

CELIA.—Well, I don't think you are worth it, really. The idea of giving up a good man who loves you for the sake of a little doggerel—

HARRIET.—It is poetry! It is great!

CELIA.—Yes, I think it is myself. But to give up all this for the sake, then, of some poems that were written by a—person whom the world will forget to-morrow—

HARRIET.—No, he will live.

CELIA (*impatiently*).—I agree with you. I think he will. But do let me argue on the other side. What do you expect to gain by this exchange?

HARRIET (*confused*).—Exchange? Why—I—I'm living up to my ideals!

CELIA.—Nonsense! You're sacrificing the very most precious thing in the world for an idle whim. (*Slyly*) That man is probably so disgusted with you that he has long stopped caring.

HARRIET.—Oh, I only wrote to him yesterday. And he does care very much. (*Draws a letter from her pocket.*) Read that and see.

CELIA (*looking at it*).—This looks familiar. What a preposterous mistake! (*Glances at Harriet and then at the signature.*) "George Percy"—I never thought of that! (*Reads a little and says gravely*) Are you sure you want me to read this? It rings true—it is genuine.

HARRIET.—Yes, read it.

CELIA.—Let me read you the last sentence. It is what I have been trying to say to you myself. You can't have read it or you would see your mistake. "I want only your happiness. If our parting can bring this about I will place no obstacle in the way of it. I will never complain. But do not give up, for the sake of some passing fancy, one whose love for you is as great as it is beyond his power to express."

HARRIET (*frightened and repentant*).—But I've sent him away.

CELIA.—Ask him to come back.

HARRIET (*weakly*).—Perhaps, as you said, he has really stopped caring.

CELIA.—I did it to scare you. A man like that never stops caring. Send for him.

HARRIET.—But John Clifford Strong—

CELIA.—Would say just what I am saying.

HARRIET (*doubtfully*).—Really?

CELIA.—Will you send?

HARRIET.—Yes. Oh, I do love him!

CELIA.—Of course. I knew you did.

HARRIET.—I'm going to tell him at once.

CELIA (*mischievously*).—I don't see how you can wait. Won't he be happy!

HARRIET.—And I. Isn't it ridiculous?

CELIA.—Oh, much more absurd than you dream of.

HARRIET.—Thank you, thank you.

CELIA.—For my appreciation of the ridiculous?

HARRIET.—And everything else. (*Going.*) Don't tell—please. (*Coming back.*) Don't tell John Clifford Strong.

CELIA.—Oh, I'll not tell any man.

HARRIET.—Good-bye.

(*Exit Harriet.*)

CELIA (*gazes for a minute at the door, then with a sigh and a laugh turns away*).—That letter was the real thing. So it was only admiration that George felt for me, after all? He admired the genius—he never thought of loving the woman. I'm not sorry to have officiated at an anticlimax since it leaves me free as before. But if a man had written that letter to me— It's better though that I should still be able to believe in the depth of my own emotions until they are disproven—or proven. (*Smiling.*) Poor little sister, how sorry she will be. I must tell her. (*Goes to door at L. and calls*) Nel-lie, come here a minute. (*Seats herself at table and places the photograph upright, smiling to herself.*) He is much more inspiring than I thought.

(*Enter Helen.*)

Nell, come here. Do you see that I've righted the photograph of George? He is to be an inspiration to me. I shall write a poem under his picture which I shall call "Renunciation," or—"A Virtue of Necessity!"

Ruth Wadsworth Furness, '96.

SCRIPTORES TRUTINA

THE WILL TO BELIEVE, AND OTHER ESSAYS IN POPULAR PHILOSOPHY. By William James: Longmans, Green & Co., 1897. Pp. xvii-332.

Il me semble beaucoup plus difficile, Joubert wrote at the beginning of the century, *d'être un moderne que d'être un ancien*; and with the growing tendency to conceive the universe completely in the terms of an obdurate mechanic succession and drift of things, the difficulty for the student of philosophy at least has become indefinitely greater since Joubert's day. "In the deepest heart of all of us there is a corner in which the ultimate mystery of things works sadly," Professor James says in the present volume in the essay on "*Is Life Worth Living?*"—and for nobody more sadly perhaps than for the professed critic of the final premises and ideals of conduct and knowledge; in especial at a time when in the prevalent opinion of men of science the closed circle of cause and effect excludes the possibility of contending, if men are miserable at all, that they are so by accident simply and not of necessity. "To much questioning and too little active responsibility lead," he believes, "almost as often as too much sensualism does, to the edge of the slope, at the bottom of which lie pessimism and the nightmare or suicidal view of life;" and he speaks of "that metaphysical *tedium vite* which is peculiar to reflecting men," and of the scepticism and unreality that too much grubbing in the abstract roots of things will breed:" "Pessimism is essentially a religious disease," and "consists in nothing but a religious demand to which," in the modern scientific doctrine of the world, "there comes no normal religious reply."

It is to an effort in spite of science to provide such a reply—to break, or so far at least as melancholy and *Weltschmerz* are concerned, to escape from the closed circle of cause and effect—that with the exception of two closing articles the papers in this volume are devoted. The man of science, the author holds, "should welcome every species of religious agitation and discussion, so long as he is willing to allow that some religious hypothesis *may* be true. Of course there are plenty of scientists who would deny that dogmatically, maintaining that science has already ruled all possible religious hypotheses out of court. Such scientists ought, I agree, to aim at imposing privacy on religious faiths, the public manifestation of which could only be a nuisance in their eyes. With all such scientists, as well as with their allies outside of science, my quarrel openly lies; and I hope that my book may do something to persuade the reader of their crudity—and range him on my side." The case against indeterminism, Professor James affirms, is in logic not closed; proof in any strict sense of the universal reign of necessity does

not exist; determinism rests in the last resort on a postulate of rationality—as men of science we experience a certain intellectual discomfort in the presence of a universe, or rather in the presence of ‘an insane sand-heap or nulliverse,’ that does not lend itself to the conditions within which the understanding is condemned to work, we find relief in assuming, what immeasurably outruns any knowledge we possess or can possess of the facts, that no matter how chaotic it may appear, the universe is regular, is rational, is determined; and it is in the relief only that it affords to the sentiment of rationality that the final justification of the deterministic hypothesis consists. But a satisfaction of the sentiment of rationality is not the only demand nor even the supreme demand that most of us at least make on the world; we are not primarily men of science but human beings, and the postulate of determinism disturbs us morally in a way that no merely intellectual satisfaction it affords can be expected to compensate. “It is not sufficient for our satisfaction merely to know the future as determined, for it may be determined in either of many ways, agreeable or disagreeable. For philosophy to succeed on a universal scale it must define the future *congruously with our spontaneous powers.*” “Of two conceptions equally fit to satisfy the logical demand, that one which awakens the active impulses, or satisfies other æsthetic demands better than the other, will be accounted the more rational conception,” will in effect in a deeper sense be more rational, “and will deservedly prevail.” “Belief,” Professor James quotes Clifford (whom he characterizes as ‘that delicious *enfant terrible*,’) as saying, “is desecrated when given to unproved and unquestioned statements for the solace and private pleasure of the believer. . . . It is wrong always, everywhere and for everyone to believe anything upon insufficient evidence:” but logically the evidence is always (except in ease of a present feeling of one’s own) insufficient; in the instance of determinism notably so; and suspense of judgment is in all matters that demand action an indulgence of one’s private mood of the most arbitrary kind.

“The thesis I defend,” he urges, “is briefly stated this: Our passional nature not only lawfully may, but must, decide an option between propositions, whenever it is a genuine option that cannot by its nature be decided on intellectual grounds; for to say, under such circumstances, ‘Do not decide but leave the question open’ is itself a passional decision—just like deciding yes or no—and is attended with the same risk of losing the truth.” Or rather with a greater risk when we recollect that there are instances in which the energy of a belief creates its own verification. “Every human being must sometime decide for himself whether life is worth living. Suppose that in looking at the world and seeing how full it is of misery, of old age, of wickedness and pain, and unsafe is his own future, he yields to the pessimistic conclusion, cultivates disgust and dread, ceases striving and

finally commits suicide. He thus adds to the mass *M* of mundane phenomena, independent of his subjectivity, the subjective complement *x*, which makes of the whole an utterly black picture illumined by no gleam of good. Pessimism completed, verified by his moral reaction and the deed in which this ends, is true beyond a doubt. *M* + *x* expresses a state of things totally bad. The man's belief supplied all that was lacking to make it so, and now that it is made so the belief was right. But now suppose that with the same evil facts *M*, the man's reaction *x* is exactly reversed; suppose that instead of giving way to the evil he braves it, and finds a sterner, more wonderful joy than any passive pleasure can yield in triumphing over pain and defying fear; suppose he does this successfully, and however thickly evils crowd upon him proves his dauntless subjectivity to be more than their match,—will not every one confess that the bad character of the *M* is here the *conditio sine qua non* of the good character of the *x*? Will not every-one instantly declare a world fitted only for fair-weather human beings susceptible of every passive enjoyment, but without independence, courage, or fortitude, to be from a moral point of view incommensurably inferior to a world framed to elicit from the man every form of triumphant endurance and conquering moral energy?"

"At most," Professor James contends, "the command laid upon us by science to believe nothing not yet verified by the senses is a prudential rule intended to maximize our right thinking and minimize our errors *in the long run*. In this particular instance we must frequently lose truth by obeying it; but on the whole we are safer if we follow it consistently, for we are sure to cover our losses with our gains. It is like those gambling and insurance rules based on probability, in which we secure ourselves against losses in detail by hedging on the total run. But this hedging philosophy requires that a long run should be there; and this makes it inapplicable to the question of religious faith as the latter comes home to the individual man. He plays the game of life not to escape losses, for he brings nothing with him to lose; he plays it for gains; and it is now or never with him, for the long run which exists indeed for humanity is not there for him. Let him doubt, believe, or deny, he runs his risk, and has the natural right to choose which one it shall be."



THE INVISIBLE PLAYMATE. By William Canton: J. S. Tait & Sons, 1895. Pp. 95.
W. V., HER BOOK, AND VARIOUS VERSES. By William Canton: Isbiter & Co.,
1896. Pp. x-174.

It is extraordinary that a poet so distinctly minor as the author of these two slim volumes, should, whenever he touches on two themes, produce work so unques-

tionably admirable as they contain, of so high a poetic order. These themes are—childhood and the world beyond this. It is of the earlier book, partly because it deals exclusively with them, partly because the appeal is deeper, closer, that one more readily prophesies permanence. Beyond the adorable insight in appreciation and felicity in speech of childhood, and beyond the strange and beautiful knowledge and contemplation of death, one notes, as the inevitable accompaniment, and as indeed one of the causes contributing to the perfection of these traits, an elemental sense, a cosmical vision on the part of the imagination :

“—As the vast continents,” he writes in the *Erste Schulgang*, “sweep westering out of the high shadow which reaches beyond the moon”—and of the Wanderer :

I.

“I met a waif i’ the hills at close of day ;
He begged an alms : I thought to say him nay.
What was he ? ‘Sir, a little dust,’ said he,
‘Which life blows up and down, and death will lay.’

“I gave—for love of beast and hill and tree
And all the dust that has been and shall be.

II.

“He knows no home : he only knows
Hunger and cold and pain ;
The four winds are his bed-fellows ;
His sleep is dashed with rain.
“’Tis nought to him who fails, who thrives :
He neither hopes nor fears ;
Some dim primæval impulse drives
His footsteps down the years.”

It would be more than impossible, it would be unjust to the poet and irritating to the reader, to undertake any sketch of the two stories—to render an account of the *poor wee ape* who flits through them. It is necessary to read them for oneself, and reading, one perceives gradually an exquisite grace and clearness in the style which warrant whatever honor one gives him, although, of *The Invisible Playmate*, in particular, one must acknowledge, in Mr. Canton’s own words—“It may be that through temperament or personal association I have over-valued it.”

For a small class of readers, a yet smaller body of writers sits eternally enthroned, a company withdrawn into some inner room of the great House of Fame, who have for their tie a ground of common adoration—a worship of children. These are they, *qu’un enfant rend fous*. They are, for the most, poets—

Shakespeare, Victor Hugo, Swinburne, are of them—but they have not withheld from this service of continual praise those whose offering is, not the gold of song, but the frankincense of prose—and it is his prose alone that shall avail, for the little-known writer under discussion, to win him admission into the adytum where our kings do service. His alliance with the great Frenchman whom one is forced to name high-priest of the ritual, since the only poet whom one could offer to invoke in the same instant with him, is most insistently his servitor—the association with Victor Hugo is marked, in a fashion, of all conceivable the most gracious, by the quotations from the master with which the smaller and finer of Mr. Canton's books is starred.



MERE LITERATURE AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Woodrow Wilson: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1896. Pp. 247.

True lovers of literature will welcome with pleasure Mr. Woodrow Wilson's recent volume, entitled *Mere Literature*. Within the range of some half dozen essays or more, we find expressed thoughts and sentiments, which like "all essential literature," in the cause of which the writer is enlisted, have the quality to move, to quicken, and to inspire us. Mr. Wilson is no less an artist, that he is an earnest champion of letters, and his words triumphantly put to proof the theories he is advocating.

The first two essays consider literature in its matter and form, and aim to define the relation of the writer to the work he produces. As viewed by Mr. Wilson, literature is distinguished from science in having as its object not the collection of data, of facts, adding definitely to the sum of human knowledge. It concerns itself, instead, with man's own nature, his thought, feelings, and convictions, both in regard to himself and to all that comes within his experience.

While Mr. Wilson does not revive the well-worn question as to the relative merits of literature and science, he wages war upon the obtrusion of scientific methods into literature. "Science," he tells us, "is the study of the forces of the world of matter, the adjustments, the apparatus, of the universe; and the scientific study of literature, has likewise become a study of apparatus—of the forms in which men utter thought, and the forces by which those forms have been and still are being modified, rather than thought itself."

Moreover Mr. Wilson enters an earnest protest against the scientist point-of-view which regards literature as something that can be weighed, measured, and analyzed like a chemical mixture, that studies man purely as a biological product, absolutely determined and shaped by circumstance. "It has become scientific,"

he says, "to regard man not as the centre or source of power, but as subject to power, a register of external forces instead of an originitive soul, and character as a product of man's circumstances rather than a sign of man's mastery over circumstances." It is pointed out that all the scientific observation and accuracy in the world can no more than observe and record facts of phenomena, and utterly fail to analyze the compounds that make up a living soul. "Mere literature," scorned by the scientist as being "mere evanescent color, wanton trick of phrase, perverse departure from categorical statement—something *all* personal equation, such stuff as dreams are made of," is shown to be all this, yes, and something more—the spirit of man incarnate, the embodied essence of his being.

Literature is immortal when it reflects the spirit of men, when beyond the demands of the intellect it satisfies our heart and emotions. "It is a thing of convictions, of insights, of what is felt and seen and heard and hoped for. Its meanings lurk behind nature, not in facts of its phenomena." Scholarship and learning enrich literature and appeal to the intellect, but literature is large as life itself, and appeals to the whole of our nature. "Life quite overtowers logic," says Mr. Wilson, and literature is life itself as seen through the medium of personality, as heightened and touched by the light of the imagination. Then only does scholarship become real literature, when imaginative power superadded to erudition, transfuses it with color and light.

The warmth and glow of personality must pervade writing that is to live. "In every case of literary immortality originitive personality is present—origination, which takes its stamp and character from the originator, which is his spirit given to the world, which is himself outspoken." Thus literature, it may be said, is personality, is self-expression, and its excellence depends upon the completeness and perfection with which a writer is able to express himself. He is an artist when his thought is cast in language that wholly and suitably conveys its meaning, and in the perfect fusion that ensues, the man reveals himself quite as much in the manner, as in the substance of his thought. *Le Idyl, c'est l'homme* is the theme on which Mr. Wilson rings many and various changes.

To the young writer, more especially, are addressed the essays entitled *The Author Himself* and *The Author's Company*, and it is profitable, to no small extent, in these days when to play "the sedulous ape" is a rule often followed at the risk and expense of originality, to be reminded that to be frankly and genuinely oneself constitutes true power in writing, and that individual force and conviction are prime factors. The novice is advised to keep company with those whose words make undying music in the world; for from them he will learn that "the very top breed of what is unreal is begotten by imitation."

Short space remains in which to indicate in regard to the other essays, that throughout the same point of view is maintained. Walter Bagehot, as a literary politician, plainly occupies a warm place in Mr. Wilson's esteem and affection, and Edmund Burke, as an interpreter of English liberty, is discussed with enthusiasm and eloquence. High tribute is paid to the latter in words like these: "A man of sensitive imagination and elevated moral sense, of a wide knowledge and capacity for affairs, he stood in the midst of the English nation speaking its moral judgments upon affairs, its character in political action, its purposes of freedom, equity, wide and equal progress. It is the immortal charm of his speech and manner that gives permanence to his works."

Finally, the three concluding essays discuss some of our leading American statesmen, and, in connection with history, some of our modern scientific methods of writing history. Instead of being a mere dry presentation of facts, history, it is claimed, just as literature, should deal with men as living realities, and should picture events shot through with the passion and toil of humanity. The historian must be as much an artist as a man of science, for beyond collecting facts he must see their interrelation and mutual dependence, their necessary connection and sequence, and by separating what is essential from what is unessential, give an impression not only of individual incidents, but of the picture as a whole in its real significance and truth. "The historian needs an imagination quite as much as he needs scholarship," and history that is at the same time literature, is written by those who have the power to reconstruct the past by means of imaginative insight, and to make it live again in language that has all the coloring and animation of life. History needs the literary artist as much as literature, and art must enter the realm of history in the wide interest of truth.



THE POEMS OF JOHANNA AMBROSIOUS. Roberts Brothers, 1896. Pp. xlix-247.
 GEDICHTE VON JOHANNA AMBROSIOUS. Königsberg. Ferd. Beyers, 1896. Pp.
 xxx-125.

There is one quality which will always obtain a hearing in the world, though, perhaps, but for a moment—the quality of sincerity. The life of absolute sincerity, even when apparently a failure, will not pass away without giving forth a vital power which shall accomplish its work. The sincere message, even when disregarded, will yet be listened to and even remembered. Poetry which is not sincere loses its first attraction for mankind, and, indeed, its title to be called poetry at

all. In this fundamental requirement of true poetry the work of Johanna Ambrosius is eminent: its sincerity is its power.

Of the metrical quality of her poems there is not much to be said. The metre is not that of a great poet, but it is good; good in itself and wonderful from a woman who has had no household books at all, not even the Bible; no acquaintance with literature, indeed, except through a weekly newspaper. She prefaces her collection of poems with a plea not to be judged by standards of technique:

“Richtet nicht nach Form und Rhythmen,
Davon hab' ich nichts gelernt,
Denkt, es sind bescheid'ne Blüten,
Hie und da vom Tau besternt;
Hie und da vom Sturm zerbrissen
Wie sie bieten Feld und Flur,
Deinem Herzen all' entrissen
Gleich der Mutterbrust Natur.”

Yet her form and rhythm are good. The verse, never splendid or brilliant, is sometimes musical and often very well adapted to the pathetic or sombre subject. In the shadow of toil and poverty where her whole life has been spent she learned the measure to which sorrow marches, better than the music of happiness.

The range of these poems is not wide. In the most light-hearted of them, verses about her children and about nature, there is an undercurrent of sadness which reconciles them to the rest of her work, in which sadness is the predominant quality. From the strange poems in which she longs to be buried in the ocean, where the nixies are, to the pathetic pictures of village life, everything is sad. It was the inevitable result of her life. To a woman forced from childhood to perform hard physical labor, sowing and threshing, as well as sweeping and scouring, shut off from every opportunity for the education and expansion which she craved, and later tortured by physical and mental pain, there could be but little joyousness in life. It is significant that of all the birds the one she chooses to speak of is always *der Nachtigal, der betriebe*. Nature to her wears not the gay aspect of a careless acquaintance, nor the kind face of a nurse, but the countenance of a teacher, stern, very sad, but made clear, if not bright, by faith in a higher Power above.

For Johanna Ambrosius, although she has had to bear a lot as hard as those which have driven other poets into despair or into savage rebellion, has brought out of it a resignation nobler, to my mind, than the most Titanic revolt and upheaval. She finds it better to endure without crying out, although sometimes her longing for more space, more light, almost breaks down this resolved silence. The

strength with which she keeps herself from vain complaints and questionings of fate is as hardly to be overestimated as the anguish which the limitations imposed on her mind and spirit must have caused her. One cannot think of Milton in his age and blindness without a passion of pity; and yet what is the loss of physical sight to the blindfolding of the mental eyes? I suppose that the endurance inherited from generations of peasant blood, and the dogged patience which we have long been accustomed to think characteristic of the German people, help to maintain her resignation, but after all its chief strength lies in her own character, in the sense of duty so strongly developed in her.

I said a moment ago that Johanna Ambrosius abstained from the vain questioning of fate; the word is not the true one, and just in this difference the source of her strength lies. It is not fate, but the will of God, that she bows to; duty, not mere proud resignation, guides her life. The sense of duty is the keynote of her poems: on this account, no doubt, they are sad, for duty directed her into the hardest of lives; but on this account also they are sincere in feeling, pure in thought, noble in purpose. In one of her poems a soul, torn and bleeding from following Duty, begs for a little rest and pleasure. Her prayer is granted, and Duty, severe, awful, thorn-crowned, rises to depart. But as her feet pass the threshold the soul, with a cry, leaps from the bands of Pleasure and follows, pressing the thorns to her breast. That is the soul of Johanna Ambrosius; duty means to her all that she lives for. It is the deepest feeling in her poems and the source of their most real power.



EMBARRASMENTS. By HENRY JAMES: The Macmillan Co., 1896. Pp. 320.

THE OTHER HOUSE. By HENRY JAMES: The Macmillan Co., 1896. Pp. 388.

THE SPOILS OF POYNTON. By HENRY JAMES: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1897. Pp. 323.

To speak at length of the charm of Mr. James's style is perhaps superfluous when one is addressing the readers of THE LANTERN, but surely, one may be permitted to notice briefly the three books which have appeared within the last year. Among these, *Embarrassments* seems to be most eminently characteristic of his best work and to bear most clearly the mark of the master's hand. An attempt to define wherein the characteristic charm lies, proves, however, as difficult and discouraging as the search for the hidden figure in the carpet. It is essentially not "obvious," and one is forced to groan with Hugh Veriker's young critic, "But he gives me a pleasure so rare; the sense of . . . something or other." That the

pleasure is not essentially in the motive of the four stories which *Embarrassments* includes is plain, since the motives themselves are slight. But the consummate skill with which, from these beginnings, Mr. James weaves his own mysterious web, holds one spellbound and brings the realization that he is—in his own words—"a demon of subtlety." The characters show this most clearly. By means of his vivid descriptions, they pass and repass before one, playing each his part in the miniature drama which is unfolded, each, in his own way, unique and individual, portrayed with perfect art and "delicious irony."

To these stories, in especial, there belongs a peculiar shade and coloring, a delicacy and faintness of outline due to the fact that all are reweavings of a web outworn. Told as they are in the form of reminiscences, one finds in them the subdued effect of distance, of "the dusty years," and there is something at once charming and illusive in this attempt "to recover while the declining light still lingers something of the delicate flush, to pick out with a brief patience the perplexing lesson" of some old romance.

So delightful are Mr. James's short stories that one is disappointed in finding his next publication to be a novel, and a novel of a distinctly new type. *The Other House* is an unexpected departure from Mr. James's usual manner and a departure not altogether pleasing to his admirers. The form of the work is essentially dramatic,—the three books into which the story is divided being but so many acts,—and consists, for the greater part, of dialogue with the occasional descriptions necessary to complete the background and setting of the drama. There is but one change of scene, from the "showy, splendid, florid" interior of the other house, where the events to come are foreshadowed, to the garden of Eastmead where the thread of the story is resumed after a lapse of four years and the action completed in a single day. The whole movement is vigorous, rapid, sharply defined, but, as it were, in a glare of light, and one misses the more subdued shading and suggestive outlines of *Embarrassments*. The actors are left to define themselves rather more than is usual in Mr. James's books and one feels the lack of his happy descriptions with their light and humorous touches. Perhaps to this is due the fact, that the personages of *The Other House* seem rather less interesting than do most of Mr. James's characters. One must, at any rate, acknowledge that the stupid people are a little more offensively stupid, the clever people a little less cleverly clever, as they reveal themselves in dialogue and the course of the action. Rose Armiger is made to sadly belie her "mere incontestable cleverness" by an egregiously stupid and unaccountable blunder which takes the form of an impossible crime. It is this crime that most of all shows a lack of Mr. James's usual subtlety. Obvious as the outcome of the story is from the beginning, one would gladly have

it brought about with somewhat more of delicacy and not thrust upon one in the form of murder and sudden death. Moreover, having committed this outrage, and so brought about the climax of his story, Mr. James suddenly drops from tragic heights to melodrama in the situation which completes the second act:—

“‘God forgive me’—howled Tony—he broke into a storm of sobs. He dropped upon a bench with his wretched face in his hands, while Rose, with a passionate wail, threw herself appalled on the grass, and their companion, in a colder dismay, looked from one prostrate figure to the other.”

Nor have his extravagances been confined to characters and situations alone, they have crept into his style and marred its purity. How can one be reconciled to the evident incongruity of the following metaphor:—

‘She waited as if scrupulously to detach from its stem the flower of irony that had sprouted in this speech’—or to the questionable taste of his comparison of a girl’s face, “exquisite and tragic in its appeal, stamped with a sensibility that was almost abject, a tenderness that was more than eager” to a “big yellow advertisement, to the publicity of whose message no artifice of type was wanting.”

Verily, his fineness of instinct seems somehow to have failed Mr. James in this work and we must question, whether he is at his best in the Prose Drama. Those who admire him most will, perhaps, think that his usual manner is to be preferred and will feel with him that “one’s works are characteristic or they are nothing.”

Neither the faults nor the virtues of *The Spoils of Poynton* are clearly defined. It is a novel of slight incident and plot whose chief interest lies in the rather uninteresting character-study involved. From first to last one is thinking only of Mrs. Gereth with her absorbing love of the beautiful, her cleverness and her cunning; of Fleda Vetch with her “sensibility” and her inexplicable “tenderness” toward Owen, who is cleverly described as “robust and artless, eminently natural, yet perfectly candid, looking pointlessly active and pleasantly dull.” The clever and stupid are again reproduced as foils to one another and Mr. James’s predilection for “types,” and in especial, for the “beautifully, exquisitely stupid” type, is forced upon one. Stupidity loses some of its offensiveness under his handling, and it may be that there is more art in the stupidity of one of Mr. James’s stupid men than in the cleverness of a Mephistopheles. One suspects, too, that he realizes this when he says of Owen:—“It was of a pleasant effect and rather remarkable to be stupid without offense—of a pleasanter effect and more remarkable, indeed, than to be clever and horrid.”

Perhaps it may seem unjust to apply this bit of description, with some emendations, to Mr. James’s latest book; but one may say of *The Spoils of Poynton* that

it is "of a pleasant effect" and "stupid without offense." One must add, however, that it is far less remarkable and of a much less pleasant effect than many of his earlier works and pre-eminently the least interesting of his books of the past year.



THE SENSE OF BEAUTY. By GEORGE SANTAYANA: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1896. Pp. ix-275.

An excursion into comparatively untrodden ground in philosophy or a really fresh presentation of one of its much vexed problems is sure of welcome even if it comes in colorless or uncouth literary garb, for simplicity we accept only too gladly. How much warmer the welcome we must then give Mr. Santayana's book when, as we open it and read even the first pages, we find the charm of a smooth yet strong and rich style adding grace to clear, logical thought. We read on with increasing admiration as we see that the author, in treating such a subject as æsthetics, has been able throughout to avoid the two usual pitfalls—one, the dryness of the scientific treatise—the other, the danger of letting his philosophical imagination—if philosophers will pardon the term—carry him above the level of verified facts, the field, in short, of actual experience. The mention of experience leads one to note immediately that Mr. Santayana turns to psychology for the foundation of his whole theory—or analysis, rather, for the word theory suggests the many fruitless speculations on the abstract nature of beauty. With these Mr. Santayana's method has nothing in common. The absence of work at all adequate in æsthetics is due, it would seem, to the lack of rigid thought in determining the ultimate data and to the unwillingness to accept these data, even when found, as ultimate;—is due to the belief that behind the facts of consciousness one could find in the object itself a mysterious something, be it beauty or ugliness, which the perceiver recognizes with pleasure or disgust, but which is in no wise dependent on the perceiver's emotions for its existence. A system built on so sandy a foundation can present no just claim to acceptance from mere consistency in its superstructure.

In three ways—Mr. Santayana points out in the opening pages—the subject of æsthetics may be approached. One is the "actual pronouncing of judgment," the didactic method, which can hardly claim a place in the consideration of the theory of beauty. Another is the "historical explanation of conduct and art as a part of anthropology," the historical method. But neither of these tell us "why we think anything right or beautiful, wrong or ugly." To answer this last question is Mr. Santayana's task. The final appeal, he urges throughout, must be to the

phenomena of consciousness, to "our actual feelings about beauty." Since standards of beauty vary perhaps even more than standards of morals, the final appeal must be to the individual consciousness alone. Any unity, then, which we may find in standards of beauty is not due to a quality in the object seen, to borrow the somewhat crude terms of realism, but to

"A broad foundation of identity in our nature by virtue of which we live in a common world, and have an art and a religion in common." For "real and objective beauty, in contrast to a vagary of individuals, means only an affinity to a more prevalent and lasting susceptibility, a response to a more general and fundamental demand."

Though this statement of the case might be accepted even by one not a professed idealist, yet Mr. Santayana throughout argues from the idealistic standpoint. His approaching the subject from the side of psychology and his avoiding the artificial unities so frequently imposed on morals and æsthetics tend further to place him in line with the English school of philosophy. Note in illustration such passages as the following; "Beauty and rightness are relative to our judgment and emotion; they in no sense exist in nature or preside over her."

Beauty is, then, a value felt, an emotion; in short a preference only and preferences are ultimate facts independent of reason; they are as non-rational as the ultimate data of reason must be. Something more, however, may be said of the nature of these ultimate data in æsthetics. They are to be classed under the rather wide term pleasure. But here again some distinction may be made between the various kinds of pleasure, physical, moral, æsthetic and the like. This distinction Mr. Santayana places in the fact that æsthetic pleasures are, as he calls it, *objectified*. Purely physical pleasures—that is, those localized in the body and not in an external object—are therefore excluded. Moral pleasures receive quite summary treatment at his hands, for the sphere of morality is practically limited to the removal of pain. Mr. Santayana's definition of beauty as *objectified pleasure* seems to us suggestive and fairly valid, yet it must be noted that, after all, he is only dealing with various kinds of sensations. One must not be misled by the term *objectified pleasure*, to the belief that he is playing false to idealism by ascribing externality to sensations, by projecting them into space. Nay even realism would reject such hybrid sensations as intruders in the external world. It may more reasonably be objected that Mr. Santayana's definition is a little too broad and would shelter some intruding pleasures to which he himself would not be willing to grant the name beauty. One might also ask for the psychological warrant for refusing to ugliness as positive a nature as is given to beauty, and for assigning it to the domain of morals. The line between morals and æsthetics is,

we grant, one which each writer may, as seems most convenient, draw anew for the purpose of classifying different kinds of pleasure. But there would have been a gain in clearness had Mr. Santayana left this boundary line somewhat less undetermined, as morals and æsthetics do go hand in hand throughout his work.

As we close the book and seek again to trace its charm, we feel it to be partly due to the sympathy between the style and temperament of the author, to the unconscious harmony of a classic purity of style attending upon a classic lucidity of thought. The author appeals most lovingly in illustration of the nature of beauty to the art of Greece. And with Hellenic culture we would also associate him in his method and ideal. For this is the ideal which does not look for the highest development of the good (using this word in its widest sense) through strife with, nay, not even through victory over, evil, but which asserts the power of good to exist independent of any opposing principle and only then in its full perfection,—which would combat the evil—the ugly—by ignoring it.



JEANNE D'ARC. Par M. Bontet de Monvel: E. Plon, Nourrit & Cie, 1896.
Pp. 48.

Within the last year have appeared several books on Jeanne d'Arc, one of the most prominent of which is by a French artist. M. Bontet de Monvel has given to the public the story of the little French peasant in pictures, with a running accompaniment of words. It is meant for children, but appeals equally to those older members of society who are supposed to have a more critical sense.

The book, as one opens it, is typically French, with its heavy, smooth paper, broad margins and clear type. One is impressed favorably at the very title page, for, there, outlined distinctly, at the head of a crowd of modern French soldiers is Jeanne d'Arc astride her horse in the very position of the statue which has been one of the greatest successes of the Salon in late years ;—I refer of course to the work of M. Dubois, now at Rheims. From this page on throughout the book the interest is kept alive and alert, so that when the tail-piece—a crown of laurel joined with a crown of thorns—is reached, it seems as though a bit of one's life had been passed in communion with the very true and living Maid of France.

M. de Monvel gives us here many different kinds of scenes ; country peasant life, fierce war, and assemblies both gay and serious. The peasant scenes are treated with dignity but also with such simplicity that delicate green grass and trees, with the soft white sheep, fail to prepare us for the brilliant court scene which follows, and in which Jeanne, now dressed as a boy, discovers the king in spite of

his disguise. The contrast of the fine outlines with the delicate and unbroken washes of color in the first pictures, to the grandness of the courtiers in their richly patterned garments is most striking. The composition of all of the pictures is noteworthy. The individuals in the crowds are distinct and yet so massed that the unity is perfectly maintained. In several places the long soldiers' pikes are balanced by a slanting tree-trunk or by a floating garment or flag. In the great coronation scene the color as well as the form is most carefully used. At one side are assembled the archbishops and other prelates clad in yellows of such exquisite softness and blending, that at a hasty glance the tints seem one, though each of the robes is of a different shade. In his night scenes however M. de Monvel seems to surpass himself, so wonderfully do the misty blues and grays blend. We feel the very spirit of night descend and fold us round. It is remarkable that merely with outline and washes of delicate monotonous M. de Monvel can produce the effect which he does. His corpses are utterly prostrate and relaxed, and yet there is not a shadow to help in the perspective.

In speaking so fully of the painted story, one must not forget to mention the written commentary which is also very artistic. The tale is told with the utmost simplicity; for, as was said before, the book is designed for children. Jeanne's answer to her judges at her final trial is a fair sample of the style:

“‘Je suis venue au roi de France,’ disait Jeanne, ‘de par Dieu, de par la vierge Marie, les saints et l’Eglise victorieuse de là-haut; à cette Eglise je me soumets, moi, mes œuvres, ce que j’ai fait on à faire. Vous dites que vous êtes mes juges, avisez bien à ce que vous faites, car vraiment je suis envoyée de Dieu et vous vous mettez en grand danger!’”



THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, FROM ABBOTSFORD, AND MILTON LOCKHART MSS. AND OTHER ORIGINAL SOURCES. BY ANDREW LANG: John C. Nimmo. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1897. Two vols., pp. xxiv-416, xii-446.

There are books which win their way to the heart by the mere grace of their exterior, and Lang's *Life of Lockhart* is one of these. It is published in two volumes, bound in a rich dark red, ornamented only by the Lockhart coat-of-arms. The paper is good, the margin broad. At the very beginning, in the frontispiece, one meets a gentleman. No one can look at Grant's portrait of Lockhart, reproduced there, without a desire to know more of that refined, delicate, whimsical face. A glance at the other illustrations of the book deepens this feeling of pleasant anticipation. There are other portraits of Lockhart, notably a drawing by

Daniel Maclise. There are portraits of Scott, Carlyle, Hogg, Wilson and minor celebrities of the day, and there are also caricatures and portraits drawn by Lockhart himself.

This promise of the exterior is not belied by the substance of the book. It is successful in the one great object of all biographies—that is, in the vivid portrayal of the man himself. The task of the biographer is to reproduce in his pages the personality of the man of whom he is writing and to re-create the environment of that man, and it is this that Mr. Lang has accomplished. He has been much hampered, however, by the amount of work on this period which has been done previously. Lockhart is a figure already familiar in the pages of other men's biographies, especially in his own *Life of Sir Walter Scott* and in Mrs. Gordon's life of her father *Christopher North*. Lang is careful to avoid repetition from these, so that there are times when he seems to be merely picking up the crumbs from other men's tables. For a full understanding of his work it is necessary to be acquainted with these other books, and, in general, with the literature of the time. And, again, the remarks that have been printed concerning Lockhart have led Lang to take a most belligerent tone in many places. He was conscious of this himself, for he writes in his introduction: "I am aware that, in several passages, this biography may seem to resemble a speech for the defence. But Mr. Lockhart has been so vehemently attacked, and often so unjustly misrepresented, that a defensive attitude was sometimes unavoidable." The truth is, however, that many of these attacks on Mr. Lockhart are unknown to the general reader. The defence proceeds on the opposite supposition, and this, in connection with the expressive detail, makes many a chapter slow reading. One is constantly impressed by the fact that this is a scholarly, not a popular biography. It shows in still another way, trifling perhaps, but significant. Mr. Lang has kept back unpleasant details of family life, and all gossip which might even slightly offend others. Very common indeed are such notes as this: "The nature of these questions is such that, even after the lapse of two generations, it would be unjustifiable to publish Lockhart's communication." We commend, but regret, Mr. Lang's discretion.

There are some men who seem to gather up in themselves the spirit of an age and at once to transcend and to typify it. Everything is subservient to them. There are other men, who, on a lower plane, are equally typical, men who are in touch with all the intellectual life of this period, who furnish a sympathetic reflex of it, but who never rise above it. Scott and Carlyle both belong to the first class, but Lockhart is of the second. He never set his impress on his age, and yet, to tell the story of his life, it is necessary to reproduce the whole social

history of that time. It is this which lends an especial interest to his biography. His own ability won him friends in Oxford and Glasgow. As a contributor to *Blackwood* he became intimate with Wilson and, in fact, with all the great men of Edinburgh. As Scott's son-in-law, again, he was brought even more closely into contact with the great writers and thinkers, and, finally, as editor of the *Quarterly Review*, he knew everybody of importance in London.

The man's intellectual activity was wonderful. In his college days he not only read widely in Greek and Latin, but he also made himself familiar with the French, German, Spanish and Italian literatures. Throughout his whole life this was characteristic of him. Writing once to Carlyle about Icelandic, he said,

"I, like you, have dabbled in it, and in the Danish and Swedish, but not lately. I was, in youth, language mad, and remember with wonder spending a whole winter on Anglo-Saxon, from which I diverted to the Saga religion." Just a short time before his death, he wrote again: "I have also taken up Hebrew, with an eye to Arabic, that is, in case I should spend a season in the East, after all, before settling down at Hampstead or Watford. I find I can easily recover the Hebrew I had lost,—not very much, I own, but better than nothing."

All this remarkable equipment for literary work, however, was pitifully frittered away in petty squabbling and quarreling in connection with *Blackwood*. The description of this period of Lockhart's life, ending with that unfortunate affair with John Scott, the editor of the *Champion*, makes but sorry reading. The chapters that again drag up the miserable details of Scott's financial affairs are equally disagreeable, and at times even tedious. But there are, everywhere, bright spots, such as the anecdotes of Hogg and of "huz Tivdale poets," of Wilson, of Carlyle, and of hosts of others. We have, for example, the story of Theodore Hook drinking his punch and throwing the empty glass through the window-pane, and Coleridge, rising "with the aspect of a benignant patriarch," and demolishing another pane, an example followed by the whole company.

All these stories serve their purpose in bringing Lockhart more clearly before the reader. One sees a man with a positive genius for getting himself misjudged and for getting into scrapes, but a man who is nevertheless always a gentleman and a scholar, a true, constant friend, a sensitive, loving and lovable nature. His complex personality grows constantly in reality, and, before the end of the book, wins its way to the heart.

The story of Lockhart's life is almost a tragedy. The early part of it was marred by the *Blackwood* quarrels, the latter part by the death of his friends, and of his family, one after another, year after year. Last and saddest of all was the death of his only surviving son, Walter, Laird of Abbotsford. Few pages

are sadder than those which record the mad folly of this son, the estrangement, the patient tenderness of the father, the reconciliation, and then the death and the gloomy burial in the foreign church-yard at Versailles.

There was in Lockhart's life, however, an even greater tragedy than this of outward circumstance. We feel that a great soul was somehow thwarted, so that it never reached its full growth. "He is going to blaze," was the constant prediction of those who knew him when he published his first novels. Yet he never did blaze. He left nothing behind him that is now remembered save his *Life of Scott* and his translations of Spanish ballads.

"This biography," says Mr. Lang, "was dictated by a sense of duty; the profits went towards the extinction of Sir Walter's debts. Other ambitions he ceased to cherish. I would not represent him as dissatisfied and discontented; rather he was resigned. . . . But there was more in him, more of genius and power than ever found full and free expression; he never realized all his energies, and not to do so is not to be happy, even as far as happiness is meant for mortals."

The final impression left on the mind, after reading Lang's book, is that Lockhart, because of his shyness and self-repression, has been much misjudged. The tenderness of his nature here revealed is very marked, and strongly contradicts the ordinarily received opinion. Lang himself says of Lockhart in conclusion :

"The loyalty of his friendships and the loyalty of his friends to him is of no common example. His great devotion to Sir Walter Scott, so unaffected, so enduring, colored all his life and thought. To have won the entire trust and love of Scott, the singular affection of Carlyle, who saw him so rarely yet remembered him so keenly, having 'fallen in love with him,' as it were, is no ordinary proof of extraordinary qualities in heart and brain. His affection within his family was tender and perhaps, in one instance, even too considerate. . . . Remembering all that I know of him, my own impression is one of respect, admiration, affection and regret. The close of his days, so admirable for courage, kindness, endurance, sweetness of temper and considerateness, is like a veiled sunset, beautiful and sad."



PIGEON HOLES

A MAID, SOME FOOT-BALL, AND HER POINT OF VIEW

SHE fancied herself impregnated with modernity, and she *was* rather well-versed in the catch-phrasing of so-called age and writers. Her instincts had begun by being carefully cultivated ideas—at least so she told herself, and, confidentially, others too—and her states of mind now, more or less naturally and directly, translated themselves into a speech replete with references to the *ideal personality*, the *elemental individuality*, the *aggregated self*, and to other even more subtly-phrased notions of divinity. And he asked her to go to a foot-ball game! The sense of a blow came from self-distrust. Had she not failed to clearly, strenuously insist upon her best acquired likings and prejudices, failed in self-expression? Should it not be boldly relieved against the dull background of the grimly usual, that she, in voicing her best spirit, would seek no barbarous manifestations of brute force which express not the austere training of the body in scrupulous self-respect, but rather a savage delight in primitive excess, the unrestraint of the barbarous? His outlook upon her gleamed sinister upon her hope for a comrade understanding. She struck at herself in her vexation.

The day came. After all she spoke to herself in apology for her insincerity. Thracians sometimes contested with Greeks, and to a philosopher—indeed, to a craftsman in living—the contest was not without some significance hidden from the multitudes. With seeming thoughtlessness she buttoned her jacket to cover the college colors. At least she must go unhampered by any declared sympathies. Her views of things must in its simplicity cut to the elemental meaning of the game.

The crowd dizzied her. She was too young—she put it so to herself not without some unanalyzed satisfaction—to feel any comfort in mere human sympathy, sympathy now only for an adapted self. But the mere numbers gained her. She jumped to the man who kicked a goal from forty yards. She revelled in the feat. It was not till later that she noticed a certain trumpery display in the man's manner, a display revealing in him that lack of sense of comeliness and order that might redeem a cruder manifestation of skill. She commented, significantly to her own ears, on the value of mere manner, but the response she forced was unmeaning. A man hobbled from the field, she spoke of the limp of a pet dog hurt and a wolf's sullen resentment of injury. She hoped for some suggestion of

analogy noted, and disappointment made her eager for the finish. When it came there was nothing to mark the blood's quick rush at triumph—a mob's instinct to clamor betrayed itself.

She murmured polite gratitude at their parting. Sincerity to herself had forbidden her refuse to see the fight; her mind of this thing was that she had yielded to a curiosity that sprang from her undeveloped self. Her acquiescence was given the appearance of mere conformity, yet as she knew it, the conformity was but the frock of failure at the perfecting of her personality's frank expression.

E. P., '95.

* * *

THE RUSSELL LECTURES

UPON the invitation of the Mathematical Department, the Honorable Bertrand Russell, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, delivered a course of six lectures at the college during the month of November, 1896. These lectures were attended by the members of the departments of Mathematics and Philosophy, and by a number of persons from outside the college who were interested in the subject discussed.

Mr. Russell in his first lecture stated that his object was to determine which of the axioms of Geometry were to be regarded as *a priori*, and therefore involved in any conception of space, and which were empirical, or dependent on the experience of some special form of space.

In the succeeding lectures, accordingly, he made a careful examination of the axioms of Euclidean and of projective Geometry, showing as a result of this examination, that there are certain axioms common to both systems, and therefore independent of the nature of the space with which we deal. These axioms, Mr. Russell argued, are *a priori*. On the other hand, he showed that, while these axioms are sufficient so long as only descriptive properties are involved, it is impossible to introduce the idea of metrical relations by means of them. All axioms involving metrical relations have to be deduced from our supposed knowledge of the special space with which we have to deal, and are therefore empirical.

The last lecture of the series was an attempt to prove from the philosophic standpoint two statements. Of these the first is, that assuming the conception of any form of externality, the *a priori* axioms follow; the second, that the conception of some form of externality is necessary, if knowledge is to be possible at all.

Not the least pleasant circumstance in connection with the lectures was the privilege of meeting Mr. Russell at the close of the hour, when questions were asked and answered in regard to any obscure or knotty point.

Those that attended the lectures are now awaiting with interest the appearance of Mr. Russell's book, which is very shortly to be issued by the Cambridge University Press.

E. N. M., '94.

* * *

M. BRUNETIÈRE ON FRENCH TRAGEDY

THE Johns Hopkins University has, for the past six years, been enabled, by the Lecture Fund given in memory of her son Percy, by Mrs Lawrence Turnbull of Baltimore, to bring to America celebrated literary men from England and France. The lecturer chosen this year was M. Ferdinand Brunetière, well-known as a member of the Académie Française, as the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, as the determined opponent of M. Zola and his school, and best-known as the introducer of a new critical method. Three other colleges, besides the Johns Hopkins, were fortunate enough to secure each a course of lectures from M. Brunetière this spring,—Harvard, Columbia and Bryn Mawr. He was accompanied by Mme. Brunetière and Mme. Blanc (Théodore Bentzon), and their stay here was long enough to enable many of us to discuss his theories at some length with himself. In the course of these informal conversations M. Brunetière once or twice made a remark which, although coming from him, is perhaps the best criticism that could be made on his literary theories. "My theory," he said, "is not to be strained to apply to every literary work that exists, but rather, taken as a whole, to be used as a good working method for the criticism and for the history of literature". This theory (the application of the doctrine of Evolution to literary history and to criticism) was advanced in 1890 by M. Brunetière in the work which has raised him to the first rank among French critics,—*L'Evolution des Genres dans l'histoire de la Littérature*. The plan of this work is to give: first, the history of French criticism, from the evolutionary point of view, as an introduction to the study of the various literary species; second, the study of certain of these species as exemplifying the laws of evolution. The three species whose history he studies are: French Tragedy, as illustrating the birth, growth, perfection and decline of a species; French Lyric Poetry, as illustrating the transformation of a species; the French Novel, as illustrating the formation of a species out of others.

When the celebrated critic received his invitation to lecture to us he selected French Tragedy for his subject, feeling, as he said, that although he might have chosen a more interesting one, it was due to us as a college and to himself as, not only a man of letters, but a professor as well, to address us on a subject of which he had made an especial study. He gave us, accordingly, three lectures, on Corneille, Racine and Voltaire respectively, as illustrating the three stages of youth, maturity and decay. In his first lecture M. Brunetière covered a wide field; he not only gave a vivid and poetic account of Corneille's work and influence, but defined and described all forms of Drama, and also sketched the rise of Tragedy. He took the date of the Pléiade at which to begin the latter, and portrayed the upheaved, eager and triumphant sixteenth century, joyously reviving all the antique forms in drama, sculpture, architecture, etc. In the midst of this classicism, however, there was in French literature a strong current of Italian and Spanish influence. Thus it came about that Tragedy, which had once or twice appeared in the middle of the century, was swept back by the Pastoral and did not reappear until the first quarter of the seventeenth century.

M. Brunetière then dwelt earnestly upon Corneille's first eight tragedies, which precede *Le Cid*. They are neglected, and wrongly so. Not only does their intrinsic merit deserve notice, but they have a peculiar interest as models of the Louis XIII. style in literature. Further, in these dramas, Corneille did what no one before him had done,—made the theatre possible for women.

All Corneille's works are full of human interest: what most inspired him was the Actual. His four masterpieces show how thoroughly he was in touch with his surroundings, each one illustrating some peculiar social interest of the period. *Cinna*, for instance, was suggested by the constant plotting against Richelieu's life; *Polyeucte* by the Jansenist discussion then prevalent.

M. Brunetière, before passing to the definition of Drama, advanced his favorite and much-contested theory as to Corneille's conception of Tragedy. It is commonly said that he believed the essence of it lay in the conflict between duty and desire; nothing is a greater mistake. He conceived Tragedy as the arena where the human will meets and fights external circumstance.

All drama may be defined in terms of the will. The difference between the Novel and the Drama is that in the latter the theme is always the conflict of the human will and circumstance, and in the former the will is never of first importance: the defeat of the will gives Tragedy: the victory of the will gives Tragi-comedy. The conflict of the will and social conventions is the theme of the modern Drama: the exercise of the will in trivial matters gives Vaudeville.

The second lecture was perhaps the most poetic of the three, and gained a peculiar interest for its hearers from the lecturer's known partiality for Racine.

Iphigénie is French Tragedy at its perfection, and *Phèdre* begins to show signs of decadence. There is, in this latter drama, a subordination of every other interest to the principal figure; the other characters exist, M. Brunetière very happily said, only in functions of *Phèdre* herself.

Racine wrote for a brilliant court, the centre of a nation then at the height of her glory, for which Corneille was a writer too abstract and too austere. The two tragedians may be compared to two architects, of whom one devoted himself to the erection of a stately edifice, the other to arranging the rooms for the comfort of the indwellers.

The suggestion of decadence given in the second lecture M. Brunetière took up in that on Voltaire, who, he said, wrote tragedy for sixty years without understanding it. Whatever interest his dramas may possess is due to the commonplace nature of the characters and to the discussions, which he introduced, on popular philosophies.

The essence of Vaudeville is in mistakes as to persons; the essence of Melodrama is in unexpected recognitions. Voltaire is full of such mistakes and such recognitions. His innovations are innumerable; the introduction of unlikely chances, the use of a vague style, of excessive sentiment, and many other abuses with which the Romantic Dramatists of this century are reproached,—all indeed except the disregard of the three Unities,—are found in his plays. Under him French Tragedy declined, after him it died, and efforts to revive it have failed. The Romantic Drama, as a literary species, is so unimportant as not to merit classification.

C. M. T., '96.

* * *

THE LANTERN notes the publication of the following books:

The Historical Development of Modern Europe, from the Congress of Vienna to the Present Time: by Charles M. Andrews, Associate Professor of History in Bryn Mawr College. Vol. i, 1815–1850. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1896. Pp. v–457.

The Niagara Canal and the Monroe Doctrine, a Political History of Isthmus Transit, with special reference to the Nicaragua canal project, and the attitude of the United States government thereto: by Lindley Miller Keasbey, Ph.D., R. P. D., Associate Professor of Political Science, Bryn Mawr College. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1896. Pp. xv–622.

The Development of the Frog's Egg: an Introduction to Experimental Embryology: by Thomas Hunt Morgan, Ph. D., Professor of Biology, Bryn Mawr College. The Macmillan Company, 1897. Pp. x–225.

COLLEGIANA

THE RHOADS FUND

ALL who read the LANTERN will heartily rejoice to learn that the *James E. Rhoads Endowment Fund* has been completed. It is a sum of eight thousand dollars, of which the interest is to be used as an undergraduate scholarship in commemoration of the cordial sympathy and encouragement that Dr. Rhoads was ever foremost in extending to those students whose college course was beset with difficulties. The fund is to be administered by a joint committee of the college faculty and the alumnae, and the interest will be used each year for one entire, or for two partial, scholarships at the discretion of the committee. In making the award, the need of the applicants as well as their attainments will be considered, and the committee will be at liberty to grant the scholarship to the same student during successive years if this should seem desirable.

The determination to found the Memorial to Dr. Rhoads was reached in the spring of 1894 when his resignation was announced to the College. There was among the alumnae a strong desire to show in some way the affection and honor in which they held the first president of the College, as well as their appreciation of his untiring efforts for its welfare. In view of the great unselfishness of his character it seemed most fitting to put such a testimonial in the form of a gift to the College to be always associated with his name, and the warm personal interest always showed by him in the needs of the students suggested the plan of giving a fund for the aid of individual students who must otherwise give up a college course.

So it came about that before Dr. Rhoads' death the fund was begun in his honor and it was natural that his death following so soon upon his resignation should make the task of raising the fund dearer to us than before. It has been for us a source of much pride and joy to work towards this end and we feel sure that nothing could tend to retain his memory in the College in a way more fitted to his nature and his love towards the students than will this scholarship called by his name. The effort of collecting the sum will be generously rewarded by the realization that at length we are able in his name and in our love for him to offer this help to students whom he would have been the first to encourage.

* * *

DE REBUS CLUB

SINCE the *De Rebus Club* began the world afresh under a new name, discarding its former rather oppressive title of *The Reform Club*, it has not met with unvarying success. In spite of discouragements it has held its own remarkably well from year to year and is only waiting for some slight financial support from the students to fulfill the highest hopes of its founders and its early committees. The original idea of the Club was to bring to the College speakers on any subject of general interest and thus, keeping the students more in touch with things outside, give them an opportunity to get at many matters which do not come properly within the scope of college work.

The one great obstacle to success has always been a lack of funds. Even a small annual amount, enough for their traveling expenses, would provide many speakers whom it is impossible to have at present.

Last year the Club was addressed by Mr. William Dudley Foulke, on "The Disadvantages of an Education," and by the Rev. Henry Bayard Hall, on "The Wider Meaning of the University Extension Idea." This year there have been three speakers. The Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell (Alys Whitall Pearsall Smith, '91), spoke on "A Century of Suffrage," giving us a novel side of the woman question. Mr. Sheldon, of the St. Louis Society for Ethical Culture, addressed the Club on George Eliot. Mr. Hilaire Belloc, of Balliol College, Oxford, gave five lectures on Representative Frenchmen: St. Louis, Bayard, Rousseau, Napoleon and Gambetta. The College and the students both contributed to this course and were well repaid by the interest and suggestiveness of the lectures. Mr. Belloc treated the men rather as parts of a movement than as individuals, bringing out especially the spirit of idealism in France.

A. J., '97.

* * *

PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB.

IN the year 1895-6 the large attendance at all the club meetings, formal and informal, showed an increasing interest in matters philosophic. The addresses varied to suit all minds and ranged from popular to deeply metaphysical. The Club had the honor of listening to the following distinguished outsiders:

REV. LANGDON C. STEWARDSON, on *The Claims of Feeling*.

MR. WILLIAM JAMES, on *Psychology and Relaxation*.

MRS. HENRY WHITMAN, on *Opportunity*.

MR. LIGHTNER WITMER, on *The Measurement of Mental Time*.

PRESIDENT ANDREWS, OF BROWN, on *The Metaphysics of Aristotle*.

That the Pembroke parlors have scarcely sufficed to contain the audience at the meetings in the year 1896-7, may be regarded as indicative of the Club's constant growth. This year there have been no informal meetings, but an unusually large number of addresses have been delivered by men from the outer world, at formal meetings. Among these are :

HON. BERTRAND RUSSELL, on *Socialism as the Consummation of Individual Liberty*.

MR. WILLIAM ROMAINE NEWBOLD, on *The Significance of the Psychological Research Movement*.

MR. CHARLES M. BAKEWELL, on *The Supposed Unity of the World*.

MR. COPE, MR. PATTEN, MR. BALDWIN, MR. MILLER, MR. GIDDINGS, on *Different Aspects of Mr. Spencer's recently Completed System of Philosophy*.

MR. F. C. S. SCHILLER, on *The Ethical Value of a Belief in Immortality*.

A. L. C., '97.

* * *

THE GRADUATE CLUB

IN the fall of 1895 the Graduate Club of Bryn Mawr College entered upon the third year of its existence with a membership numbering forty-one. During the winter of the same year the club-room was entirely refurnished through the kindness of the College. Everything was selected with an eye to harmony of color and suitability of design. The result was a delightful room, perfectly adapted to the needs of the Club. In one corner a set of shelves was built for the china, and above these were placed the beautiful pieces of old blue India ware, presented to the Club by Miss Garrett. On the walls were hung several large Braun photographs. The room-committee, who had the entire charge of this refurnishing, were Miss Donnelly and Miss Thomas.

Five formal meetings were held during the year. On these occasions the Club was addressed by :

MRS. CORNELIUS STEVENSON, on *The Influence of Archaeology on Modern Thought*.

DR. ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON, on *The Evolution of the Dwelling-House*.

DR. PAUL HAUPT, on *The Genesis of the English Bible*.

GEN. FRANCIS A. WALKER, on *The Causes of Poverty*.

PROF. W. W. GOODWIN, on *The Rediscovery of Troy*.

A reception was given to the members of the faculty and to the graduate students by President Thomas. Dr. G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University, was the guest of honor and delivered an address giving the results of his recent investigations with regard to the education of children.

Several informal meetings were also held. At some of these papers were read by members of the Club, and once an account of the work in College Settlements was given by Miss Abby Kirk.

In the fall of 1896 the membership of the Club was forty-two. In the course of the winter five formal meetings have been held. The addresses were by:

THE HON. BERTRAND RUSSELL, on *Socialism, the Consummation of Individual Liberty*.

MR. TALCOTT WILLIAMS, on *A Journalist's Impressions of the Late Presidential Campaign*.

MR. RICHARD NORTON, on *The Study of Fine Arts in America*.

DR. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, on *The Modern Novel*.

SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, on *The Geology of Western Scotland*.

At the informal meetings there have been addresses by members of the Club, and, on one occasion, there was a paper read by Miss Sophia Kirk on "Some Impressions of Italian Pictures."

Afternoon tea has been served in the club-room, both this winter and last, by the various members of the Club in turn. All graduate students and their friends have been welcomed.

The work of the Club during the last two years has been the editing of the *Handbook of Courses Open to Women in Foreign Universities*, which has been issued this year. The work has been done by a committee of graduate students.

C. A. H.

* * *

COLLEGE SETTLEMENTS ASSOCIATION

THE growing strength of the Bryn Mawr Chapter may best be indicated by the fact that Bryn Mawr now stands fourth among contributors to the common College Settlements Receipts. An intelligent interest in the theory of the Association, which it is the main effort of the Chapter to increase, has awakened throughout the College, one stimulating condition of such growth being the presence of practical and largely attended courses in Political Economy. Another helpful influence has been the endeavor on the part of members of the Association to personally inform each student of the relation of the Settlement theory to existing labor and social problems. Several residents and social reformers have also told us their experience and we have to thank them for the quickening of much energy. During the winter of '95-'96, Miss Susan G. Walker, Miss Seudder and Miss Davis addressed us, in '96-'97 Miss Eaton and Mr. Robert Woods.

By way of enduing theory with the vividness of reality, it has been arranged that those students who were anxious to see the Settlement should, two by two, aid the residents at Carver street during the children's Saturday morning play-hour. It was decided, also, this winter to enliven an evening for a few of the Settlement Clubs by dint of shadow-pictures, scenes from "Alice," and banjo-playing. Wild-flowers are sent when possible to the Philadelphia Settlement every week, and last spring some thirty children were invited to come pick flowers for themselves. The sight of the children as they marched homeward through the woods, singing and contented, though rendered hardly able to drag one foot after the other by their active day, won many adherents, and fully repaid the members who had defrayed expenses by selling ice-cream at the basket-ball games.

The most practical help given by the College has been the furnishing of a residents' room over the new Philadelphia coffee-house and the maintenance of the New York ice-water fountain. Several students have also offered their services to the residents during the college vacations.

In conclusion, we may state that, during the year '95-'96, 75 undergraduate, from the total number of 240 were members of the Association. At present writing it is impossible to ascertain the exact data for '96-'97, but it is hoped that the number will not diminish.

M. R. Taber, '98.

Elector in place of M. Minturn (Resigned).

* * *

THE SUNDAY EVENING MEETING

THE Sunday Evening Meeting, now in its sixth year, has continued to meet one of the great needs of the students, the need of drawing closer together in their religious life. The spirit of simplicity and reverence is the great attraction of the meetings, and this spirit has had much influence upon the College. The deep interest has not fallen off, and there has been this year a large and steady attendance, leading us to believe that the new students will uphold them with all the enthusiasm and loyalty of the older classes.

M. P. N., '97.

* * *

CHRISTIAN UNION

DURING the past two years the growth of the Christian Union both in numbers and strength, has exceeded the expectations of the most hopeful. In 1895-'96 the membership was 98, and in 1896-'97 this increased to 106. Weekly Bible classes have been carried on by the students themselves, and a

fortnightly class of "Studies in the Life and Teachings of Christ" has been held by Mr. T. H. Powers Sailer of the University of Pennsylvania.

In the fall of 1895 a Philanthropic Committee was formed, which has been very successful in the organization of classes among the maids. It attempted to start a boys' club to meet in the village, and had even secured rooms, leader and assistants, but was forced to abandon the scheme on account of the prevalence of infectious diseases. This committee has succeeded in arranging for many students to read at the Bryn Mawr Hospital.

The Missionary Society in March, 1896, was incorporated in the Christian Union as a Missionary Committee. This committee has obtained several speakers for the Union, and at Christmas time sent a barrel of toys and clothing to the Crowe Indian Agency. It is also helping to support Dr. Jessie Carlton, of Umbala, India.

The Christian Union has had a number of outside preachers during the last two years. Among the most noteworthy are Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. Alexander MacKenzie and Father J. O. S. Huntington. This part of the work, however, will not be carried on by the Union in future, as the College has taken charge of it in the alternate Wednesday evening meetings in chapel.

It was found necessary, this winter, to make some slight revisions in the Constitution on account of the growth of the Union. We hope that the Christian Union will continue to increase in strength and activity, and that it may never realize the expectations of those who feared that organization meant mere lifeless machinery.

E. O. B., '97.

* * *

TEMPERANCE SOCIETY

THE Temperance Society at Bryn Mawr, feeling that its best opportunity lies in the help it gives to the general Association by contributions of money and the testimony of its relatively large membership—more than fifty strong—has been content to give help outside of the College and to have, here, two addresses annually by speakers of assured reputation. A former student, the Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell (Alys Whitall Pearsall Smith, '90), addressed the Society in the first semester and Miss Frances Willard is expected this spring.

* * *

THE ATHLETIC FIELD

FOR three years the Athletic Field was the object of our collective efforts and ambitions, and now at last '97 under whose supervision the task has been completed, has played the final series of match basket-ball games in the new oval.

Since the introduction of basket-ball at Bryn Mawr, the growth of the game here has justified the hope of its permanence. It has taken the first place in athletic sports and, especially in the spring, forms an all-absorbing out-of-door interest. The excitement culminates in the match games between the four classes. Basket-ball has developed from a general scrimmage for the ball to a game guided by scientific principles, and affords many opportunities for pretty play in long, swift throws, clean catches and rapid interference.

The championship in '95-'96 was won by the Class of '96, after having been held for two years by '97. On leaving College '96 generously presented a silver lantern inscribed with their name as champions, which is to be held by the champions of successive years. The winning team of this year was that of the Senior Class.

J. C. G., '98.

* * *

FOUR years ago when the lectures on *Nineteenth Century Critics* were first given there was an exhibition in the Dean's office of some casts from Lucca della Robbia and a number of photographs of pictures and drawings mentioned in Mr. Pater's *Renaissance* and Mr. Swinburne's *Essays and Studies*. Two years later, on the repetition of the course, the pictures were shown in the Student's Parlor of Merion and the undergraduates as a body discovered them there.

It is delightful to have to note that the same collection considerably augmented has been again on exhibition during the second semester in Merion Hall. As in former years, not only the students of the major English course, but the general public as well, have enjoyed this rare opportunity to study the old and new masters. In connection with Pater's posthumous essay an unusual number of Raphaels have been shown, besides the masterpieces, already familiar, of Leonardo, Michael Angelo, Botticelli, Lucca della Robbia, Rossetti and many others.

The students deeply appreciate their privilege, grateful for the generosity to which they owe it.

S. G.

* * *

THE GYMNASIUM

FOR the past two years there has been little done in the Gymnasium worthy of especial note. Some excellent pieces of apparatus, which have been added, are much used. The annual gymnasium drills have taken place in April, but the record-marking has been omitted. The use of the swimming-pool, especially in the fall and the spring, is one of the great features of college athletics. A number of the students swim and dive well, and the less fortunate ones eagerly strive to become proficient.

G. T. C., '98.

DURING the winter the question of having music at the College was much discussed, and on Monday, March 22, The Kneisel Quartet gave a concert in the Gymnasium. It was most successful from every point of view and not only was enough money raised, from the sale of tickets to the students, to pay all the expenses, but there was also a small surplus which will be used toward future concerts, as it is hoped that this is but the beginning. The concert was largely due to Mr. Norton's efforts.

S. C. S., '99.

* * *

THE GLEE CLUB

THE Glee Club last year consisted of sixteen members under the leadership of Alice Cilley, '97. After weekly rehearsals during the year an impromptu concert was held in the spring at which the Glee and Banjo Clubs assisted.

This year the Glee Club has been reorganized rather later than usual but with a larger membership and under a professional leader, Mr. Barrington. It is hoped that the new arrangement will be attended with unprecedented success and that the Club will be able to give nightly concerts on Taylor steps later in the spring.

K. B. E., '97.

* * *

LECTURES

IN the early part of the winter the College had the great pleasure of hearing an informal lecture by Professor Wilhelm Dorpfeld, Ph. D., LL. D., Director of the German School at Athens, about some of his own explorations in Greece. The talk was given in response to an invitation from the Undergraduate Association.

A little before Easter Mr. Charles Saunders Pierce read a paper before the philosophical and mathematical students. The title was *Multitude: A Study of the Methods of Exact Thought*. This very unusual pleasure they owe to the kindness of the Philosophical Department.

The College received as gifts from friends, two lectures; one by Mrs. Ruth McEnergy Stuart, and one by Dr. John Watson.

For the speech of Mr. Graham Wallas we have to thank a former student.

* * *

IN June, 1896, the entrance to the archway of Pembroke Hall was completed by the addition of a gateway, the gift of Mr. Justus Strawbridge. The gateway was designed by Mr. Walter Cope and the late Mr. John Stewardson,

of the firm of Cope & Stewardson, the architects of the building, and consists of a low stone wall continuing the line of the archway on each side and finished by a coping on which stands an iron railing. The wall ends in two high and massive stone pillars, each surmounted by a lion rampant bearing a shield. The lions were carved by J. Franklin Whitman & Co. and are particularly appropriate, because the lion rampant formed part of the coat of arms of Rowland Ellis, the original owner of the property on which the College is situated.

I. M.

* * *

THE Editors of the LANTERN have to thank *The Fortnightly Philistine* for permission to reprint the following poems:

"At Midnight," "With Apologies to Stevenson,"

"Roundel of Love and Death,"

"The Puppet Show,"

and the following prose:

"A Maid, Some Football, and Her Point of View."

* * *

THE PRESIDENT'S FELLOWSHIP

IN 1896 Miss Mary E. Garrett founded a second European Fellowship, called by her desire The President M. Carey Thomas Fellowship, to be awarded annually on the ground of excellence in scholarship to a student in her first year of graduate work at Bryn Mawr College.

* * *

APPOINTMENTS and changes in the Faculty and Teaching Staff of Bryn Mawr College for the year 1897-98:

Dr. Louis Emil Menger has resigned as Associate in Romance Languages from the Johns Hopkins University to accept an Associate Professorship of Romance Philology at Bryn Mawr College. Dr. Menger's academic record is as follows: A. B., Mississippi College, 1888, and A. M., 1890; Professor of Latin and German, Mary Le Grand Institute, Vicksburg, Miss., 1888-90; Fellow in Romance Languages, Johns Hopkins University, 1892-93; Ph. D., Johns Hopkins University, 1893; Instructor in Romance Languages, Johns Hopkins University, 1893-94; Associate in Romance Languages, Johns Hopkins University, 1894-97.

Dr. Fonger De Haan has resigned as Associate in Romance Languages at the Johns Hopkins University to accept an Associateship in Spanish at Bryn Mawr College. He has been granted leave of absence by the Trustees for the year 1897-98, to pursue his researches in libraries in Spain. Dr. Frederic M. Page will continue the work in Spanish under his direction during this year of absence. Dr. De Haan's academic record is as follows: Instructor in Modern Languages, Lehigh University, 1885-91; Fellow in Romance Languages, Johns Hopkins University, 1893-94; Assistant in Romance Languages, Johns Hopkins University, 1893-95; Ph. D., Johns Hopkins University, 1895; Instructor in Romance Languages, Johns Hopkins University, 1895-96; Associate in Romance Languages, Johns Hopkins University, 1896-97.

Dr. Wilmer Cave France has been appointed Reader in Classical Literature for the year 1897-98. Her academic record is as follows:—Mason's College, Birmingham, England, 1885-87; Girton College, University of Cambridge, England, 1888-92; Classical Tripos, 1892; Fellow in Greek, Bryn Mawr College, 1892-93; Fellow in Latin, University of Chicago, 1893-94; Fellow in Greek, University of Chicago, 1894-95; Ph. D., University of Chicago, 1895.

In February, 1897, Dr. Isabel Maddison, Secretary to the President, was also appointed by the Trustees Reader in Mathematics. This appointment has been renewed for the year 1897-98.

Dr. James H. Leuba, now Docent in Psychology at Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts, has been appointed Associate in Psychology and Pedagogy, and has been granted leave of absence for the year 1897-98, to study the methods of teaching Pedagogy and Physiological Psychology now in use in Germany. Mr. Leuba is a Swiss, and has been for five years in this country connected with Clark University, where he received his Ph. D. in 1896. Since then he has been acting as Docent in the University.

Mr. Richard Norton, Lecturer in the History of Art, has been granted leave of absence for the year 1897-98 to accept the appointment of Professor of Art in the Classical School at Rome. The courses in Art and Archæology will be discontinued for the year of Mr. Norton's absence.

Mr. Paul Elmer More has resigned the Associateship in Sanskrit and Classical Literature and a Latinist will be appointed in his place.

There are no further changes.

* * *

THE appointments to Fellowships in Bryn Mawr College for the year 1896-97 were as follows:

Virginia Ragsdale, *European Fellow*;

S. B., Guilford College, 1892; graduate student in Mathematics, Bryn Mawr College, 1892-96; A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1896.

Winifred Warren, *Mary E. Garrett European Fellow*;

A. B., Boston University, 1891, and A. M., 1894; Fellow in Latin, Bryn Mawr College, 1893-94, and Fellow by courtesy, 1894-96.

Clara Langenback, *President's Fellow*;

Ph. G., Cincinnati College of Pharmacy, 1890; S. B., University of Cincinnati, 1895; Fellow in Biology, Bryn Mawr College, 1895-96.

Caroline Garnar Brombacher, *Fellow in Greek*;

A. B., Barnard College, 1895.

Mabel Whitman Baker, *Fellow in Latin*;

Student of Columbian University.

Mary Delia Hopkins, *Fellow in English*;

A. B., and A. M., Bryn Mawr College, 1896.

Mary Elizabeth Highet, *Fellow in Teutonic Philology*;

A. B., 1891, and A. M., 1892, Victoria University; Ph. M., and Ph. D., Cornell University, 1894.

Charlotte de Macklot Thompson, *Fellow in Romance Languages*;

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1896.

Ellen Maud Graham, *Fellow in History*;

A. B., University of Toronto, 1895.

Georgiana Goddard King, *Fellow in Philosophy*;

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1896.

Fanny Cook Gates, *Fellow in Mathematics*;

L. B., Northwestern University, 1894; L. M., 1895; graduate student Bryn Mawr College, 1895-96.

Frances Lowater, *Fellow in Physics*;

University College, Nottingham, 1888-91, 1892-93; Newnham College, University of Cambridge, 1891-92; Demonstrator in Physics, Bryn Mawr College, 1893-96.

Charlotte Fairbanks, *Fellow in Chemistry*;

A. B., Smith College, 1894; graduate student Yale University, 1893-94; Ph. D., Yale University, 1896.

Florence Peebles, *Fellow in Biology* ;

A. B., Woman's College, of Baltimore, 1895 ; Wood's Holl, summer of 1895 ; graduate student in Biology, Bryn Mawr College, 1895-96.

The Mrs. George W. Childs' Prize Essayist of 1895-96 ;

Georgiana Goddard King ;

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1896.

—

THE appointments to Fellowships in Bryn Mawr College for the year 1897-98 are as follows :

Margaret Hamilton, *European Fellow* ;

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1897.

Emilie Norton Martin, *Mary E. Garrett European Fellow* ;

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1894 ; Fellow in Mathematics, Bryn Mawr College, 1895-96 ; Fellow by courtesy, 1896-97.

Ellen Rose Giles, *President's Fellow* ;

Wellesley College, 1892-93 ; A. B., and A. M., Bryn Mawr College, 1896 ; scholar in Semitic Languages, 1896-97 ; Member of American Oriental Society.

Minnie Beatrice Reynolds, *Fellow in Greek* ;

A. B., University of California, 1895.

Fellow in Latin. *

Georgiana Goddard King, *Fellow in English* ;

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1896 ; Fellow in Philosophy, 1896-97.

Caroline Taylor Stewart, *Fellow in Teutonic Philology* ;

A. B., Kansas State University, 1892 ; A. M., Michigan State University, 1895 ; Bryn Mawr College, 1895 ; Teacher in Washington College, Maryland, 1896-97.

Fellow in Romance Languages. *

Emily Fogg, *Fellow in Political Science* ;

Wellesley College, 1889-91 ; University of Chicago, 1895-97 ; A. B. University of Chicago, 1897.

Fellow in Philosophy. *

* Appointments not yet announced.

Gertrude Longbottom, *Fellow in Mathematics*;

Girton College, Cambridge, England, 1893-97; Mathematical Tripos,
Part I., 1st Class, 1896.

*Fellow in Physics.**

M. Cloyd Burnley, *Fellow in Chemistry*;

A. B., Woman's College of Baltimore, 1897.

Helen Dean King, *Fellow in Biology*;

A. B., Vassar College, 1892; Bryn Mawr College, 1895-97.

The Mrs. George W. Childs' Prize Essayist of this year is

Helen Strong Hoyt;

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1897.

* Appointment not yet announced.

GRADUATE CLUB

1895-96.

President: ELEANOR L. LORD.*Vice-President*: DOROTHY W. LYON.

Executive { JENNETTE A. STREET.
Committee: { CLARA LANGENBECK.
 { SUSAN A. STERLING.

Secretary: MARY R. PETTY.*Treasurer*: EMILIE N. MARTIN.

1896-97.

President: FRANCES LOWATER.*Vice-President*: EMILIE N. MARTIN.

Executive { MARY JEFFERS.
Committee: { CARRIE A. HARPER.
 { E. MAUD GRAHAM.

Secretary: ELLEN S. OGDEN.*Treasurer*: MARY E. HIGHET.

DE REBUS CLUB

1895-96.

Chairman: CAROLINE REEVES FOULKE, '95.

1896-97.

Chairman: ALICE JONES, '97.

PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB

1895-1896.

President: MARY DELIA HOPKINS, '96.*Secretary*: PAULINE D. GOLDMARK, '96.*Treasurer*: GEORGIANA GODDARD KING, '96.

1896-97.

President: ALICE LONGFELLOW CILLEY, '97.
Secretary: ELEANOR OLIVIA BROWNELL, '97.
Treasurer: ELIZABETH DAY SEYMOUR, '97.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

1895-1896.

President: ELSA BOWMAN, '96.
Secretary: FRANCES AMELIA FINCKE, '97.
Treasurer: ALICE PEIRSON GANNETT, '98.
Out-door Manager: M. GERTRUDE FROST, '97.
In-door Manager: GRACE TILESTON CLARKE, '98.

1896-97.

President: FRANCES AMELIA FINCKE, '97.
Secretary: ETHEL EUGENIE HOOPER, '99.
Treasurer: JEAN BUTLER CLARK, '99.
Out-door Manager: M. GERTRUDE FROST, '97.
In-door Manager: GRACE TILESTON CLARKE, '98.

CHRISTIAN UNION

1895-96.

President: MARY DELIA HOPKINS, '98.
Vice-President: JESSIE DARLING.
Treasurer: MARY ARMSTRONG LEVERING, '97.

1896-97.

President: GRACE ALBERT, '97.
Vice-President: ANNE HERVEY STRONG, '98.
Treasurer: ELLEN PERKINS KILPATRICK, '99.

GLEE CLUB

1895-96.

Leader: ALICE LONGFELLOW CILLEY.
Manager: KATRINA BRANDES ELY.

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT

EXECUTIVE BOARD.

1896-97.

President: MARY DELIA HOPKINS, '96.*Vice-President:* MARGARET PARSONS NICHOLS, '97.

MILDRED MINTURN, '97.

MARION EDWARDS PARK, '98.

JOSEPHINE C. GOLDMARK, '98.

(LUCY MARTIN DONNELLY, '93.

Resigned January, 1897.)

Secretary: ALICE LONGFELLOW CILLEY, '97.*Treasurer:* MARY PECKHAM, '97.

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION

1896-97.

President: MARY MORIARTY CAMPBELL, '97.*Secretary:* JOSEPHINE C. GOLDMARK, '98.*Treasurer:* ELIZABETH NIELDS, '98.

1897-98.

President: GRACE TILESTON CLARKE, '98.*Secretary:* ETHEL EUGENIE HOOPER, '99.*Treasurer:* MAE LOUISE BLAKEY, '99.*Ass't Treasurer:* BERTHA PHILLIPS, 1900.

LEVIORE PLECTRO

*"born to be**An hour or half's delight."*

By the LANTERN I swear!
 'Tis the thing of the season
 Such an up-to-date air!
 By the LANTERN I swear.
 For last year's I don't care—
 Don't ask me the reason.
 Buy the LANTERN! I swear
 'Tis the thing of the season.

E. R. H., '92.

In the moon's pulse and the sea's slow
 swinging,
 Death that draws and Love that
 sighs beneath:
 Yea, life's wine is mingled; sweet, and
 stinging,—
 Love, and Death.

G. G. K., '96.

—

ROUNDEL OF LOVE AND
 DEATH

Love and Death is all of poets' sing-
 ing,
 What sounds else can stir the heav-
 enly breath?
 What save these can set the lyre-
 strings ringing:
 Love and Death?

What things else in maiden spirit
 springing?
 What words else in all the preacher
 saith?
 What thoughts else in God, the world
 forth-bringing?

THE PUPPET SHOW

*To M. A. B.**"He laughs best who laughs last."*

I thought life but a puppet show,
 And I a showman there;
 I pulled the strings and made all
 things
 At my sweet will to fare.
 A tragedy, a comedy,
 A love affair or two,
 What does one care? the dolls are fair
 And feel not what they do!
 But, lo, I found as years went round
 That Fate had played the fool,
 And Life turned showman, while *I*
 danced
 The puppet in his school.

G. C. L., '97.

WITH APOLOGIES TO
STEVENSON

I.

BED DURING EXAMS.

I used to go to bed at night,
And only worked when day was light.
But now 'tis quite the other way,
I never get to bed till day.
I look up from my work and see
The morning light shine in on me,
And listen to a warning knell—
The tinkle of the rising bell.

And does there not seem cause to weep
When I should like so much to sleep,
I have to sing this mournful lay,
I cannot get to bed till day?

C. W. V., '97.

II.

BASKET-BALL THOUGHT.

Every night at half-past ten
I lay me down in bed, and then
A most inspiring scene I spy,
As plain as day before my eye.
There's a crowd of girls that sing,
All waving every kind of thing,
And cheering in so grand a way,
You never heard the like by day.
So fine a game will ne'er be played,
On the field we're having made;
For every girl that caught the ball
She made a throw that pleased them all.
At first the play is rather slow,
But more excited do we grow,
And every single night I dream
I'm playing on the winning team.

C. W. V., '97.

III.

METHOD.

To M. M.

Every day reviews I write,
And go to meetings every night;
And when the meetings are too long
They give me coffee black and strong.
The girl that ever goes to bed
Or needs a walk to clear her head
She is a lazy girl, I'm sure—
Or else her intellect is poor.

M. E. P., '98.

—

CATULLUS

"Quintia formosa multis."

Quintia is tall and straight,
Quintia has a good complexion:
All the items small and great,
I admit without objection:
But when beautiful you cry her,
That sum total I deny her.
For of charm there's not a bit.
That's the point I wish to take up:
There is not a spark of wit,
In her whole blonde comely make-
up,—
Nothing to allure and blind us,
Nothing to enthrall and bind us.
Ah, but Lesbia, when you call,
Her a beauty, you scarce reach her.
She's the fairest all in all,
Maddening absorbing creature:—
She is Beauty's self I grant you,
Venus, heed, or she'll supplant you!
Edith Child, '90.

AT MIDNIGHT

MY PEN.

My pen's a quill of feathers fine,
 But yet it does not fly ;
 Alone it will not write a line,
 I think it will not try.

MY INKSTAND.

My inkstand sends its dusky tears
 Upon my paper white ;
 I think it's weeping from its fears
 Of what I'm going to write.

MY VERSE.

Like a wringer, as it turns,
 My verse is turning out,
 If I should wait till genius burns,
 I'd never write, no doubt.

MY SELF.

I've written all I had to say,
 I'm sure you are not sad ;
 I don't care if I do betray
 Myself—I, too, am glad !
C. W. V., '97.

—
UNDER THE ROSE

Under the rose that trails the ruined
 wall
 I kissed my love, watching the petals
 fall,
 Wan by her rose-red cheek, till starry
 eyes
 Sought mine, which gave such pas-
 sionate replies
 As scarcely song availed to voice
 at all :

"The sweet-breathed briar sways her
 branches tall,
 The winds are whist, and even the
 wood-bird's call
 Whispers our secret to the hearkening
 skies
 Under the rose.

"Though love, that's now dalmatique,
 turn to pall,
 Though sorrow dash the wine of life
 with gall,
 Must I not tread what way thy high-
 way lies,
 Or fight, above what field thy banner
 flies,—
 Ah, girl, so white, so flushed, so
 sweet, so small !—
 Under thee, Rose ?"

—
A BALLADE OF SURF-KISSED
SANDS

The curled foam-crests, all star-be-
 strewn
 Poise, pitiless, the shore to smite ;
 The lithe spray glimmers 'neath the
 moon
 And clots the air with pallid light ;
 The crawling waters, dimly bright,
 Stretch forth caressing, hungry
 hands,
 And fondle, as a lover might,
 In lover-wise, the surf-kissed sands.
 The silken breezes creep and croon
 Athwart the billows foam-bedight,
 And set the silent shores atune

With sleepy sound, and comb the
white
Wave-tresses, ordering aright
And smoothing out their shining
strands;
Then droop and fail in drowsy plight
And slumber on the surf-kissed sands.

The sweet breath of a night in June
Where murmuring sea and shore
unite,

Shudders in strange, delicious swoon,
And melts in merciless delight
The moon-worn mists, all wan with
fright:

A silver glory floods the lands,
Save where the cloven moonbeams
write

Twain shadows on the surf-kissed
sands.

ENVOY.

Princess, next time you think it right
To let Dick Smith hold both your
hands,

You'd best select a moonless night
To sit upon the surf-kissed sands.

Caroline Reeves Foulke, '95.

—

Should you chance to see my dear
Say, her lover greets her:
Should she ask you how I fare,
Say, upon two feet, sir:
Should she ask if I am ill,
Say, I'm dead of sorrow:
Should she then begin to weep,
Say, I come to-morrow.

From the Wunderhorn.

CATULLUS, LXX.

Sweet my mistress, on my knee,
Swears she'll marry none but me,
Not if Jove himself should court her!
Vows the Ladies, faith unheeding,
Echo to a lover's pleading,
Write on wind and running water.

Edith Child, '90.

—

DAPHNE'S FLOWERS

Daphne, as I kissed her hand,
With a frown did make demand
For a knot of flowers to wear
On her breast or in her hair.
Pray be sure to match her gown,
Come to-day from London town—
He who would the lover play
Lives a year in every day.

Shall my riband cowslips hold?
Daphne's hair is yellow gold—
Daphne's cheeks are like the May
And her lips, ah! who can say?
Daphne's face perchance I know,
'Tis her gown doth plague me so.
He who would the lover play
Lives a year in every day.

Daffodils or crocus shy?
None was e'er so vexed as I—
On my life I dare not choose
Lest her favor I should lose.
Oh ye maidens, prithee tell,
Oh ye gallants, ponder well:
He who would the lover play
Lives a year in every day.

M. E. P., '98.

AT TWILIGHT

Sitting alone in the after-glow,
While the swallows dip--float to and
fro,
And the tinted waves are washing low
Upon the shore.
The swamp rose's fragrance comes to
me,
Stirring sweet thoughts in my memory ;
The pink clouds fade—I dream of
thee,—
Of thee, once more !

F. M. H., '97.

Oh, dear Mr. James,
You were once one of ours,
And we cherish our claims,
Oh, dear Mr. James—
Can the waters of Thames
Alone quicken your powers ?
Oh, dear ! Mr. James
You were *once* one of ours !

Edith Rockwell Hull, '92.

PRAYER TO THE ROSES

My beloved told me, Roses,
He would come ere you were blown.
Now your latest bud uncloses,
And I watch it bloom alone.
Ye, whose beauty doth discover
Venus-mother, spare my pain !
Spare the honor of my lover ;
Close your petals, close again !

From the German.

C. S. N., '99.

COLLEGE SONGS

DRINKING SONG

(Air: Soldiers' Chorus from Faust.)

Clink, clink, drink deep to the Fresh-
men small,
Clink, clink, drink deep to the Juniors
all,
Clink, clink, drink deep to the Seniors
hoar,
But empty your glass when you drink
to the class—
Here's to the Sophomore.

Cheer loud, drink deep to the luck of
the team,
Cheer loud, drink deep to Self-Gov.'s
régime,
Cheer loud, drink deep to the College
great,
But empty your glass when you drink
to the class,
Vive la '98.

Join hands, drink deep to the years
that passed,
Join hands, drink deep to the year
while it lasts,
Join hands, drink deep to the years
that wait,
But empty your glass, when you drink
to the class,
Vive la '98.

'98.

GO!—GO!—GO!

If your cranium is a vacuum and you'd
like to learn
How an intellect you can cultivate
from the smallest germ,
On the management of the universe if
your hopes you'd stake,
Or a treatise on the ineffables you pro-
pose to make.
If you contemplate making politics
your exclusive aim,
And are looking for some coadjutors in
your little game—
And, in short, if there should be any-
thing that you do not know,
To the Sophomore—to the Sophomore—
Go!—Go!!—Go!!!
If you've daily had all your patient
friends in your room to tea
And you'd like to try something else
to break the monotony,
If to entertain on a grander scale you
perchance should yearn,
And the latest thing in marshmallow
roasts you would like to learn,
If there's any one in your neighbor-
hood who your peace destroys,
And you'd like some points on the meth-
ods used for suppressing noise,
If there's anything about proctoring
you would like to know,
To the Graduate—to the Graduate—
Go!—Go!!—Go!!!

There be gentlemen whose omniscience
 seems to have no end,
 For the telling of their acquirements
 takes its start at Zend,
 They are conversant with the baziness
 of Philology,
 And can guide you through all the
 mazziness of Biology,
 Of Demography they will chat to you
 with an easy port,
 Electrolysis, likewise Calculus are the
 merest sport,
 And, in fact, if there should be any-
 thing that you'd like to know,
 To the Faculty—to the Faculty—
 Go!—Go!!—Go!!!

'95.

DETERMINATIONS

(Air: Blue Gingham Pinaports.)

I.

Once there dwelt captiously a stern
 papa,
 Likewise with him sojourned daughter
 and ma,
 Daughter's minority tritely was spent,
 To a prep boarding-school glumly she
 went.
 One day the crisis came, outcome of
 years,
 Father and mother stern, daughter in
 tears.
 With her progenitors hotly she plead,
 Lined up her arguments; this is what
 she said:

CHORUS.

"I don't want to go to Vassar,
 I can't bear to think of Smith,
 I've no earthly use for Radcliffe,
 Wellesley's charms are merest myth;
 Pray don't send me to Ann Arbor,
 Leland Stanford's much too far:
 I don't want to go to college
 If I can't go to Bryn Mawr."

II.

Once in a college town over the sea,
 Six nice young gentlemen took a de-
 gree.
 Quoth they: "From learning's path
 we'll not digress,
 Now that we've trained ourselves let
 us profess."
 One day the summons came out of the
 West,
 "Get Ph. D.'s and come," ran the re-
 quest.
 Quick they bestirred themselves at this
 command,
 Lined up their arguments, took up
 their stand:

CHORUS.

"We refuse to teach at Vassar,
 We can't bear to think of Smith,
 We've no earthly use for Radcliffe,
 Wellesley's charms are merest myth,
 Only spooks go to Ann Arbor,
 Leland Stanford's much too far:
 We won't teach at any college,
 If we can't teach at Bryn Mawr."
C. R. F. '95, M. H. R., '96.

TOPICAL SONG

You've heard of Wellesley and of
 Smith and Vassar too, I trow,
 Where learning sits resplendent on
 each maiden's classic brow,
 But one alone among them all stands
 on a different par,
 Though learning be their dowry, 'tis
 the birth-right of Bryn Mawr.

CHORUS.

Then down, all ye colleges, and worship
 at her shrine,
 She may not be perfection, but she gets
 there every time.
 And we, her truest worshippers, her
 praises sound afar—
 The great, the wise, the only one, the
 College of Bryn Mawr.

Now from this source of sapience a
 work doth emanate
 That seeketh all this wisdom in itself to
 concentrate—
 But alas! the torch of genius that has
 erstwhile burnt so bright
 Has somewhat paled, and almost failed
 the LANTERN to re-light.

CHORUS.

Then down fell the LANTERN, there
 was nothing in the crypt
 When those who watched it daily, daily
 found its cavern stripped.
 Then help us, ye Bryn Mawrtys all,
 our enterprise to boom,
 Pray let us have a LANTERN, to illu-
 minate the gloom.

In Denbigh Hall there lived a maid of
 morals most depraved,
 It really was most scandalous the way
 that girl behaved.
 That she was unregenerate she showed
 in brazen style,
 For once in "quiet hours" she did
 loudly crack a smile.

CHORUS.

Then down came the Reprimand, the
 fall thereof was great,
 But still the maiden smiled and was
 most unregenerate.
 Now in the humble domicile of one
 Miss A. McKim,
 That sinful maiden still smiles on, sar-
 donic smiles, and grim.
C. R. F., '95, C. McC., '96.

—

CLASS SONG, 1900

I.

On a hill there stands a college
 Famed as fair Bryn Mawr,
 Where we maidens all for knowledge,
 Come from near and far.
 Lovely there her halls are seen,
 Girded by the campus green;
 Of colleges she is the queen,
 Forever dear Bryn Mawr.

CHORUS.

Alma Mater, oh! how we love thee,
 In thy praise we sing;
 Alma Mater, none are above thee,
 Tribute all we bring.

Alma Mater others will call thee,
As the swift years pass,
But none will ever be more true
Than this our glorious class.

II.

So through the years with great ap-
plause
We Nineteen Hundred go.
For we are twentieth century girls,
And this we'd have you know;
And though they call us naughty-
naught,
We always do just as we ought,
Remembering everything we're taught,
This class of Nineteen Hundred. CHO.

Mary Wood, 1900.

CLASS SONG, '99

I.

Bryn Mawr, fount of wisdom fair,
Alma Mater strong and great,
Song and praise and honor, all we
have are thine.
Never shall our voices fail,
Never shall our love abate,
While we sing to thee, Bryn Mawr,
and Ninety-nine.

CHORUS.

Bryn Mawr, Bryn Mawr, sing to Bryn
Mawr!
Bright and ever brighter may she
shine!
And where'er in life we meet, we will
raise our song again,
In the praise of thee, Bryn Mawr,
and Ninety-nine.

II.

Every victory we shall gain,
Basket-ball, or knowledge rare,
Every trophy shall we bring unto
thy shrine;
Since whatever path we take,
'Tis thy love that guides us there;
May thy fame be greater yet for
Ninety-nine.—CHO.

III.

After we have left thy halls
Other classes here shall dwell.
Other hands for thee the laurel
wreath shall twine;
Thou shalt be by those to come,
As thou hast been in the past,
Never better loved than now by
Ninety-nine.—CHO.

Lillie Deming Loshe, '99.

CLASS SONG, '98

(Air: Toreador Song from Carmen.)

Come, friends, and raise our banner
high aloft,
Yellow and white, yellow and white,
Long may it shed o'er us its radiance
soft—
Emblem of wisdom and light.
Here's to Alma Mater dear,
To her, all hail!
To her, Bryn Mawr, all hail!

When from these halls we sadly part
for aye,
Good friends and true, proved Nine-
ty-eight:

Still may we see her banner in the sky
Cheer us whate'er be our fate.

Here's to Alma Mater dear,

To her, all hail!

To her, Bryn Mawr, all hail!

Hannah T. Carpenter, '98.

CLASS SONG, '97

Classmates, raise your voices high and
sing in eager chorus,
Sing of winters now gone by, and sea-
sons still before us,
Memories of happy days,
Memories of battle frays,
These together in our lays,
We sing with Ninety-seven.

CHORUS.

Sing to Bryn Mawr, Alma Mater dear,
Sing to classes coming every year,
Cheer them all, give our call, we are
here,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for Ninety-
seven!

Freshman, Sophomore, Junior years,
here we've passed together,
Reverend Seniors now are we, Orals
did we weather,

Here's to our Self-Government,
Here's to our Class President,
Now let our last breath be spent
In cheering Ninety-seven.—CHO.

Side by side and hand in hand, sing to
Alma Mater,

Hoping that to her we'll prove each a
worthy daughter,

Sing to this our parting year,

Sing to future meetings here,

Now together give our cheer,

Hurrah for Ninety-seven!—CHO.

Clara Warren Vail, '97.

O FAIR BRYN MAWR

O fair Bryn Mawr, how fair thou art!

We love thy sunny skies,

The rolling line of distant hills,

The flush where daylight dies.

We love thy campus, spreading green,

Or piled with drifting snow;

We love thy halls, that stand serene

While classes come and go.

All these, O fair Bryn Mawr, are dear,

But much more dear art thou,

Honor and Truth in thy clear eyes

And Rev'rence on thy brow.

With loyal hearts, O fairest far,

To thee our song we'll raise;

Long may thy daughters worthy be!

Live thou through endless days!

C. S. N., '99.

98





· THE · LANTERN ·

· DRYN MAWR ·

1898

THE LANTERN

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

1898

7

EDITORS

GEORGIANA GODDARD KING, '96
Editor-in-Chief

AGNES PERKINS, '98

CONTENT SHEPARD NICHOLS, '99

LILLY DEMING LOSHE, '99

LOUISE BUFFUM CONGDEN, 1900

EDITH GOODELL, 1900
Business Manager

KATE ELIZABETH WILLIAMS, 1900
Assistant Business Manager

MARGARETTA MORRIS, 1900
Treasurer

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>Frontispiece : Thou Gracious Inspiration</i>	
<i>Grace Lattimer Jones, 1900</i>	
Editorial	7
James Thomson..... <i>Agnes Perkins, '98</i>	12
Nursery Rhymes..... <i>Mary Helen Ritchie, '96</i>	27
The Friendship of the Mountains	
<i>Catharine Tomlinson Bunnell, '98</i>	28
Afterwards	32
<i>C. H., '98</i>	
Bacchylides	33
<i>Beatrice Reynolds</i>	
Rosemary : Her Fairy Story.....	38
<i>Cora Hardy, '98</i>	
On an Archaic Greek Tomb.....	48
<i>Georgiana Goddard King, '96</i>	
To the Islands of the Blest.....	49
<i>Isabel Ely Lord</i>	
There's a Sound of a Going.....	58
<i>Content Shepard Nichols, '99</i>	
The Children of Izanagi.....	59
<i>Michi Matsuda, '99</i>	
Temperaments.....	63
<i>E. L. Fanshawe, '99</i>	
From the Records of a New England Town..	64
<i>Mary L. Fay, '97</i>	
The Mirror.....	72
<i>Edith Franklin Wyatt, '96</i>	
Alta Petens.....	75
<i>Margaretta Morris, 1900</i>	
A Côté du Bonheur.....	76
<i>Ellen Rose Giles, '96</i>	
Collegiana ...	86
Leviore Plectro.....	96

♫ • COLLEGE HYMN • ♪

Thou Gracious Inspiration, our guiding star,
Mistress & Mother, All hail Dyrn Mawr! Goddess of wisdom, thy
torch divine doth beacon thy votaries
to thy shrine. And we, thy daughters, would thy
vestals be, thy torch to consecrate eternally.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The piano part is written in a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The lyrics are written in a Gothic-style font and are placed between the staves. The score is framed by a decorative border with floral and scrollwork motifs.

THE LANTERN

No. 8

BRYN MAWR

JUNE, 1898

EDITORIAL

THREE centuries and a quarter are past since the young Francis Bacon left his careful, interfering, pious, anxious mother, to be entered at Trinity College. No record has survived of the advice that the sorely troubled lady wrote him when he was established there; but I fancy quite easily the sort—mingled of injunctions about his bed-time and his prayers, full of care for his usually delicate health and his always imperilled soul. I suspect that she was not really more anxious while her sons were at Cambridge than in later years when one was in Paris, or both were at Gray's Inn; and I am very sure that neither Lady Bacon nor anyone else expected even the younger to prove himself in conduct or in study especially childish, although he was but twelve years old. He was not, probably, the only boy of that age, and he must have seen many about him who reckoned a bare fourteenth or sixteenth birthday; but he saw also men of thirty and forty in the same pursuits, along with whom he moved on precisely the same footing, the same degree of intelligence being expected of him as of them. Only in the very special sense of the anti-Aristotelians, the contemners of formal logic, could one claim that the masters at the universities set their students down to schoolboy tasks. One must, therefore, concede that boys then knew how to do men's work.

These last five years the student body at Bryn Mawr, as elsewhere, has found itself carried back, like a river in the tide-water country, somewhat nearer toward the beginning of things; has discovered a new and irresistible tendency to plunge into college, from year to year, at an age ever more tender. A lad of my acquaintance, being ready to enter Harvard at fourteen, was led about Europe for three years by his parents before they would leave him at the university. On the other hand, I have known a number of girls who were not yet sixteen when they arrived at Bryn Mawr. That this should be, looks like a

return of women to what was, after all, in Bacon's instance, a mediæval survival, and has now and then the same advantage, of overpassing early the undergraduate years and leaving not only much time but much youth, in which to achieve a splendid scholarship. Scholarship, after all, means for us classical attainment, and the dead languages are the single field in which minds still immature can be occupied without waste or misemployment of the hour. For those who aim at scholarship in the old-fashioned sense of the word, the advantage in early matriculation is greatly preponderant.

These are not, of course, all, or even the greater part, of the students here. Many who enter each year mean, in their own phrase, to go into science; many more bend themselves to history and economics. And there are those, lastly, who are given over to simple appreciation—to the criticism of literature, in the modern languages, and of life, in metaphysics. All these moderns find it a graver disadvantage to be, in the famous idiom, "a good green thing." Work in the natural sciences, where it advances beyond such simple observation as one learned in kindergarten the method of, is a matter of the estimation of evidence, joined with the faculty—closely akin to the creative artist's—of guessing happily. The judgment, which appears comparatively late and comes very slowly to maturity, is the main instrument of all Mill's "sciences of human nature." And the analytical and critical powers demanded for the study of literature and philosophy, as they are involved in the ideal of the scholar, so they are best developed by the strictly scholarly preoccupations. For the name of scholarship does not limit the student to philological or grammatical knowledge, the acquisition of which bears, of course, to the real understanding of even Greek and Latin authors, precisely the same relation which a command of the syllogism bears to the powers of metaphysical speculation. It is then doubly regrettable that the entering classes should come in younger: the older standards should go out. They are the more missed—the pride which felt a false quantity a stain, and had Horace at least by heart: the ambition to quote Anacreon with felicity, and to possess in Latin what might be honourably called a prose style.

For the sake of the new-comers the first years' work has been simplified. They run little risk, under the careful direction offered, of spending their energies on a wrong ramification, and the quiz and the recitation are more common than six years since. There is an appreciable loss of picturesque vagary. Not soon, I fear, shall we know another freshman like that one who, unwilling to read hastily *The Faery Queene*, omitted that spring to read it at all, and gravely accepting the consequent condition in her English, spent the summer months on

the adorable book. "Quizzers" and "demonstrators" have been multiplied, who fill amongst us the same place as the drill-sergeants in a regiment. And notwithstanding all this abbreviating and lightening of the mental strain inevitable in the intellectual life, one hears, from time to time, that certain students are by way of breaking down. A froth of talk like this comes up as on the crest of a wave, and drops again. Perhaps we are engulfed in such a wave, but if there are few reasons to prove we are, there are fewer instances. The reasons, also, are easier found.

It is paradoxical to the point of bewilderment, but it is true and necessary, to say: That the student should enter college very young, is and always must be bad for the whole mass of students then in college, yet the fact of so doing, presumably is and always must be good for each of those students. In the technical phrase, *she finds herself*. At the age of all possible the most plastic, she is subject to all sorts of desirable impressions. She apprehends the great words, the names to conjure with. How many students get here their earliest real knowledge of autonomy, and learn for the first time the sacred name of the Republic? To most, with the beginnings of college life comes the first freedom of movement; to many the liberty of choice is novel, even which of two frocks to wear at dinner, which of two churches to attend on Sunday. And of the need for decision an interest is born. The right of abuse is the greatest safeguard of our privileges. This in two ways: If one can cut a lecture at will, like Cæsar one "doth not wrong but with just cause:" and on the other hand, the inconvenience of making up the lost lecture, if one has been cutting, say, for a week of five days, throws a startling light on the theory of regular attendance.

As the great southern magnolia wears its old leaves till the new ones, fully formed and glossy in their bravery, push off in the spring those which have endured the entire winter, so that the tree wears at once the complete perfections of its kind, just so by the upward progress and continual replacement of persons the college insures its own wholeness, and by the intermixture of upper classmen with lower, gives a collective value to individual experience. The main anxiety of all the souls equally careful with Lady Bacon, would seem to be that the students, their daughters, appear to them no more adequate to decide matters alone than Francis and his brother Anthony seemed to their mother. It is, perhaps, worth while ourselves to pause on this point and rediscover in theory what we have learned from the frequent event, with how facile a grace we apprehend wisdom from our seniors in college and our own rule of thumb.

The two things hardest, for a freshman, to regard seriously, are exercise and bed, and from the neglect of these I am convinced arises in first intention

the cause of what is named overwork. Exercise is a matter rather of will than muscle : to shirk is almost as easy in a Swedish drill as in a walk seventy-five minutes long—curiously easy. But when one grows fagged, heavy and sluggish, one adventures some day a hard tramp or a long ride and makes a discovery as of the two Americas. Then, and only then, one understands, along with what is meant by the open road, what is called the value of exercise. The due ration of sleep, neither niggardly nor prodigal, even more certainly from its nature needs to be determined by the individual. As doctors do with potent drugs, each tries cautious tentatives till she knows the precise number of hours that keeps her in “fettle”—neither over-indulgent, since there is a habit of sleeping as abnormal, if not as degrading, as the habits of gluttony or opium-eating, nor so strictly ascetic as to leave her drowsy and unduly weary in the day-time. If one has been accustomed to putting away schoolbooks on the stroke of ten, there is an ineffable delight in the first surrender to the lust of finishing, in the first night that a quiz is prepared for, or an essay written, independent of the clock. The pleasure, however, like that of certain odours, does not outlast its novelty. For my own part, I would have every girl once in her college life stay all night up—and but once. The evening that runs away so strangely into midnight, the long hours, each slower than the last, that climb toward the height of night, which lies somewhere between two and three ; the syncopated hours that follow, hurrying pitilessly toward the intense blue of dawn, which becomes visible between one breath and the next ; the gradual paling of the hard light until the great clock-face glitters ; the sharp noises of awakening sparrows in the ivy as she goes to bed ; the brief, profound slumber ; and then the weary wakening with parched skin and smarting eyes—all these are delightful until the last, and that how immensely salutary !

The real inducement to sit up late of nights is not, as a rule, the pressure of a day too full of work, but a pleasant sense that the period between awaking and sleeping is indefinitely extensible. When out of the time for study one takes the early afternoon to go into the city, or the evening to gossip with a friend, it is with the thought that those two hours, or more, can be added after bedtime. The logic is as unwise as unwholesome. In proof I offer an apologue. A friend of mine, barred out by circumstances from college, had set himself at home to learn Greek. The grammar fairly grasped and Xenophon limped through, he went on to Thucydides with the resolve to read a certain number of pages daily, before going to bed. He read them duly for several days, but the over-large “stint” claimed excessive time and application. His brain as it tired moved more slowly. He found himself at night later and later in finish-

ing. He rose, perhaps, later, for the sake of some of the sleep forfeited ; at any rate, the task soon spilled over midnight, over dawn, lasted till long after breakfast of what should have been the following day. Behold my friend going to bed at three o'clock in the afternoon and rising as his family went upstairs for the night !

When the entering students find themselves, as by the new method to be tried next year, on the corridors and at table among their elders in standing, they are apt to be beguiled or shamed into good habits. It is uncommonly hard to lie on one's couch all the afternoon when the senior next door is starting out in her short, mouse colored skirt, and the garish aspect of one's lighted transome is almost indelicate when hers and one's neighbor's on the other side show only the soft dimness reflected from moonlight on the study floor.

In final disproof of any notion that we overwork, let me say that we rarely work too much. It is the custom here, in balancing the ledger of each day, not only to reckon the hours of lectures heard, but also to count into them the ten, often fifteen minutes of relaxation and gossip between them. And yet for all that, if one keeps an accurate and honest account of every further minute spent in the act of study, I believe that (barring those impassioned scholars of whom we are not worthy and of whom we have not many) one will find that one has not gone beyond the eight-hour day. And what the American working-man for his day's bread can do without complaint, surely the American woman, a worker likewise, if whole of body, sound of soul, can do for what she on her part desires—that *better bread than can be made with wheat*.

JAMES THOMSON

"The quality of the 19th century is not precisely naïveté," Théophile Gautier has said in his introduction to Baudelaire. It has become a truism at the end of the century to add that all unconscious acceptance of one self and the world as one finds it has everywhere given place to the spirit of analysis pervading the age. Men have analyzed themselves and the world until all the illusion that makes life pleasurable has, for many temperaments, at least, been taken away. The delight in life for mere life's sake that one feels there must have been when the foundations of the earth were laid, "when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy," has almost disappeared, and in its stead at the end of this 19th century there is the sorrow of a wiser generation which earnestly questions the value of that life.

And more than this, the self-analysis and the analysis of the world are no longer in any sense impersonal. There is added to them a self-consciousness destructive of all inward peace. In the autobiographical literature so characteristic of the decadent tendency of the age, this self-consciousness is supreme; there is none of the charming frankness of the Duchess of Newcastle, who wrote her life two centuries ago; begging "that my readers will not think me vain for writing my life since I do it not to please the fancy but to tell the truth, lest after ages should mistake, not knowing I was daughter to one Master Lucas of St. Johns near Colchester in Essex, second wife to the Lord Marquis of Newcastle; for my lord having had two wives I might easily have been mistaken, especially if I should die and my lord marry again." And even when she explains "what humour and disposition I was of," approaching more nearly direct self-analysis, she comes to it with the same delightful charm of an unconscious simplicity, "as for my disposition, it is more inclined to be melancholy than merry, but not crabbed or peevish melancholy, but soft, melting, solitary, and contemplating melancholy; and I am apt to weep rather than laugh, not that I do often either of them." The word is now no longer disposition, but temperament, a word come to be in itself far more subjective and expressive of the emotional attitude that a man now assumes toward himself.

One has no longer the unconsciousness of Lady Margaret, but, as an extreme example, the diseased "sensibility" of Marius, of a temperament that broods continually upon itself and its peculiar needs. And when such temper-

aments turn to an analysis of the world, they consider it no longer objectively, but only in its subjective effect upon their diseased sensibilities.

The consequence of these tendencies in such temperaments is twofold. The constant analysis that reduces the world to chaos and takes the vital force from old delights, till men question the worth of life itself, stops action for the time and tends even to paralyze it permanently. A life more and more tends to be one of contemplation not of action. To quote Théophile Gautier again upon the literary man: "*L' action chez lui s'arrête, il ne vit plus, il est le spectateur de la vie.*" And the self-consciousness that goes with this contemplation dwells for the most part upon the ennui that comes from the barrenness and pettiness of all things as revealed to the supercritical spirit, until the sense of it becomes intolerable, and unrest is the distinguishing quality of the contemplative life. In some this unrest expresses itself in a passionate longing for pleasures new and altogether real, and one has the morbid, insatiable cravings of Baudelaire.

" Nous voulons, tant ce feu nous brûle le cerveau,
Plonger au fond du gouffre, enfer ou ciel, qu'importe,
Au fond de l'Inconnu pour trouver du *nouveau* ! "

For others, men of less vitality than such as Baudelaire, recourse to the artificial life of new and various sensation is not possible. To them there remain only useless regrets for the old ideals outworn and cast aside, together with a sense of present suffering in the midst of a meaningless existence; and for the future, hopelessness.

" Where Faith and Love and Hope are dead indeed,
Can life still live? By what doth it proceed ? "

Action is for them impossible; there is no end, no impetus; a paralysis of all their powers results at last; the sense of ennui deepens to a consciousness of veritable death-in-life. It is to these most of all that the bitter cry of the Preacher echoes and re-echoes from the centuries: *Vanitas vanitatum*.

Among such James Thomson belongs, and one sees in him the highest development of the possible evils latent in these two tendencies of the age. Never was a life-failure less due to external circumstances, more plainly the result of a lack of inward harmony; one sees at once in him the disparity between his desires and his possibilities. His instinct was that of a very ordinary Englishman of the middle class, was desire for the purely material pleasures of an active life, pleasures oftentimes expressive of the banal; and these pleasures were once for all rendered void for him by an intellect keenly analytical and skeptical, that proved their essential worthlessness; in effect, all capacity for enjoying them

was denied to a temperament of extraordinary sensibility, whose chief characteristic was a "brooding introspectiveness amounting with him almost to a disease." Whether he would or not, he was destined to a contemplative life.

It is the development of this inward life that one watches with a sense almost of sacrilege as it crushes out the little vitality belonging to the man, and removes him farther and farther from "the glow, the thrill of life" for which he longs, until at last so wholly does this brooding introspectiveness seem to separate itself from any vital reality without, that one seems to be watching an isolated consciousness, without the sense of any physical reaction in the man himself. Quite apart from the tragedy of the incessant mental suffering that accompanies this slow "unfolding the capacities of his spirit," one feels an added element of tragedy in the fact that whatsoever fine and enduring there is in him is due to the intensity of his suffering, that whatsoever banal results from the natural bent which, could he have followed it, would have made his happiness. And the man is conscious always that no fame, no recognition which will have come to him solely because of the sufferings of that inner life, can ever compensate for the loss of the real life that could have come to him only through such happiness, banal though it might be.

"In all eternity I had one chance,
One few years' term of gracious human life.
* * * * *

And this sole chance was frustrate from my birth,
A mockery, a delusion; and my breath
Of noble human life upon this earth
So racks me that I sigh for senseless death.
My wine of life is poison mixed with gall,
My noonday passes in a nightmare dream,
I worse than lose the years which are my all;
What can console me for the loss supreme?"

It is a strange phantasy in which Thomson has chosen to express his first possession by the curse

"Of such fierce consciousness
Of personal being as is lunacy,
As not to know is perfectly to be."

The state of mind that he represents is a possible outcome of much introspection—a consciousness of absolute solitariness, as the world seems wholly to recede and leave one with a sense of the reality of nothing but oneself. As his concrete imagination has expressed it, "a Siren Sorrow" annihilates for him the

whole world. In the midst of the crowded thoroughfares he is alone, and there come to him as mere phases of his isolated consciousness, the fantastic and delirious dreams into which she has transformed the sights and sounds about him.

"I perceived them merely as phantasmagoria, fleeting bubbles and cloud-shadows on the hurrying river of time. * * * The world was a great theater; life but a carnival masquerade and drama, with irony for the secret of its plot; the passions were all mimetic, none of the personages were what they appeared, all was illusion and mockery."

Yet, with an irony that is the essence of such "Siren Sorrow," while still concealing, as in a dream, the proper nature of the sights of sin and sorrow of the world, for an instant now and then she removes the shadow that obscures: "she showed the fire raging under the earth's thin vesture of green grass broided with flowers, and the skeleton padded with raw flesh beneath the skin of the beautiful—she laughed back the world into chaos." For it is the bane of such self-consciousness that while for a time it may make dim, as things in a dream are dim, the beauties and the horrors of the outer world, yet it tends ultimately to heighten one's perception of the horrors to the exclusion of the beauties. For so much does this constant introspection, by dwelling on one's own sensations, add to the extraordinary sensibility of an unusual nature, that sooner or later every discord in outward things arouses in one so intense a pain that the substantial reality of the external world, and the sorrow of that reality, become altogether oppressive.

And but a little after the manifestation of the "Siren Sorrow" all illusion for Thomson wholly passes away. "The innumerable armies of woes, sins, fears, despairs, the dreadful legions of all the realities," pours in upon a nature sensitive to the slightest jar in the harmony of things. "The earth was become massy, substantial, intolerably oppressive, a waking nightmare." It is now that intellect and temperament alike combine to draw him straight onward through the phases of "dead faith, dead hope," to the haunts of his pessimistic creed and to the black despair that accompanies it.

The quick intelligence seizes upon the materials that crowd in upon him through the senses. Awake, fully conscious of the life enacted before him, he finds himself standing in impotent questioning before the "Sphinx in the desert of Life, whose enigma is destruction to all who cannot interpret, and a doom more horrible before destruction to him who does interpret." It is here that James Thomson is fatally linked to the Brotherhood of Sorrow that traverses the streets of the City of Dreadful Night.

“What men are they who haunt these fatal glooms
 And fill their living mouths with dust of death,
 And make their habitations in the tombs,
 And breathe eternal sighs with mortal breath,
 And pierce life's pleasant veil of various error
 To reach that void of darkness and old terror
 Wherein expire the lamps of hope and faith ?

“They are most rational and yet insane :
 An outward madness not to be controlled ;
 A perfect reason in the central brain,
 Which has no power, but sitteth wan and cold,
 And sees the madness, and foresees as plainly
 The ruin in its path, and trieth vainly
 To cheat itself, refusing to behold.

“The saddest and the weariest men on earth.”

It is a strange city of their habitation!

“The City is of Night ; perchance of Death,
 But certainly of Night ; for never there
 Can come the lucid morning's fragrant breath
 After the dewy dawning's cold grey air ;
 The moon and stars may shine with scorn or pity ;
 The sun has never visited that city,
 For it dissolveth in the daylight fair.

“Dissolveth like a dream of night away ;
 Though present in distempered gloom of thought
 And deadly weariness of heart all day.
 But when a dream night after night is brought
 Throughout a week, and such weeks few or many
 Recur each year for several years, can any
 Discern that dream from real life in aught ? ”

Waste marshes, moorland black, and stony ridges, gird the City west and south ; to north and west, black uplands, black ravines, enormous mountains ; “and eastward rolls the shipless sea's unrest.” Amidst the baleful gloom, the soundless solitudes immense “of ranged mansions dark and still as tombs,” silence and deep darkness reign ; and through the dim and silent streets, “regardless, wrapt in thoughts as in a veil,” men sadly wander

“Or sit foredone and desolately ponder
 Through sleepless hours with heavy drooping head.”

Although it is the temperament of Thomson that has so far been considered in the stress upon his introspection and extreme sensibility, it has already been said that with it a critical and analytical intellect combined in the development

of his contemplative life. And the pessimistic creed that is the outcome of the "desolate pondering" upon the mysteries of life and death must not be considered as the fruit of his emotional nature alone. There is clear, logically developed argument in *The City of Dreadful Night*. But so little metaphysical, so wholly practical, is the bias of Thomson's intellect, that the main question involved in his religious scepticism is no metaphysical difficulty as to the existence of a God, but a question based wholly upon the balance of good and evil in the world. In such an issue temperament must determine the conclusions of "the perfect reason in the central brain." To wholly deny, however, the "truth" of a pessimistic view of life, because it is ultimately the outcome of temperament, is to mistake the real foundation of all theories of life. There are degrees and degrees of personal bias in creeds, but they are all, one might suggest, either accepted because suited, ultimately, to one's temperament, or evolved for oneself, as, ultimately, again, one's temperament may dictate. It is a wholly unwarranted assumption to maintain that creeds adopted with the sanction of that part of our temperaments which we call the intellect have any greater intrinsic truth than those adopted with the sanction of that which we call temperament in a narrower sense, meaning the emotions.

Except through the medium of one's own feeling in the matter, one cannot argue as to the pain or pleasure of the world. Upon this feeling optimism or pessimism must depend. The man whose capacity for pleasure far exceeds his capacity for pain will reason that the world is fair. The truth for him is such, the truth for another is different. As to which is really "true," the critic who possesses a still different point of view cannot decide. A list of averages might determine a general truth, in regard to which a normal and abnormal point of view might be distinguished; and it is to such a general truth, arrived at in a less statistical way than a *list of averages* might imply, that Matthew Arnold refers when he speaks of Leopardi's criticism of life as less healthful and less *true* than that of Wordsworth.

But the philosophy of Thomson is not, as it is in the case of his master, Leopardi, the result of purely personal suffering. The key to the pessimism of Leopardi is simple; a longing for strong and various sensation, opposed to a constitution, of all possible the least adapted to endure it, and, furthermore, tormented by incessant suffering. And this contradiction made objective and universal is the sum and substance of his creed. The creed of Thomson is infinitely more complex, the result of causes difficult to analyze, of a temperament naturally melancholic, but melancholic as much from a sensitiveness to the sufferings of others as from the experience of purely personal suffering; and

of an intellect actively argumentative and questioning. And though temperament it certainly is that gives ultimate assent to the creed of pessimism, and though the subjective mode of its embodiment may lead one to think it a more personal creed than Leopardi's, let no one doubt it is a creed, according to his powers, reasoned.

Thomson, while feeling his own strongly, yet realizes the logical possibility of other points of view as Leopardi never does. His intellect is far more independent of his feeling. In reply to a characteristic letter from George Eliot, in which she regrets his lack of a "wider embrace of human fellowship," and the little that *The City of Dreadful Night*, despite its "distinct vision and grand utterance," can add to "the quantum of human good," he says: "I am aware that the truth of midnight does not exclude the truth of noonday, though one's nature may lead him to dwell in the former rather than the latter." And even when the possibility of another point of view is not directly before his consciousness, there is a systematic development and philosophic thoroughness in Thomson's creed that is wholly lacking in that of Leopardi.

In the midst of the degraded humanity about him he is continually seeking what First Cause, what God could justify its being, and at last he repudiates Him with the denunciation of one whose faith is sinking beneath the horrors of those sights.

"Who is most wretched in this dolorous place?
I think myself; yet I would rather be
My miserable self than He, than He
Who formed such creatures to His own disgrace.

"The vilest thing must be less vile than Thou
From whom it had its being, God and Lord!
Creator of all woe and sin! abhorred,
Malignant and implacable! I vow

"That not for all Thy power, furled and unfurled,
For all the temples to Thy glory built,
Would I assume the ignominious guilt
Of having made such men in such a world."

In Omar Khayyàm there is an acquiescence—a resentful acquiescence, it seems, as Vedder has interpreted it—in the generations of mankind pouring endlessly on with sullen faces, unknowing whence or whither; an acquiescence with all the dignity of a noble renunciation, as one may interpret it.

"Oh, Thou, who man of baser earth didst Make,
And ev'n with Paradise, devise the Snake;
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blackened—Man's Forgiveness give—and take!"

For Thomson no such acquiescence is possible. For him there comes to be no logical and no psychological force in the theory of a living and good God, still less of a wicked "Master of the Show" pleased by the terrible spectacle of the tragedy of human life.

"As if a Being, God or Fiend, could reign,
At once so wicked, foolish, and insane,
As to produce man when He might refrain!"

And with the dying out of his theistic faith the sense of the eternal impassivity of nature in the face of the quivering pain of humanity—a sense that fills all men, however insensible at times, with impotent rebellion—only serves to deepen a belief, becoming to him both inevitable and reasonable, in a dumb, blind, soulless force, regardless of its work:

"The world rolls round forever like a mill;
It grinds out death and life and good and ill;
It has no purpose, heart, or mind or will.

"While air of Space and Time's full river flow
The mill must blindly whirl unresting so:
It may be wearing out, but who can know?

"Man might know one thing were his sight less dim;
That it whirls not to suit his petty whim,
That it is quite indifferent to him.

"Nay, does it treat him harshly as he saith?
It grinds him some slow years of bitter breath,
Then grinds him back into eternal death."

With the final acceptance of his necessitarian creed there enters into *The City of Dreadful Night* a calmness of despair that is far more tragic than any possible unrest or consciousness of suffering the most intense. It is infinitely worse than the mocking laughter that embitters the bitterness of Leopardi's creed, for there is here no cause for bitterness; it is far more tragic than the rejoicing in the fruitful grape, after the sadness of the search for "none or bitter fruit," for there is here no strength for the rejoicing. It is the total crushing out of courage and of hope that one feels in the words of comfort that the "great sad voice" of the preacher utters to his brethren in the gloomy city, to those whose lives have been but "some slow years of bitter breath."

"Good tidings of great joy, for you, for all: . . .
It was the dark delusion of a dream,
That living Person conscious and supreme,
Whom we must curse for cursing us with life;
Whom we must curse because the life He gave
Could not be buried in the quiet grave, . . .
Lo, you are free to end it when you will."

It is this hopelessness deepening and concentrating itself to its final expression in the magnificent climax of *The City of Dreadful Night* that makes the poem the most intensely pessimistic utterance of the century. There is an element of sadness in the writings of all who have sought, in this questioning age, with any real earnestness to find the truth. There is a sense of hopelessness that comes from a continual sense of hope deferred, in all who face the enigma of the Sphinx.

But in lowest depths there is a lower deep, which one finds in the concentrated despair that only Thomson can describe, the despair that comes of the realization that things are inevitably what they seem, that there is no mystery to solve because the face of the Sphinx is blank. One reads it all in each heavily-dragging word, with which he has copied the *Melancholia* who sits—

“Fronting the dreadful mysteries of time,
Unvanquished in defeat and desolation,
Undaunted in the hopeless conflagration
Of the day setting on her baffled prime.

“But as if blacker night could dawn on night,
With tenfold gloom on moonless night unstarred,
A sense more tragic than defeat or blight,
More desperate than strife with hope debarred,
More fatal than the adamant Never
Encompassing each passionate endeavour,
Dawns glooming on her tenebrous regard :

“The sense that every struggle brings defeat
Because Fate holds no prize to crown success ;
That all the oracles are dumb or cheat
Because they have no secret to express ;
That none can pierce the vast black veil uncertain
Because there is no light beyond the curtain ;
That all is vanity and nothingness.”

So intense has the strain of incessant thought and feeling been that has brought James Thomson to these depths of pessimism, that thought and feeling themselves, as well as all physical vitality, have become almost benumbed in his later poetry. Here one finds a total apathy unbroken by a desire save for “speedy death in full fruition.”

“Such hope or wish was as a feeble spark,
A little lamp's pale glimmer in a tomb,
To just reveal the hopeless deadly dark
And wordless horror of my soul's fixed doom.”

But James Thomson was not, at least was not actively, the destroyer of his own life. One has seen only the despair that of itself must have led to his destruction ; but opposing itself to this despair is the constraining power of his wonderful imagination. For whether or not his sufferings have been intensified by the concreteness with which they have taken form and color, they have at least found indubitable relief in embodying themselves in sombre imaginations. It was this that restrained from "death in full fruition," and it is in his poetry that one finds whatever real power of life there was in the man, at best a power of keeping alive rather than of life.

"Songs in the Desert ! Songs of husky breath !
 And undivine Despair ;
 Songs that are Dirges, but for Life not Death,
 Songs that infect the air
 Have sweetened bitterly my food and wine,
 The heart corroded and the Dead Sea brine.

So potent is the word, the Lord of Life,
 And so tenacious Art
 Whose instinct urges to perpetual strife
 With Death, Love's counterpart ;
 The magic of their music, might and light,
 Can keep one living in his own despite."

That this poetry, this art, is to Thomson less real life than a power of keeping alive is due precisely to that fundamental lack of harmony between his desires and his powers, which has been already spoken of as making an element of tragedy in Thomson's history quite apart from the tragedy involved in the sufferings of his mental life considered alone. Active sensuous living in spontaneous reaction to the outer world would have been his choice ; impassioned contemplation, the subtle analysis of thought and feeling, the travail that comes upon an artist in expressing these subtleties, could be to him but an apology for life. This personal bias is felt in his whole theory of art. The highest—note the term of value—expression is life, he maintains ; the full and free going out of a man's being, in spontaneous action. Where full abundant vitality is present, man does not sing but live his pleasure ; when such vitality is not, a man may find only a partial consolation in the shadowing forth of life ; and Art is but the refuge of such men as cannot live. "Browning gives the whole philosophy of the matter in one pregnant verse, 'Sing : "Riding's a joy !"—for me, I ride.'"

Thus, when he attains with studied effort to the most perfect shadowing forth of life, the artist—now a watcher, not an actor—is most wholly isolated from

sympathy with the more instinctive delights of his fellow men ; is farthest away from the true feeling of the life that he represents ; and suffers a dearth of real joy, for which no exquisite beauty of word and line can compensate. And such sense of isolation, no consciousness of the superiority of thought and imagination which has made the greatness of his genius can alleviate. Because—and in the grimly materialistic analysis of the elements of man's deepest life one feels the real worthlessness of his highest powers for one who has found beneath all beauty the skeleton that makes the beauty worthless:—

“ As for the superiority, he knows its true value. He knows into what magnificent thought and imagination an extra ounce of brain will beat out, for what grand creations an inch more breadth in the curve of the skull will make room. He knows that he is great only in comparison, and in a comparison whose standard of measurement is small as small can be ; he knows that he is a giant like the King of Liliput, almost a nail's breadth taller than any of his subjects, striking awe into the beholder.”

Truly, from such a point of view the banal and the exalted cease to differ.

Yet for the observer there are heights and depths, and one finds them in his poetry as one seemed to find them in the man, the height again corresponding to the intensest suffering of his inner life, the depth, to that which one has called banal in the natural bent toward the material pleasures of his class. There is little use in pausing to consider the poetry that belongs only to this class, the poetry where he has most nearly portrayed the active life that he would have chosen. It is a fall into bathos from the heights of the wonderful City where his vision seems to extend to the wonders and the horrors of the universe, and where alone he attains to his best expression, an expression singularly sustained and noble, with a might and music all its own.

But one element of this distinctly sensuous side of Thomson's nature persists throughout his poetry. In all that he has written there is a remarkable openness of the sense to every variation of light and sound and colour in the world about him. The faculty, where wholly sensuous, shows itself in a sharpened apprehension of all the quivering life and light of the outer world, in poetry almost Keats-like in its joyous warmth and brightness.

“ Waking life when golden morning glows,
As young and pure and glad as if the first
That ever on the void of darkness burst
With ravishing warmth and light ;
On dewy grass and flowers and blithe birds singing,
And shining waters, all enraptured springing,
Fragrance and shine and song, out of the womb of night.”

And even when the outer world is in part receded before the inner world which his "Siren Sorrow," introspection, builds for him, one finds even this dream-life transfused with the light and sound that his senses bring to it.

"Then she would lead me into labyrinthic caverns, shut in from the waters with marble doors, tapestried with mossy growths and long slender sea-blooms, purple and crimson and amber; floored with golden sand and iridescent shells; walled with emerald, roofed with crystal, lit with gleaming pearls and flashing precious stones,—and the walls waved like green waters, the sands quivered as through flowing streams, the gems shot out fiery sparkles, the cavern chambers was all athrob and full of murmurous sounds like the throbbing and the murmuring of the sea."

But it is in the poetry most wholly removed from all actual life of the outer world, the poetry that is most the product of his isolated inner life where his peculiarly concrete imagination creates its own surroundings, that one finds the highest development of this openness of sense. Here it would seem as if every power of perception were concentrated and heightened into the finer sensibility of a new inner vision. The consciousness of life and light is altogether transformed into an oppressive sense of the constraining, cramping presence everywhere of massy stone—and over all the "sombrous" gloom of a "deep, perfect night" holds sway.

"And soon the eye a strange new vision learns:
The night remains for it as dark and dense,
Yet clearly in the darkness it discerns
As in the daylight with its natural sense;
Perceives a shade in shadow not obscurely,
Pursues a stir of black in blackness surely,
See spectres also in the gloom intense.

"The ear, too, with the silence vast and deep
Becomes familiar though unreconciled;
Hears breathings as of hidden life asleep,
And muffled throbs as of pent passions wild,
Far murmurs, speech of pity or derision;
But all more dubious than the things of vision,
So that it knows not when it is beguiled."

There is a perfection in the expression of things almost inexpressible, at times, in the poetry of James Thomson, that comes most of all from this peculiar fineness of sensibility, but also from an equally fine sensitiveness to the most delicate and distinctive shades of expressiveness in words. He has gained for himself a vocabulary true to the subtlest variations of perception and feeling that constant introspection can discern: words of colour and of sound; words still more peculiarly his own that present no vision to the eye, but seem alive with

their import of an inward, almost indescribable, emotion. Throughout the description of the city of his habitation one has with a vividness hardly to be surpassed the effect of the varying darkness that prevails within the City's silent streets. But nowhere has he achieved more wonderfully the effect of the oppressive immensity and volume of that darkness than in the masterful use of the word "gloom" in the second of the lines that follow, with "loom" following close upon it, and the mere suggestion of the personal emotion in the "dismal" that ends the line.

" When the night its sphereless mantle wears
The open spaces yawn with gloom abysmal,
The sombre mansions loom immense and dismal,
The lanes are black as subterranean lairs."

But still more perfect, as an example of this power, are the few words that made one feel, as it seem no other words could do, the brooding silence that prevails in the "tremendous night," a silence so intense that one may hear the suspended latent life within it.

" Only the tingling silence of the gloom,
The muffled pulsing of the night's deep dread."

And again one feels in the final "dread" the suggestion of that desolate consciousness brooding upon itself with a depth of intimate feeling that adds tenfold to the intensity of the silence and the gloom.

The City of Dreadful Night is the product of a concrete visual imagination as well as of a "brooding introspectiveness." Architecturally, it consists of a series of pictures, in each of which no detail is lacking to completeness. Each, again, no matter how concrete, how objective, by suggestion rather than by direct expression conveys to one the distinct impression of the phase of consciousness that underlies it. There is space to show but two, but these the most perfect of them all, representative, both, of the final phase in the man's death-struggle with the hopeless problem of the universe. In the one, the brevity of each sharp, certain sentence seems to carve the clear-cut outline of a group of marbles; the brevity and simplicity of both word and sentence add to the clearness the effect of a classic calm. One finds no hint or suggestion of emotion; its absence only serves to add to an effect of concentrated blankness.

" Two figures faced each other, large, austere;
A couchant sphinx in shadow to the breast,
An angel standing in the moonlight clear;
Upon the cross-hilt of a naked sword
The angel's hands, as prompt to smite, were held;

His vigilant intense regard was poured
 Upon the creature placidly unquelled,
 Whose front was set at level gaze which took
 No heed of aught, a solemn trance-like look."

The watcher sinks into a stupor, but wakens at a clashing noise to find that the angel's wings have fallen and lie shattered.

"A warrior leaning on his sword alone
 Now watched the sphinx with that regard profound;
 The sphinx unchanged looked forthright, as aware
 Of nothing in the vast abyss of air."

Again, the watcher sinks into repose, again he is awakened by a clashing noise.

"The warrior's sword lay broken at his feet :
 An unarmed man with raised hands impotent
 Now stood before the sphinx, which ever kept
 Such mien as if with open eyes it slept."

Again the watcher sleeps ; a louder crash upstartles him.

"The man had fallen forward, stone on stone,
 And lay there shattered, with his trunkless head
 Between the monster's large quiescent paws,
 Beneath its grand front changeless as life's laws.

"The moon had circled westward full and bright ;
 And made the temple-front a mystic dream,
 And bathed the whole enclosure with its light,
 The sworded angel's wrecks, the sphinx supreme:
 I pondered long that cold majestic face
 Whose vision seemed of infinite void space."

But it is in the climax of *The City of Dreadful Night* that Thomson has attained the highest perfection of his power—not in the accuracy in the minutest detail with which he has copied Dürer's *Melancholia*, but in his interpretation of the inmost nature of her "sombre thought." All the earnestness of the struggle that he himself has fought, all the striving despite defeat, all the complete despair of a final bafflement he has there attributed to her in words surcharged with gloom, halting from the very weightiness of their meaning. It is in this most perfect expression of the darkness of his inmost consciousness that one finds his greatest artistic excellence ; it is in the sincerity of his suffering in the face of those "elder truths, sad truths, grand truths" that the curse of the *Mater Tenebrarum* has compelled him to know, that one finds the greatest excellence of the man himself. And it is the combination of the two in the ending of

The City of Dreadful Night that makes this one of the most noble and most artistically perfect of the pessimistic poems of an age of pessimistic utterance. It may well be quoted once again.

" Thus has the artist copied her, and thus
 Surrounded to expound her form sublime,
 Her fate heroic and calamitous;
 Fronting the dreadful mysteries of Time,
 Unvanquished in defeat and desolation,
 Undaunted in the hopeless conflagration
 Of the day setting on her baffled prime.

" Baffled and beaten back she works on still,
 Weary and sick of soul she works the more,
 Sustained by her indomitable will :
 The hands shall fashion and the brain shall pore
 And all her sorrow shall be turned to labour,
 Till Death the friend-foe piercing with his sabre
 That mighty heart of hearts ends bitter war.

" But as if blacker night could dawn on night,
 With tenfold gloom on moonless night unstarred,
 A sense more tragic than defeat and blight,
 More desperate than strife with hope debarred,
 More fatal than the adamant Never
 Encompassing her passionate endeavour,
 Dawns glooming in her tenebrous regard :

" The sense that every struggle brings defeat
 Because Fate holds no prize to crown success ;
 That all the oracles are dumb or cheat
 Because they have no secret to express ;
 That none can pierce the vast black veil uncertain
 Because there is no light beyond the curtain ;
 That all is vanity and nothingness."

Agnes Perkins, '98.

NURSERY RHYMES

From the Greek.

Sphinx, go away,
You that shriek in the night,
Go away from my sight,
Ill-named bird of prey,
To the swift-sailing ships of the sea.

CHORUS—"Tortoise, oh tortoise, pray what do you here?"

TORTOISE—"Yellow wool from Miletus I'm winding."

CHORUS—"But what of your children? They've perished, I fear."

TORTOISE—"From their fairy-white steeds they have leaped in the mere,
And their deaths in the sea they are finding."

Mary Helen Ritchie, '96.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE MOUNTAINS

You are sorry to pass the summer among the mountains, Rose? You would rather stay within sound of the sea? Once mountains were to me too, only big green humps, and I saw no reason for thinking land prettier sitting up than lying flat. But you would love all hills better if I could picture Dorset Hollow for you, as I saw it the afternoon little Jim Meheurin drove me to Miss Kezia's. May I try?

The air is sweet and the sky clear after long, rainy weeks; and the road that winds between the Green Mountains is bordered by snowy acres of buckwheat. It turns abruptly into the Hollow, runs between eight houses and across the brook in their midst, and dwindles to a mere track winding up Mt. Merton to the marble quarry—one white speck in the surrounding green. The village paths are paved with the white stone; each dwelling has marble for foundation, steps and gate-posts; one old square house is built of it, and even so is less dazzling than the others in their white paint. In the doorway of the house nearest to Mt. Merton a woman is spinning, and a child sits on the blue porch reading from a quaint, yellowed book a dialogue "Between Philomela and Orinda on Diligence." She runs at our approach; and dark hair and laughing blue eyes, pink frock and brown pinafore, disappear into the opposite house. Miss Kezia Gray stops spinning and comes to ask if I am very tired, and if the journey was not "quite a chore."

It is not the people who weary you, Rose, but the imprisoning hills? You should know them both. If you were older and had ever been ill, and tired of living, you would better understand the comfort of long days among the hemlocks, or with one's fingers trailing in the stream, and the three mountains sheltering this land-locked harbour of souls from haste, worry, and change. But you can find the gladness and the beauty now. The only sounds are the brook's laugh, the wind's answer from the trees, and the hum of Miss Kezia's wheel. She makes her own cloth; time is no slave-driver here.

Mrs. Wells comes from the marble house to investigate the village's one boarder; she asks me to tea in neighbourly fashion, and we talk over the news of the last fifty years. She chats of Laurella Kent, who lies stark and stiff on the table in thunder-storms; of big Jim Meheurin, who is West, no one knows whether above or below ground; of Mrs. Meheurin, who fetched home the two children, Martha and little Jim, and who is thought responsible for Big Jim's evil career—not that her neighbors have anything against her, but that they mis-

trust, when a woman puts her best foot as far forward as Mrs. Meheurin does, that she has a worse one to hide. Mr. Gray, my gossip says, brags of his daughter's beaux as if they'd been crops, and tells the countless women whom he tries to court how Kizzy was too good a darter to leave him, and had said to five men, including Jim Meheurin, "No! no! *no!*" She adds that Kizzy keeps him a widower, though there would be room enough on his family tombstone and in his heart—if he had one—for more than three wives; that she looks after Jim's children, and thinks the boy like his father, though, "thank Heaven," Mrs. Wells exclaims, "that he ain't!" The village still wonders why Miss Kezia did not go West with Jim, and whether she regrets her "No! no! *no!*"

Cannot such a morning make you glad, Rose?

Perhaps you realize the charm of the Hollow best standing in the clearing on the low slope of Long Mountain. Here in the burying-ground the pines grow in thick clumps, the turf is gay with asters, and the vines catch one's skirts to offer their berries. I am here at Mrs. Meheurin's funeral, for it would be the height of irreverence to stay away from a burial in the Hollow. A tall shaft near by bears the names of the first, second and third wives of Reuel Gray—Purliney, Lodoiske, and Cadelia. (No, Rose, it all exists.) You read—and enjoy—the epitaphs: "filial sons bemoarn their Sire dead," and the admonitory one, "Children, Remember the Tresurey of the Lord."

You have a keener feeling than enjoyment in afterwards surprising Miss Kezia and little Martha on the porch in their black dresses, the only vivid thing about them the love in the woman's eyes, as they rest on Mt. Merton flooded with gold.

Then there is the inner life of the house—making butt'nut maple sugar for the children at night, picking sweet peas in the garden while the catbirds call from the apple trees and Miss Kizzy makes white currant pies in the pantry window. And it is pleasant to stumble one night on a bit of romance, when I go to the kitchen for milk, and am stopped outside by a strange voice.

"I only came half to get the children; t'other half was for you."

"But I've just got rooted here, Jim."

"It's living so shut in gives you that feeling. You'll be all right once you're out of the Hollow."

"No, Jim, I'd do anything in reason for you, but I just couldn't live out of sight of Mother Merton." I slip away quickly.

Can you imagine the ride down the mountain, loveliest of all, child? It is the afternoon before the children leave us, and Mr. Gray has driven half the

village to the summit of Mt. Merton. We come down at sunset, and I ride with the little ones on a pine tree dragged after the wagon for a brake. We sweep through the birch woods, now and then walking for plunder of bark and berries, or for a peep at the hamlet far below. But most often the blue and green content the eye, and there is enough excitement in clinging to our pine, and enough employment in committing to memory all the day's joy. Plump, dumpy, jolly Mrs. Wells insists that my light dress will remember the ride longer than I, for pine stains are "fast." (But the gown was burned years ago and the recollection is in no whit destroyed.) On that trip old Reuel Gray almost asks me to marry him. He cares little for his daughter's keeping his house; why does Kezia feel that she must go on in the old rut? Have you the secret, Rose? Or do you think her life very sad with Jim and the children leaving next morning?

She bids them good-bye cheerfully, though later I catch her watching the mountains instead of turning her wheel. Her plan of life is fixed; and when her father would take me for a walk on my last morning there, she finds him other employment, and even styles him an old fool. Yet she keeps on the same kind terms with me. That afternoon she comes to the window where I am watching a magnificent storm: rivers of lightning gleam from zenith to horizon, and once and again we hear a tree struck on Mt. Jefferson. When at last the storm has left behind it a wonderful triple rainbow, she says:—

"You like traveling, don't you? But can't you understand anybody's staying in this one place just for the love of it? I believe I should die of home-sickness if I couldn't see whether Mother Merton's got on her nightcap or her best bonnet. I sometimes think I'll be sorry when I have to leave for Heaven."

You don't understand that, do you, Rose? You can't see how she had lived shut in by three commonplace mountains, loving them year after year till she had gained the power to read their signs, and her human self had become so adjusted to them that her feelings were a good barometer, and her moods changed with the hills from storm to sun. It would cost too much of our lives to realize such kinship; but of her friendship for the three I knew something, at least. My college town was among the hills; and when in the first years of teaching I grew homesick, it was not for family or friends or the strong, wide sea beside which I grew up, that I longed, but always for a slope beneath the maples, a wooded gulph, a line of distant hills. One loves the sea, as the throng of a city, and may find it in other places. But mountains are like near friends, all the dearer for being patient and dumb. The sea's roar calls one back to it, and it sends its messages in each shell; but no voice from the mountains answers one's

inexpressible longing for them. Some time, Rose, you will go to my college, and leave it, and then you will know.

Was Miss Kezia happy? I think she was. The mountains were good to her and she did not know how much life she had missed. It is the Tree of Knowledge which shuts Paradise to us while it opens up the world.

But your lesson was finished an hour ago, and I have an engagement. You know what to study for next time. By the way, there's an odd epilogue to my pastoral, in a letter Mrs. Wells wrote me.

"Mr. Gray took to his bed when you left us: Kizzy said it was dyspepsia, but you know where a man's heart is always located. Was it true, as gossip has it, that there might have been something to pay if his exemplary 'darter' had not once again said 'No! no! *no!*' Do come back; you seemed like one of us."

Did I say the mountains have no means of expression? They find one in the kindly, loving, patient folk who grow up under their teaching.

Catharine Tomlinson Bunnell, '98.

AFTERWARDS.

As in the dark I watched where Love lay dead,
My tears bedewed the tresses of his head ;
O too well loved and unforgotten Sweet,
Say, was it thou, there, sobbing at his feet ?

C. H., '98.

BACCHYLIDES

In the list of those whom the Alexandrians reckoned as the nine lyric poets of Greece the name of Bacchylides stands last ; probably because he was the youngest in point of time, not least in merit. The younger contemporary of Pindar and of his uncle Simonides, he wrote in the middle of the fifth century B. C. He was of the literary elect of his day, for with Simonides and Pindar he was invited to spend some time at the Court of Hieron of Syracuse. There he was in high favor with the monarch and hated as a rival by Pindar. His popularity continued from this time until about 500 A. D. Here the continuous tradition breaks off, and for fourteen hundred years no eye saw a complete poem of Bacchylides. There were but a few scattered quotations, of which the longest two were but ten or twelve lines each.

The veil has at length been lifted by the discovery in Egypt of a papyrus roll, which enables us once more to judge for ourselves what manner of poet was Bacchylides. The discovery was made by natives, to which fact the sadly mutilated condition of the papyrus may be ascribed. For it is one of the tricks of their trade to tear manuscripts into small pieces, thinking to get larger sums by selling each piece separately.

When this papyrus came into the possession of the British Museum, in December, 1896, it consisted of about two hundred torn fragments. The largest of these measured 20 inches in length and contained four and a half columns of writing. There were fourteen pieces of considerable size containing one or more columns ; the rest were small fragments ranging from pieces measuring a few inches in either direction to scraps containing barely one or two letters. For the most part the fractures were recent, probably the work of the Egyptian discoverers, but in a few places the completely different color of adjoining fragments shows that the break must be an old one. If the manuscript was deposited in a tomb, as is probable, though as to this nothing definite is known, the injury might have been done by ancient plunderers in search of treasure. The matter is not one of great importance, however, except as indicating that the modern discoverers are not solely to blame for the present condition of this precious manuscript.

The identification of the contents of the roll as the lost odes of Bacchylides was easy, through the occurrence of several of the previously known fragments. The work of establishing the true order of the lines was one of some time and difficulty, a task which Mr. F. G. Kenyon, assistant keeper of manuscripts in

the British Museum, has, with the help of other well-known English scholars, admirably performed. The result of their labors is the *editio princeps* of Bacchylides, which appeared in December, 1897, just a year after the discovery of the manuscript.

The total length of the papyrus as it has been arranged is 14 feet 9 inches. It contains thirty-nine columns varying in width from 4 to $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, each column consisting of about thirty-five lines. It is worth noting that these lines are much shorter than those adopted by the editors of Pindar, a fact of interest to students of metre. The letters are uncial, of moderate size, and exceedingly well formed. From them we are enabled to place the date of the manuscript at about the middle of the first century B. C. In all, the papyrus contains about one thousand and seventy lines, which are either perfect or easily restored. These lines form twenty poems: six, including three of the longest odes in the collection, are approximately complete; of eight more the exact length can be ascertained, but the amount preserved varies; of one a large portion (sixty-six lines) is preserved, while an equal amount is lost; five are but fragments from eight to twenty-three lines long, and their original length cannot be determined.

Of these twenty odes fourteen are Epinician, of a type that is already well known from the odes of Pindar. The remaining six represent a kind of Greek literature of which there have hitherto been no specimens. For though we have been familiar with the names of pæan, dithyramb and hymn we have known nothing of such poems at first hand. They seem to have been lyrical compositions essentially similar in character, distinguished chiefly in being addressed to different deities. Pæans belonged to Apollo, dithyramps to Dionysus, while hymns were addressed to any deity or might be devoted to the celebration of some hero without being religious in tone. In these six poems of Bacchylides we have perhaps examples of all three classes. Two, on account of the prominence given in them to Apollo, seem to be pæans. One, in which mention is made of Dionysus and Semele, may be a dithyramb. Two, which contain no addresses to deities, are doubtless hymns. The last poem of the collection is so imperfect that nothing can be surmised as to its probable character. These five poems are thus of unique interest. They offer an attractive field for profitable study and enable us to enlarge materially our limited knowledge of the branches of Melic poetry other than Epinician.

In his rank as a poet Bacchylides must suffer from the inevitable comparison with Pindar, a comparison which he himself challenges by several undoubted imitations of the greater poet. In the fifth Epinician, which com-

memorate the Olympian victory of Hieron, celebrated by Pindar in the first Olympian, is an eagle simile which recalls in many respects the celebrated Pindaric eagle of the second Pythian. Again, Bacchylides says: "I speak to him of wise counsels," *φρονέοντι συνετᾷ γάρυω*, as Pindar had said before him: "In my quiver are arrows that speak to the wise *φρονάεντα συνετῶιδιν*. The number of such passages, either direct imitations or unconscious reminiscences, is large. And in every instance the younger poet falls short of the older. Yet, as one of the ancient critics said of him, if he does not rise so high as Pindar, neither does he fall so low. He is an even poet, with easy, flowing rhythm. His style is graceful, his pictures clear, his narratives lively and dramatic. Perhaps a few selections will serve best to show his powers and his limitations.

One of the pæans (the XVII in Mr. Kenyon's edition), a story of Theseus conducting the Athenian youths and maidens to Crete, shows the poet at his best in both picture-making and story-telling, his two strongest points. Note the vividness of the opening lines:

"The dark-prowed ship cut the Cretan wave. On board was Theseus, the staunch of heart; with him the fourteen fair Athenian maids and youths. The blasts of Boreas fell on the glistening sail at the bidding of Athene of the warrior-shield. But the dread power of the Cyprian goddess troubled the heart of Minos."

Under the influence of the Cyprian goddess Minos attempts to approach Eriboea, one of the "fair-checked Athenian maids." At her cry Theseus turns with blazing eyes and swelling heart:

"Almighty Zeus' son, unholy is the design within thy heart. Restrain thy over-weening might. What fate the gods have portioned out to us, what destiny is duly ours, we will fulfil, when the time comes. But check thy grievous thought. What though the lovely child of Phœnix bore thee to Zeus upon the crest of Ida? I, too, am sprung from Pitheus' daughter and Poseidon, Lord of the Sea. And thee, ruler of the Cretans, I bid restrain thy grievous might. Far better were it I should ne'er again behold Dawn's lovely light than that any of these my charges should suffer at thy hands. Come to the contest with me if thou wilt, and God be judge between us."

The sailors, as well as the young Athenians, are aghast at Theseus' boldness. Minos, however, seems not to care for a personal encounter. Instead he calls upon his father Zeus to bear him witness that he is his son, and flings into the sea a ring, challenging Theseus, if he be in reality the son of Poseidon,

to go to his father's halls in search of it. Zeus, "wishing to honor his son, thunders mightily and sends the flashing lightning." Theseus, not waiting to utter even a word of prayer, leaps into the waves.

Minos is exultant and bids the sailors hasten on, thinking himself well rid of the intrepid thwarter of his designs. But Poseidon's dolphins bear Theseus in safety to his father's palace. He is led into the presence of "Amphitrite, Poseidon's well-loved bride," who sits surrounded by "the daughters of blessed Nereus. Their bodies gleam as with the gleam of fire, their hair is intertwined with fillets of braided gold; they gladden their hearts with the dancing of their supple feet."

Theseus is somewhat abashed in their presence, but Amphitrite reassures him. She then "casts about him a purple garment and places a wreath upon his unsullied brow, the wreath of dark roses which Aphrodite gave her on her nuptial day."

Thus honoured Theseus returns in triumph to the ship, to the chagrin of Minos and the delight of the youths and the maidens. "They shout with new-found joy. The deep re-echoes. The youths with clear voice sing a pæan of praise." The poem ends with a prayer to the Delian god to be propitious to the Cean chorus (which has sung the pæan), and to "grant them a god-sent fortune of good things."

This poem is especially interesting as the story which it tells had hitherto been known only from two short passages in Pausanias and Hyginus. Pausanias tells us that it was the subject of one of the paintings of Micron upon the walls of the Theseum. The date of the building of the Theseum (about 468-460 B. C.) falls within the limits of Bacchylides' life, and one wonders whether the poet was inspired by the painter or the painter by the poet. Hyginus seems to have derived his story from various authorities of whom one was probably Bacchylides.

The story is also depicted on two well-known vases, the famous cylix of Euphronius in the Louvre and the great amphora of Clitius and Ergotimus at Florence, known as the François Vase. The cylix represents Theseus' interview with Amphitrite, and has never before been clearly understood. The François Vase gives the reappearance of Theseus and the subsequent arrival in Crete. Theseus is landing at the head of the youths and maidens, fourteen in number. All have their names attached: the first whom Theseus holds by the hand bears a mutilated name, which seems to be Eribœa. The joyful attitudes of the whole group accord well with the closing words of the poem, and we must undoubtedly suspect an immediate debt of the poet to the artist.

Thus great interest is added to the discovery of the poem by the fact that it serves to explain one and is in turn illustrated by another of the masterpieces of Greek vase painting.

For several reasons, then, we may rejoice at the reappearance of this long-lost poet. We are given specimens of several kinds of Melic poetry hitherto known but imperfectly from the descriptions given by the ancient grammarians; a new story is added to our mythology; and our understanding of the Greek spirit is perhaps increased by acquaintance with another poet.

Two other important Egyptian finds of 1896 have been almost eclipsed by this, the greatest discovery for many years. One is a new ode of Sappho, longer than the hymn to Aphrodite, the longest hitherto known. As this ode was in a bad state of preservation, the editors have not yet been able to publish it, though it is now daily expected.

A fragment, about a hundred lines in length, from a play of Menander, is the other. It is part of a scene between an irate father and his son, and may be from the play on which Terence's *Phormio* is based.

After such encouraging finds as the twenty odes of Bacchylides, a new poem of Sappho, the *Logia* of Jesus, and this bit from Menander, the more interesting because we have hitherto had nothing of his, we shall all await with interest further tidings from Egypt, whose sands, tombs, and dust heaps are slowly yielding up their priceless treasures.

Beatrice Reynolds.

ROSEMARY: HER FAIRY STORY

Rosemary sat disconsolate on one of the big white posts at the avenue gate, and banged her spring-heeled shoes viciously against its sides. Rosemary was looking at life through blue glasses that afternoon. Her mother and father had left her for no less than three whole days, while they went to brother Dan's graduation at college; and though she had solemnly promised to be a good girl and not to fret, she found that now, on the afternoon of the third day, her good resolutions were slipping from her one by one. She felt that she could not wait until eleven that night to see her family; for by this time she had grown fearfully lonesome. Of course, she had her black "mammy." Mammy lived here on the Virginia country-place all the year round, and when the family came down from their city house mammy was always to Rosemary the best part of her summer, for the old darky adored her "white chile," and came as near as was permitted to spoiling her utterly. But to-day her effort to soothe the restlessness of "little Miss" had been only an added irritant. At last Rosemary broke away from the house, and, with her sun-bonnet under one arm and her doll under the other, started off down the avenue in the hot afternoon sun, superbly regardless of Mammy's entreaty that she would at least put something on her head. She trudged rapidly along, swinging her sun-bonnet recklessly by one string, and defiantly tossing her tangled brown curls.

Half way down to the gate she stopped. Away to the left, across the wall that separated their plantation from their next neighbor's, she saw something white moving. It proved to be a young girl in a light dress who came down the sloping path from the white house just visible over the hill, and seated herself under one of the trees. Rosemary watched her with interest, but she knew better than to cross the tempting low wall in search of society. She had tried that once or twice just after the pretty girl and her fat, cross father had moved into the neighborhood, but her advances had not been well received. The red-faced old man whose gruff voice made Rosemary shake in her little brown shoes had so scowled at her the first time she saw him that she would not for worlds have gone near him again; and his pretty daughter, when Rosemary had approached her in the hope of friendly conversation, had seemed much more interested in her book or her embroidery-frame than in her visitor. Moreover, Rosemary's mother, after her first call on their new neighbors, had very gently told her that they were not fond of children. So now Rosemary sighed and turned away, thinking with keen regret of the family of merry children who used to live on

the other side of the wall. Feeling more lonesome than ever, she trudged on in the dust and the glare of the June afternoon until she came to the big gate. Here she pressed her hot face between the bars, and looked down the turnpike. A mad idea of walking to the station seized her ; she would see her mother and father and Dan a little sooner if she could meet them there. But the station was more scorching miles away than any pair of small feet could walk, and Rosemary thought of the jumbles that Mammy had promised to make for supper. Jumbles were better than running away. She climbed to the top of one of the gate posts, and settled herself on the big white wooden ball that surmounted it.

"I am going to wait here until something happens," she announced to her doll, holding it up before her ; "Esmeralda Ann, this is a stupid day, and you are a stupid doll."

Then as Esmeralda Ann had not sufficient feeling to look even slightly apologetic, she was ruthlessly thumped down on her back in her little mother's lap, and it was at this juncture that Rosemary began to kick the gate-post.

"This is a stupid day," she pouted again, "and it gets lonelier every minute."

She looked up and down the road until she was tired ; then she rotated on her pedestal to look back up the avenue at the house, but still she saw no sign of life. Mammy had given up trying to control her restless charge, and was at that moment in the kitchen giving her attention to the jumbles in the hope that they would bring about a change of heart at supper-time ; and the front of the deserted house faced Rosemary blankly through the tall white pillars that ran up its height from ground to roof. She gave one more look over the wall ; even the tantalizing white dress had vanished from under the distant trees. This was too much. Robbed of her last sense of human companionship, Rosemary was gathering up Esmeralda Ann, preparatory to a descent from her perch and a penitent flight to the arms of Mammy, when a step in the road made her look up.

She saw a young man who might have been the age of big brother Dan—"Only not so nice-looking, of course," thought Rosemary. But he had a merry face with the pleasantest of blue eyes, and the tall head which he had bared with an exaggerated bow on catching sight of her, was covered with curls very like Dan's own.

He saw a slender child, in a crumpled pink gingham frock, with a tousled brown head and grave gray eyes, who regarded him doubtfully from her elevation on the post.

"A lady, and alone!" he exclaimed, approaching her with twinkling eyes; "I am indeed fortunate."

Rosemary cuddled her feet up to the base of the ball on which she sat, and looked at him in some perplexity.

"May I enquire whom I have the honor of addressing?" asked the newcomer, with his soft hat still in his hand.

"My name is Elinor," said the lady in question, with dignity, bringing out her stately baptismal name in a tone meant to convey to this young man that their relations, for the present at least, must be formal. But he naturally was not impressed by her reservation of a nickname he knew nothing about, and his eyes only twinkled the more.

"And pray, Mistress Elinor, do you live near here?"

"I live there," pointing up the avenue. He moved to follow the gesture, and saw the house, which post and child together had hidden from him. Then he came back, and, leaning against the outside of the gate, looked up at her with a whimsical smile.

"Do you believe in Providence, Mistress Elinor?" he said. Rosemary's eyes widened perceptibly, and she moved uneasily on her perch.

"Because," he went on deliberately, "I find myself at this moment strongly tempted to do so. Here I am, tramping along a country road, at my wits' end, and suddenly I see a vision in pink——"

"Oh, there goes Esmeralda Ann!" gasped the vision in pink, as her neglected charge slipped from her careless hold, and rolled down from her lap into the dust of the road. The stranger picked the doll up, shook her, wiped her face with his handkerchief, and gravely restored her to Rosemary's outstretched hands.

"You have chosen a singular name for your—ahem! offspring," he said.

"Oh, I didn't name her," returned Rosemary, suddenly forgetting her formality in the absorbing interest of banging the dust out of Esmeralda Ann's hair; "Dan named her. He's my brother, and he's coming home to-night with mamma and papa."

"Did I understand you," asked the stranger, with a sudden accession of interest, "to say that your mother and father were away from home?"

"Yes," she said; "they won't come back until to-night." She did not notice her companion's evident disappointment. "Dan has been away for a long time, and I have missed him awfully, for no one else tells such lovely fairy stories as——"

"Are the rest of the family at home?" broke in the stranger.

"I am the rest of the family," she said, looking down at him with surprise and a slight return of her former dignity.

"Yes, of course," he said quickly, and as she continued to regard him in silence, he added abstractedly and rather lamely,

"You were saying that you were fond of fairy stories."

"I am," she said thoughtfully, "and so is Mammy; but mother says they aren't true."

All at once the young man's eyes snapped as if with a sudden thought, and he said quickly,

"How should you like to be in a real one?"

Rosemary almost let Esmeralda Ann fall again.

"Yes, you might be a sort of fairy god-mother to me right now," he went on. Her face fell; and she said, scornfully,

"That's only a make-believe."

He looked at her with a disconcerted expression, and then said, with another of his whimsical smiles,

"Mistress Elinor, you are hard to please. Shall I go back to my original terms, and call you a special Providence instead?"

Rosemary wriggled. She was tired of her seat on the big wooden ball, and the stranger was using too many long words. He saw and understood her restlessness, and became suddenly serious.

"My dear Mistress Elinor," he said, "I am conscious that I am trespassing on your valuable time, and possibly causing you to neglect family duties: "—with a sidelong glance at the unfortunate Esmeralda Ann, now dangling by one leg over the side of the post—"but the truth is that I am in a deuce of a mess, and I think maybe you can help me out of it."

Rosemary regarded him with renewed interest. She could understand that kind of talk; it was the way Dan spoke when he had ruined papa's grey hunter last fall, and when he had painted somebody's front door red at college, and scores of times besides. She wondered what this young man, with the twinkling eyes and the solemn voice, had done.

"You see," he went on, "I have to get away from here at once, and I've no way of doing it. I ought to get that seven o'clock train, but it is after five already, and here I am twelve good miles from the station. I could make it by walking, maybe, if I were alone, but there's—er—someone going with me, and—er—she—couldn't walk it."

"Who is she?" demanded Rosemary, "and where is she?"

"She is just somebody that I have to—to rescue, in point of fact. You see it is a little like a fairy tale after all."

"The princess?" gasped Rosemary, quivering with excitement.

"Yes," he said slowly, "she's a kind of princess, and I'm going to marry her. But I have to get her away from a—a kind of ogre who keeps her shut up, and if we don't get that train he may overtake us. Don't you see! And I thought I would ask your father to let me have a horse and buggy."

"Oh dear," cried Rosemary in real distress, "the carriage horses have to go and meet mamma and papa and Dan to-night, so you couldn't have them; and Jolly is lame; and my pony is down in the far pasture; and there's nothing left but Blue Blazes, and Dan won't let anybody but himself and Pomp drive him."

"That's very unfortunate," said the young man; "don't you think I might do as well as Pomp?"

"Are you a prince in disguise?" demanded Rosemary, with startling suddenness, after a moment's reflection.

"No, not exactly," he answered, somewhat taken aback; "but I am a seventh son," he added quickly, "and that's even better in cases like this."

"Then you shall have Blue Blazes, anyway," cried Rosemary, preparing to descend. "No," waving back his outstretched hand, "you needn't help me; just take Esmeralda Ann." She swung around to the side of the big ball, stepped on the top of the gate, and was down in a flash.

"No wonder you scorned my poor help," said the Seventh Son, looking up at the seat she had quitted. Then he stepped inside the gate, and held it open for her.

"We can't go up that way," she said; "Mammy and Pomp would see us from the kitchen, and they wouldn't let us have him. We must go around through the fields to the stable, and I'll make Cæsar hitch up."

She held out her hand to the Seventh Son, who took it with a ceremonious bow, and together they made a detour through the upper pasture, which ended in a sudden bolt across the stable-yard until the corn-crib screened them from the kitchen windows. Under its side Rosemary paused for breath and courage, and then swept her companion on into the stable, where Cæsar, a very black youth of eighteen, was seated on an inverted bushel measure, lazily mending a piece of harness.

"Cæsar," said Rosemary loftily, "please harness Blue Blazes to the buggy."

Cæsar rose to his feet, scratching his woolly head with an air of extreme bewilderment. "Law me, Miss Rosemary, you know yo' brudder done said ——"

"I want Blue Blazes, Cæsar, for this gentleman."

"But, Miss Rosemary, Marse Dan, he say——"

"Cæsar——"

"I ain't sayin' nuthin' 'gainst de gen'l'man," with a deprecatory scrape towards the stranger, "but Marse Dan——"

"Cæsar, I am managing this place until papa comes back, and you must mind me. I am reppersenting papa and mamma."

"All right, Miss Rosemary, jes' as you say, but Marse Dan he sho' take de hide off'n me when he gits yer," said Cæsar dejectedly, unbarring the big box-stall, and leading out the precious bay. "But maybe Pomp gwine drive de gen'l'man?" he asked, with reviving hope.

"No, Cæsar; Pomp doesn't know anything about it. And please hurry, Cæsar," said Rosemary, a little tremulously, with an apprehensive glance at the door. She knew that if old Pomp appeared before the stranger was safely off, that young man would have to go without Blue Blazes, for Pomp was supreme in the stables, and was neither to be threatened nor cajoled.

Cæsar, with many rueful shakes of his head, began on the harnessing. "Den Marse Dan an' Pomp dey both gwine take de hide off'n me," he groaned.

"The noble Roman seems uncomfortable, not to say low in his mind," observed the Seventh Son aside to Rosemary. The Seventh Son was nervous; he paced the straw-littered floor, while the wretched Cæsar went on with his task more and more slowly, once in a while casting a longing look through the window towards the kitchen. Pomp did not show himself, and the unlucky youth almost contemplated making a dash through the door to call him; but Rosemary had spied his wandering glances, and now stood defiant on the threshold, an inexorable little figure in pink gingham, barring his way. Cæsar was buckling the last strap.

"Do you have to drive far to get the princess?" said Rosemary to the Seventh Son.

"Not far," he said, and turned to kick savagely at the convenient bushel basket, growling something that sounded like "Perdition!" Then he said slowly, his face still turned from the astonished Rosemary,

"Strange as it may seem, I feel like a confounded sneak."

"You musn't mind Cæsar," she cried, with a wrathful glance at the dusky henchman; "of course you won't hurt Blue Blazes, and I want you to take him. The ogre could never catch you behind Blue Blazes; Dan says he's the best trotter in four States. Unless," with a sudden horrified widening of the gray eyes, "the ogre has a griffin! Has he?"

"I don't think he has," said the Seventh Son with a short laugh ; and then he stood looking down at her. Her clear candid eyes made him uncomfortable, and though her ready faith served his turn very well, he might yet have ended by undeceiving her, just to put that appalling look of unmerited trust out of them, if Cæsar had not said—

"The buggy ready, sah."

The young man's thoughts came back at once to the practical advantage. With his foot on the step he turned to Rosemary again. "I'll send him back to-night," he began.

Rosemary sprang to the seat from the opposite side. "I'll go to the gate with you," she said, and was taking the reins from Cæsar when she saw a joyful look light up his black face. Following his eye, she saw Pomp coming slowly, with the stiff gait of rheumatic age, across the yard from the kitchen.

"Jump in, jump in!" she cried, "and go that way, 'round the corner—oh, quick, quick!"

Poor Pomp heard a shout from Cæsar, mingled with a hurry of hoofs and rattle of wheels, and saw Blue Blazes flash by him, the buggy bounding after on two wheels as one hub narrowly missed the post in turning out through the stable-yard gate. And in the buggy were a stranger and his "little Miss."

"Go 'round the house, and down the avenue," shrieked Rosemary in her companion's ear. He had caught the reins from her hands, and they were off, followed by staring eyes in three lengthening faces—three, for the noise had drawn Mammy from her kitchen. At the avenue gate, the young man drew up, and, turning to Rosemary, put one arm around her. His misgivings had left him, and his blue eyes were sparkling.

"Little one, you're a trump!" he said. "Won't you give me a kiss for good-bye, Mistress Elinor?"

She held up a round, childish face, flushed with excitement, and he kissed her. Then, lifting her with one arm, he dropped her lightly over the side of the buggy, and she ran to open the gate for him. She stood beside it with dancing eyes, brushing back the little rings of hair that clung to her hot forehead.

"Give my love to the princess," she called as he started, "and come back some day!"

"I'll do it," he laughed down at her, "both of 'em; and I'll send Blue Blazes back to-night." He drove through the gate, and stopped. "Here, little one, catch on!" He tossed something to her. It was Esmeralda Ann,

who had fallen from her arms to the bottom of the buggy in the excitement of their start. Rosemary waved her hand to him, and he went out of sight around a turn in the road.

Going back to the house, Rosemary walked on air. She was hot and tired, and her sun-bonnet was lost, and Mammy and Pomp would be dreadfully angry, but all this was as naught ; she was living in a fairy tale. He had promised to come back some day, and he would bring the princess with him, and Rosemary would at last see what a princess was like, and——. She was almost up to the porch, when Mammy issued from the front door with more speed than grace, and stood on the top-step, shaking a fat accusing finger at the small rebel before her.

“ You mons’ous, wicked chile ! You Rosemary ! To make dat mutton-head Cæsar give Marse Dan’s trotter to a wuthless gooffernuthin’ what you pick up in de road. We ain’ never gwine see dat bay horse again, and you ain’ no better’n a thief, you ain’t,——”

“ Mammy, who are you talking to ? ” demanded Rosemary.

“ Ise talkin’ to you, and fu’thermo’, I’s gwine ter put you to bed ’thout one mossel o’ supper, and give dem jumbles to de peegs ! ” This was a climax.

“ I don’t want any supper, and I shall put myself to bed,” said Rosemary, unmoved. The ample form at the top of the steps, and the slender figure in a dusty pink frock at the bottom faced each other a moment in silence. But Mammy’s anger was trembling on the verge of tears, and when Rosemary offered to pass by her with averted face, she held out her arms to her nursling with tears starting down her fat cheeks.

“ Come yer, honey ; Mammy’s only foolin’ ’bout de jumbles. But you hadn’t oughter done it, chile.”

“ And you shouldn’t have talked to me so,” said Rosemary, and went upstairs. It was nearly dark by this time, and she decided to go to bed at once. She undressed hurriedly, and slipped into her little bed, but not to sleep. Her head was in a whirl ; and she lay there wide awake, and heard hour after hour struck by the hall clock. Several times Mammy stole to the door to look and listen, but Rosemary gave no sign, and she went away again. Rosemary heard someone drive up to the door about ten o’clock, and she started up, expecting to hear her father’s voice calling Cæsar and Pomp ; but when she heard nothing she slipped to the window, and saw Pomp leading Blue Blazes, jaded from his long trip, back to his stable. She went back to bed, and after another immeasurable hour the wished-for sounds came at last ; she heard the voices of the travelers and rushed to the stair-head. Her father and mother came up the

stairs, but Dan came first, two steps at a time, and picked up his little sister in his arms, demanding,

“What do you mean, young one, by spooking around at this hour of the night, scaring decent people into fits? Give me a kiss, little ghost!”

The little ghost wrapped her arms around his neck, and said,

“Have they told you about Blue Blazes?”

“No; is he sick?”

“Oh, no; he is quite well, but to-day——”

“Child, child,” said her mother, laying a hand on her flushed cheek, “do you know you are a little feverish? You have been out in the sun too much. Come to bed!”

Dan carried her into her little room and put her into bed. “Good-night, Snooks,” he said, and was off. And her mother would not let her tell her story. Seeing that the child was excited, and thinking only how to quiet her, she sat in the dark beside the bed, and sang until Rosemary, resting her hot cheek on her mother’s hand, fell asleep at last. Then the mother crept away, and gave orders that Rosemary should on no account be wakened in the morning, but should sleep as late as possible.

But when morning came, Rosemary was awakened with a start by the approach of someone driving at furious speed. It was still early in the forenoon. She got up, feeling a little light-headed, and looked down once more from her window. This time she saw a young lady being helped out of a road-wagon by a gentleman; it was the pretty girl from over the wall, and she was pale and agitated. Her companion turned, and Rosemary, with a shock of uncomprehending surprise, saw the Seventh Son. He was coming up to Rosemary’s mother who stood at the top of the steps, and he was saying: “Let me present my wife.”

Then Dan came out and said “Jack!” and there were a great many explanations, and every one talked at once. It seemed that the pretty girl’s fat father had had a stroke of apoplexy in a fit of rage over something, and she had been telegraphed for; and soon she and the Seventh Son were off to see him, Dan going with them. No one had seen the small tearful face at one of the front windows.

Pretty soon Rosemary crept downstairs to find her mother, and it all came out in a burst of weeping. Distressed at the child’s grief, her mother tried to soothe her by telling her that her brother’s friend had certainly not meant to tell her stories.

Rosemary sat up straight in her mother’s lap. “I am all right now,” she said, and she went out into the garden with Esmeralda Ann.

"You see," she said to that trusty confidante, "he meant all right, but I just didn't understand. Very probably she may be a princess in disguise, after all. And he is certainly a seventh son—he must be a seventh son—for he said that quite distinctly. And that is something."

Esmeralda Ann looked stiffly sympathetic.

"Yes," repeated Rosemary, "he must certainly be a seventh son."

"My dear fellow," said a voice near her, "she believed every word of it."

Rosemary made herself very small behind a clump of flowering peonies, and Dan and the Seventh Son went by her. Dan's arm was across his companion's shoulder. "Wait till I call up that confounded dog of mine," he said. They stopped, and he whistled violently.

"What clinched the business," said his friend, "was my telling her that I was a seventh son."

"Seventh?" cried Dan; "what made you stop at seven? You might have given her the whole figure, Jack; it's not your way to be so parsimonious. Aren't you the ninth in your family?"

"Yes, but seven is a better number—in a fairy tale."

The truant dog had come up at last, and the two young men went around the corner of the house. The dog sniffed about for a minute where a few broken peonies had dropped from a hot little hand; but Rosemary was gone, and he trotted after his master.

Rosemary's mother met the young men on the porch, and told her son's friend that his wife had sent for him to come to her, as her father was worse than they had at first thought. The young husband turned to go, only stopping to say, "I am sorry to have to leave again without seeing little Mistress Elinor, or Rosemary, as Dan calls her. Good-bye, Dan, old fellow; see you later."

He strode off towards the house of his new father-in-law. "Give my love to my little friend Rosemary when she appears," he called over his shoulder.

But his little friend Rosemary was not going to appear for some time. She was hiding her agony of disappointment and disillusionment in the darkest corner of the linen closet upstairs. She lay in a moist and crumpled heap with her head on a scattered pile of Turkish towels, and clung to Esmeralda Ann as to her last refuge.

"My fairy story is quite, quite spoiled," sobbed Rosemary to Esmeralda Ann.

Cora Hardy, '98.

ON AN ARCHAIC GREEK TOMB

"Amcnokleia, daughter of Andromenos."

What girl of Argive days
Had once such gracious ways?
Twin breasts beyond compare,
And ruffled hair:

With tender hands and feet
For kissing over-sweet;
And sorrowful soft mouth,
Warm o' the south.

Whose perfect years went by
Like clouds in windless sky,
Flushed with the growing hours
Like almond-flowers.

Thy face, that was a star,
Thy lovers come from far
Found whiter than the foam
That washed thy home;

And, drawn from many lands,
They saw thy slender hands
Folded up quietly
As snow-wreaths lie.

So bade, lest it should pass,—
This beauty which once was
And was not—in deep shade
A tomb be made;

Fashioning the marble twin
Of her that drowsed within,
To tell all time how fair
Argive girls were.

Dear while the world's heart lives
The gift thy beauty gives:
Safe still, and unforgot,
It changeth not:

We change, and our loves pass
Like shadows on tall grass;
But song outlasteth me,
And beauty, thee.

G. G. K., '96.

"TO THE ISLANDS OF THE BLEST"

"I am quite at a loss," says Mr. Henry James, "to imagine anything (at any rate in this matter of fiction) that people *ought* to like or dislike."

It is a reminder that we need but too often, this suggestion that the number of points of view is as yet unascertained by statistics, and that each new one is as legitimate as the last. Personally one may prefer one of them, or perhaps a group, but the student of human nature takes every one he can reach and keeps it just long enough to find out, as he says, "what it is like." With novels lying temptingly at hand from—to confine ourselves to the modern—M. de Maupassant, Turgénieff, Galdós, Mr. James, Mr. Meredith and an ever-increasing number of fellow-craftsmen, it surely is not hard to find the satisfaction of this exercise. But while we watch the tangential or peripheral coruscations of the artists in question, we forget that all about us, working as industriously as the ant of fable, is a class of writers who are noteworthy for quantity if not also for quality. And their point of view is not that of any of the gentlemen named above. Let us consider for a moment these writers who are "taking tired people to the Islands of the Blest."

As yet they have not written, so far as I have been able to discover, a literature for children—for young children. One is tempted to give them the advice of the Jesuit fathers, that infants should be taken at six if they are to be brought up in the true path. But after all, do they need the advice? Surely the reading of the daily newspaper aloud around the family stove supplies the lack. Let us never forget to thank heaven for the gift of the penny paper! Comforted then as to the babes, we come to youth. Girls, being, as all the world knows, of quicker apprehension than boys, can leap with ease from the Elsie books to the full-grown novel. Boys, however, in consideration of the lumbering gait at which they toil up to the heights, are supplied with help for the early part of the road. Although it is a way which our British brothers would call with a touch of scorn "very American," I find myself forced to grade books of this sort—by price. They come at twenty-five cents, though these are few and little in favor with the unostentatious, they come at ten cents, they come at five cents, and whispers have reached me of those that are two for five. I have already hinted that the first class is unimportant, owing to its exclusiveness. The second and third, in so far as samples have come my way, I have compared with some care, and the differences given below are all I have been able to find. The statement is made of the cheaper.

1. The books are shorter.
2. The chapters are shorter.
3. The paragraphs are shorter.
4. The sentences are shorter.
5. The vocabulary is a shade less rich.

As a glance will show, these variations are not sufficient to warrant our holding the books of the two classes different in kind. It is purely a question of degree, and for this reason I confine myself to works of the second grade.

Before me lies a tale called *Captain Tom* by an author called—at least on the title page—St. George Rathbone. I was assured by the man who in commercial America knows best, the news-stand keeper, that this was one of the finest and therefore one of the most popular—or did I mistake and was it the other way round?—of current books for boys. An examination of it reveals the subtle art of the middleman.

The tale, which is told strictly in the present tense, is one of the siege of Paris. The hero is not only an American, but also, to use the author's words, "a Yankee from Philadelphia." Being awakened at one o'clock on the morning of January 9th, 1871, by a Prussian shell, which drops into his bed chamber, he decides it is too cold to sleep any longer and "lights a candle with a hand that never so much as trembles. Surely he must be made of ice, or have nerves of steel, to show so little emotion during such a tumult." It seems hardly necessary to go on with the detail of the plot. There are numerous people killed by shells, which drop at the rate of sixteen to fifty pages. There is one attempt at drugging, foiled by the hero. There is one escape in a balloon, a vehicle which kindly bears the hero and his faithful servant from beleaguered Paris toward their desired goal, Berlin. Being forced to stop on the way to let out the messenger to a French general, the adventurers alight near a great estate in the country, where they find, rather to their surprise but assuredly not to ours, that the *émigrés* owners have left a tank half full of gas, which of course inflates the balloon again. Regarding their further journey to Berlin, the author remarks naively :—

"Even the winds have been tempered to their necessity. In a sudden storm the inexperienced aeronaut might have done the wrong thing and by a single mistake sent himself and companion to a cruel death."

That seems possible.

Concealing the balloon in a convenient haystack outside Berlin, they enter the city. The heroine being rescued from the villainess, she is borne away by the hero in the faithful balloon, which has now been carted within the gates. Thus

Captain Tom, who is in the last sentence knighted as the American Croesus, wins his bride.

Love, we see, is ever present, as a *motif*, but it is veiled and at times hidden by the dust of battle. The word itself we find used, on an average, once in three and a half pages, while *strange* proves a close second with a record of once in four and a third pages. As *peculiar* occurs twenty-eight times in the two hundred and eighty pages of the volume, *mysterious* nineteen times, *queer* six times and *singular* as many, the element of mystery is in reality stronger than that of love. *Danger* arrives forty-eight times and people are *warned* twenty-five times. *Fate* intervenes or is invoked in forty instances, while *doom* is nearly as frequent. There is a fascinating alternation of the phrases "doomed to his fate" and "fated to his doom." The love *motif* is rather pale, as I have said, a fact shown most strikingly in the use of *beautiful* and *fair*. The former we find but thirteen times, where the latter colorless substitute comes twenty-nine times. But the *motif* is nevertheless there, to become stronger and stronger till it reaches its full development in the novel.

The detective story is perhaps an intermediate step, love being used again and again as the moving force, though never as the main interest. Nicholas Carter has found great fame with the multitude by a narration of his own adventures. I must confess to a slight feeling of disappointment at *The Great Enigma*, Not, indeed, that it belies its title, for the enigma is greater at the end of the book than at the beginning "how that such things could be." But though I make the accusation with diffidence, I feel morally bound to declare that it is a fraud upon the public to issue two distinct stories in one volume as a connected tale, the connection being intolerably artificial. The important point, however, is that one-half the story leaves love out of the question, and the second—mark, the second, and so the one that leaves the more vivid impression—makes it all-important. In the one hundred and sixty-eight pages of Book I, *kill* occurs thirty-eight times, while in the one hundred and twenty-one pages of Book II, we have it but fifteen times. In the second book, however, the word *abduction* comes twenty-four times, in the first not at all. Here, then, are the distinct steps up to the summit of attainment. The boy brought up on these is ready for the novel!

Again in the novel thus reached are found the five, ten, and twenty-five cent classes, and again these are but varieties of the same plant, a plant whose flower is—Miss Laura Jean Libbey. The LANTERN, I know, does not admit advertisement to its pages, but I hope it will allow me to quote from the publishers of the lady in question, publishers who assure us that her "books have the largest

circulation of any works in the English language, except the Bible and Shakespeare." The statement justifies my choice of her as the finest example of this particular type. Many of her books have most alluring titles, such as *He Loved but Rode Away*, *All for Love of a Fair Face*, and *The Crime of Hallowe'en*, but none are more "entrancing" to read (I quote the publishers) than the two called *Madolin Rivers* and *Lyndall's Temptation*. The subtitle of the first is *The Little Beauty of Red Oak Seminary; a love story*; of the second, *Blinded by Love; a story of fashionable life at Lenox*. As a novel of manners, the latter undoubtedly deserves the palm, and I must dwell on it for a moment.

The heroine is a widow of sixteen, whom her fellow-guests at a Lenox villa call by her Christian name, Lyndall. As we are told this is because she seemed so childish that it was absurd to call her Mrs. Courtney, we acquiesce, but is it exactly usual for a servant searching for a lady in the grounds to announce it thus?—

"Is Lyndall Courtney anywhere hereabouts? She's wanted in all haste at the house."

Quite by the way, she gives a "piercing scream of mortal terror" on hearing this servant's message, and flees, leaving the hero *planté là*. Then, when he meets her half an hour later, he forgets to ask for an explanation of her sudden departure. Although the plot is not intensely exciting, containing only one murder, one railroad wreck, involving a case of mistaken identity in a dead body, two attacks of brain fever, one instance of drugging and a narrow escape to be recorded hereafter, yet there is no one of her books in which Miss Libbey has shown more delightfully her disregard of the conventional. Not the morally conventional, of course, for Miss Libbey's morals are beyond reproach, but of the artistically conventional. For example, we not only find a full moon one night and a new moon the next, but bright moonlight one instant and the hero plunging into the "soft dark gloom of the night" a moment later. The heroine acts as a bridesmaid, though, as I have said, she is a widow. The hero, in rather an unusual way, has his fortune with him on his (first) wedding trip and announces to the wife who has tricked him into marrying her :

"I will divide the cash, bonds and securities I possess—which I am so fortunate as to have with me—evenly with you, and then and there (*where?*) we part."

Violets, white hyacinths, passion roses and gold and crimson autumn leaves flourish side by side in that Lenox garden.

Details are entirely subordinated, however, to the theme of the story, which is unquestionable. There are two hundred and eighteen pages in the book and

the word *love* occurs two hundred and nineteen times. *Beautiful, terrible, sweet* and *fair* come next in the order named. There are no colors in the book but crimson, pale-blue, and brown, the last for eyes. The heroine usually wears white. Her eyes are described by the following adjectives and phrases, *great, large, wide, dark, bright, velvety, starry, like stars, lovely, glorious, childish, startled, limpid, heavy with unshed tears*, and once *red and swollen with passionate weeping*, when she sensibly keeps them hid. The hero gazes at heroine and villainess with eyes of the following sort, *dark, bright, fine, proud, haughty, grave, earnest, burning, masterful, passionate*. The villain's are simply *fierce* and *dark*. Those of the villainess are perhaps most remarkable of all, being *half veiled by drooping white lids, brown, blue and steel blue*. This lends variety to the page. The heroine's hands are called *white* five times, *little* thirteen times, and *little white* seven times, on other occasions *warm, soft, jeweled, fluttering, clinging, with fingers soft as lily leaves*. It is, perhaps, superfluous to say that her hair was a mass of curling gold, worn ordinarily flowing loose.

But I fear I weary my readers with detail. Let me prove the interest of the book by citation of the passage which describes the hero's first meeting with the heroine.

"Look, look!"

St. Leon did look. The fate he had predicted was swiftly overtaking the poor girl. The black horse was tearing down the road like a whirlwind—completely beyond the control of the slender girl, clinging to him in wild terror—swaying to and fro in the saddle like a leaf in the wind.

St. Leon could see it was but a matter of a few seconds ere her hold must give way under the terrible strain; then she would be dashed headlong to the earth to meet death beneath those murderous hoofs.

CHAPTER III.

THE HAND OF FATE.

In moments of great danger St. Leon was never known to lose his presence of mind. As his eye took in the girl's terrible peril, a course of action shaped itself in his brain at once.

He realized if the animal reached the high picket fence before the groom had time to open the gate he would vault it. Nothing could save the girl who rode him then.

With flying leaps St. Leon tore down the driveway.

On—on—dashed the horse with the speed of the wind. It was a matter of life or death which of them reached the gate first. They both reached it together!

There was no time to draw back the staple which held it in place. Satan had crouched low on his haunches for the fatal leap, and in that instant of time

St. Leon had gained a foothold in the iron fence, and scaled to the top of it; grasping one of the iron pickets firmly with his left hand, he awaited the horrible ordeal.

There was a brief instant of time that seemed the length of eternity; then the swift rush of a heavy dark body, and in that brief instant, with the rapidity of lightning, St. Leon struck out his herculean right arm and swept the slight figure from the saddle and into his strong, safe embrace.

It was not done an instant too soon. Instead of landing on his feet, the horse fell on his side and lay there, plunging and rearing, mortally wounded by coming in contact with one of the stone pillars of the gate as he fell; and St. Leon knew, as he gazed down in sickening horror, that he had saved the slender creature who clung to him so hysterically from a terrible death.

"You are safe now," he said, kindly. "You have had a narrow escape. Let me help you back to the house. You are trembling so you are not able to stand."

St. Leon saw at a glance that this was Lyndall, whom his friend had described to him so enthusiastically scarcely an hour before; and the praise was none too generous. She was very young, and as beautiful as a poet's dream.

With the sudden impulse of a child, she stooped down and laid her fresh, warm, velvety lips against St. Leon's hand, and their contact made the blood leap like fire through his veins.

"You have saved my life!" she said, raising her great dark eyes, swimming in tears, to his face. "I cannot find words grateful enough in which to thank you."

"Do not mention it," he said, huskily.

Madolin Rivers opens with a scene near a boarding school. The heroine finds the hero asleep on a rock in the middle of a stream and lets her boat slip away while she admires him. A storm breaks and the water promptly rises, at last reaching and waking the hero. As the two are about to be "engulfed by the mad waters" the dam below conveniently breaks, leaving them safe and hopelessly in love. After various mishaps and misunderstandings, Madolin faints by the roadside, when her mother comes along and finds her. This seems more extraordinary than it sounds here, as the mother, for a reason never explained, has kept her identity a secret from her daughter up to this time. She has now come to take the girl home, having provided "a magnificent wardrobe, such as befits a millionaire's step-daughter," for this girl she had never seen. Only a mother's instinct could tell her what would become and fit her child.

The villainess appears in the shape of Irene Leslie, the mother's step-daughter, and she naturally falls in love with Max, the hero. These girls are each sixteen, one remembers. When Irene mixes Madolin's glass of iced lemonade one night, the reader looks for developments. It was iced lemonade the villainess mixed for Lyndall. Tableaux are given the next evening, and I must be permitted the description of one. Notice the unusual sound of the murmur.

CHAPTER XI.

At the tinkling of the silver bell the lights in the parlors were turned low. The softest, saddest strains of music floated through the room. There was a hush, and as the silken curtain went up, a murmur of admiration and surprise rang through the parlors.

The tableau was the parting of the lovers by the seashore. The white waves seemed to dimple and sparkle in the moonlight (*remember, this is a parlour!*) which fell upon the faces of the two lovers clasped for the last time in each other's arms.

It was little wonder people held their breath as they gazed upon the handsome impassioned face of the lover. There was something almost sublime in the adoring love that lighted up his dark kingly face as he bent over her.

If this is acting, what must the reality be? they asked themselves. But as they gazed upon the face of Ivy, the wonder grew.

Her fair hair fell around her like a veil, and her face seemed to whiten under their gaze, and her lips to grow ashen pale. Was it love or terror that shone in her upraised eyes? The scene seemed to hold the vast (*again, remember!*) audience spell-bound and frighten them as they gazed in bewildered fascination.

The tinkling silver bell sounded again, and the sound of music, so sad and solemn, grew fainter and more subdued; but the silken curtain never fell. Ivy's golden head fell backward, and her clinging arms fell from her lover. A terrible cry broke from Max Pierpoint's lips. "Help, help!" he gasped. "Madolin Rivers is dead!"

Madolin is next decently buried but dug up by the villain (who of course loves her madly) that he may get a rose from her bosom, when she is naturally found to be alive. He shuts her up in a ruined castle—I mean one wing of his house, and she only escapes after a series of complications that gives material for many chapters. Once during this time Irene has to get Max out of the way for fear he will discover that Madolin still lives, so she forges a telegram, signed with his father's name, calling him at once from New England to Chicago. This is Irene's comment on the matter as she looks back on it:—

"'There is no one between me and happiness. How cleverly I managed to get Max out of the way to avoid a meeting between him and Beatrice Hamilton, and then when he returned, to persuade him the telegram must have been delivered to him through a mistake. Any other man would have inquired into the matter, and a terrible disclosure would have followed.'"

Irene is of a discerning nature.

But Madolin gets free by telling the villain that she will marry him, imposing a set of conditions as to the ceremony that would have caused any man of ordinary perception to say:

"Aha! you would escape me? Not so!"

But the villain allows her all she asks, even an hour's waiting at the church till she shall "compose her mind." At the end of the hour she throws back the gauzy wedding veil and reveals the face of quite a different woman. This one, incidentally, has jet-black hair, while Madolin's was golden.

After further and most complicated adventures we find Madolin living as Irene's companion, her mother being dead. Irene is engaged to Max, having persuaded that disconsolate youth to bestow hand if not heart on her. Irene, being a canny lady, prefers to keep Madolin under her eye. She persuades the fair maiden, however, to stain her face and dye her "sunny locks to the tint of the raven's wing" in order to prevent the possibility of the villain's finding her. But Max one day sees her, despite all Irene's precautions. He does not recognize her, of course. Her hair is black, her voice is changed by illness, yet those great blue eyes affect him strangely and—he falls in love with her. When Irene discovers this she chases Madolin from the door and at the gate the persecuted girl runs into the villain, who, being like the villainess of an observant nature, except at rare moments, recognizes her and bears her off. He hides her in a little Kentucky village, of course saying she is his insane wife and of course receiving credence for his statement. Meantime Max tells Irene he loves her not and she in her rage tells him of Madolin's rescue from the grave and present plight. Max then starts on a mad race over the continent looking for his lost love.

"For days together Max traveled incessantly. If by chance he met a handsome young girl with golden hair and eyes like blossoming bluebells, he would instantly turn away to hide the tears that would spring to his eyes."

Irene and her father, for a reason not explained, go to the self-same obscure Kentucky village that holds the imprisoned Madolin. By a series of miraculous happenings they are brought face to face with Madolin. The man of course does not recognize his step-daughter—is not her hair black?—and Irene denies all knowledge of her. But that night the villainess in question lures the fair victim forth, the villain being away, and leads her to a brook some distance from the house. There Madolin slips and sprains her ankle. Irene leaves her in a swoon, as the first flakes of a heavy snow storm begin to fall. Time passes. I quote.

"Three days and nights had come and gone since that terrible night on the rustic bridge, yet the dark thicket had kept its secret. Irene assured herself Madolin must certainly have perished from cold, pain, and exposure."

Not at all. The farmer's wife finds Madolin at last, and here is the next astounding revelation. The italics are mine.

"The face, hands, *and hair* were bathed and rubbed briskly to start the circulation of blood, when lo! a strange thing happened under the action of the

strong herb ; the dark stain commenced to quickly disappear from both face *and hair*.

The intense astonishment of the farmer and his wife knew no bounds."

Max, who has also arrived, drawn as by a magnet to this charmed spot, is haled from the railway station, together with Irene and her father, as they are waiting for a belated train to take them away. After sadly sending Max from her, Madolin succumbs to grief, but now the true character of the hero comes out, and for once in his life he does a sensible thing. He comes back and tells the weeping beauty how her mother had on her death bed absolved her daughter from the fearful oath which bound her to pursue Max with hatred on account of some old offense of his father's. This having been the only barrier between them, the "sun shines forth gloriously once more." Irene, choosing a method strange in a tiny village of Kentucky, commits suicide by gas, and her father falls dead on hearing the news. The stage is cleared except for the villain, who is now in the toils of the law for forgery and abduction, but is released by a complaisant judge on Madolin's expressing a wish that he should not suffer.

The story is a little involved as to action, but the *motif* is immutably the same. In two hundred and forty-two pages we find *love* three hundred and six times, which is a perceptible increase over the proportion in *Lyndall's Temptation*.

The heroine's eyes differ a little from Lyndall's, being *great, clear, dark, blue, childish, frightened, wonderful, lovely, velvety, sunny, beautiful, drowned in tears*. The hero's are *dark, clear, mournful, handsome, eloquent, quick, mesmeric*. Those of the villainess are *dark, bright, dusk, large, velvety, revengeful, magnificent*. The villain's are *keen, blue*. Villains never seem to have eyes with adjectives. The vocabulary differs little from that of *Lyndall's Temptation*. In both books the same colors are used or, generally, not used. Smells are chiefly of cigars and passion roses. Sounds are seldom heard, while effects of light are confined to *sparkling* and *gleaming*. "Velvet furniture" is put in whenever and wherever it seems to the author possible. Both heroines and at least one villainess throw themselves to weep on a velvet carpet strewn with lilies, and one of them "fills the golden cups of the lilies with her tears."

This surely is enough to show what the perfection of this sort of story may be. Should anyone be ambitious for the fame or the wealth of Miss Libbey—and both are great—to that person Miss Libbey has herself betrayed her secret on page 77 of *Madolin Rivers*.

"Rupert Cleveland had read of such thrilling events in the daily papers—that read like fertile webs woven from romancer's brains."

Verbum sap.

Isabel Ely Lord.

There's a sound of a going in the tops of the trees
Just before the rain.
The boughs are bent by the rising breeze,
While its brethren free, the winds on high,
Gather the clouds to cover the sky ;
And the valley darkens, and afar one sees
The mist of the driving rain.
And the wood-bird's note is faint and dry
As she calls to her nestlings, " Rain is nigh !
Rain ! Rain ! Rain ! "

There's a sound of a going in the tops of the trees
When the rain has fled.
The bent boughs rise at the touch of the breeze,
While its careless brethren sweep away
The clouds they had gathered in stormy play :
Down the clear, clean valley afar one sees
The path where the rain has fled.
And the wood-bird sings from the dripping spray,
" Our fear has fled the return of day !
Fled ! Fled ! Fled ! "

Content Shepard Nichols, '99.

THE CHILDREN OF IZANAGI

It was thousands and thousands of years ago when a god, Izanagi, lived in the Heaven. He was a warrior, and his spear was mighty. With this mighty spear in his hand he would go out in dewy mornings to hunt after rare game. So on one memorable morning he went out ; he was unusually gay and his steps were brisk ; he played with his spear, tossing it high and catching it with ease. Suddenly his attention was arrested ; he looked about him and he saw a beautiful rainbow-coloured drop of dew dropping off from the point of his spear. It went and went down, and it fell into the midst of a sparkling ocean. It dropped and it disappeared ; still Izanagi was gazing for it. He gazed and he saw that on the spot where it fell an island was formed—that mysterious island which at once grew larger and larger, and on which soon the green hills arose and the silvery rivers flowed. It was a fair sight and Izanagi was charmed. He smiled and said to himself, “I must go down there.” So he took the hand of his goddess, Izanama, and bade a purple cloud to float them down.

So the warrior god, Izanagi, with his goddess, Izanama, came down to the beautiful island of Japan. There Izanagi, choosing the fairest spot, built for his goddess a palace with an eight-fold fence (the main island was afterward divided into eight) and lived with her for some happy years. Soon they had two children born to them ; they named one, a goddess, Amaterasu, and the other, a god, Suranow.

Amaterasu was fair—fairer than the spring noon-day sun. She was the goddess of light. Her younger brother, Suranow, was mighty like his father, and he became in his youth the most renowned hero, because he conquered a ferocious dragon which had eight heads and eight tails and which hid in its spacious womb a sacred sword which afterward became a royal badge of the legitimate prince of Japan.

One day the father-god said to Amaterasu, “You, my precious daughter, you shall be the chief ruler of this fair island, for you are the goddess of light, and without you the world is dark.” And then turning to his son, “My son, you are a warrior. You must be the lord of the frontiers. Now in your youth you gird your loins and go and seek the adventure. Be manly. Here I give to you my mighty spear ; keep it worthy of your father’s name.”

So Amaterasu, the goddess of light, began to rule. Her palace was made of a huge, round stone ; its tower reached to the heaven and its foundations deep under the earth. When she went out she had a carriage named *The*

Heavenly Wing. When she sailed, she had a boat made of camphor wood, and on her table she had rare game and birds, fishes and fruits, in earthen vessels, and on green leaves. Under her rule the people were multiplied and they planted the mulberry trees. Both men and women sang their praises to the noble ruler, the goddess of light, but they sang too for their love. They loved and they married with their father's sanction, and for their wedding a bridegroom built a bridal palace and a bride dyed her wedding-dress with the juice of herbs.

So the youths sang many merry songs and compared their love to the graceful water that embraced the islets in the open sea. Thus the days went on. The people were happy and their children flourished. They were sinless and knew no sorrows.

Now, when the goddess of light had been reigning for a long time, she had a visit from her brother Suranow, who was now a too-spirited youth. He had been wandering a long time in distant parts. There he was fighting all kinds of barbarous giants, and now he visited his sister's palace. He saw her fair face; he was struck and his strength was relaxed and he fell in love with her, and by this he displeased his sister, the goddess of light. The goddess' wrath was so great that she, on her part, not only dismissed her brother, but at once bade the porter to shut all the windows and the gates of the palace. She hid herself alone within the round stone palace; she never came out and the world was dark. The world was dark and then arose the evil spirits. The evil spirits arose and they sowed the seeds of sorrow among mankind.

But a council of subordinate gods and goddesses was held on the mountain of Amano Kaguyama, *the mountain of the heavenly fragrance*. "How shall we win the goddess out?" cried everybody, but no one knew what to do. Fortunately there was in the council the god of soberness, Omoikan. This god was wise. He arose and said in a superior tone, "You, Ishikoridome, god of gravers, prepare a large magic glass and put it at the front of the main gate of the palace. You, Tachikaras, god of strength, stand close to the gate. Your business is to catch the goddess as soon as she comes out. Let all the others bring their heavenly musical instruments and play them around the palace."

So they did; the god of gravers held a marvelously shining glass at the front of the palace; the god of strength, clinching his hands, waited for the appearance of the goddess; and all the others played the merriest music ever was heard. Inside, the goddess of light was musing. She heard them playing; she listened; she arose; she thought she would like to peep out. She slid the palace gate open a little way, and lo! there opposite she saw a beautiful queen's face. She rushed out of the gate to meet her picture in the glass and she was

caught by somebody behind. She looked back and she saw, alas!—for her grief, but for the world's joy,—that her stone palace was bound and bound by the hands of gods and goddesses with a long rope of ivy-vine, a sacred sign of reconciliation and peace. She never again entered the palace where once she hid herself, and since then the islands of Japan are brighter and more gay.

Michi Matsuda, '99.

THE STREAM

Let the soft winds murmur to the plain ;
The violets breath their hearts' content ;
The birds sing in their merriment—
A lover's holiday. I sent
A flower and I was vain—
Vain in my self-conceit.
Vain? Can I think
Love is so little that returned again
It is complete ?
I stand beside the brink
Of the long stream ;
The willows grace the shore,
Their shadows lengthen, and once more
The sun glints in the bend ; the gleam,
Reflected, dazzles me. "Receive
My benediction," shines the sun—"Receive, Receive."—
And the wind brings it. Hush!—thy note,
Strange bird, is muffled in thy drowsy throat.
And here this morn
I dreamed : the shadows then
Were in a mist of dew,
And peering through
Their dimness sprang the flower.
It was my pen,
It wrote my dream and went and came again.
Faded and torn.
A dream—no more. Can waking change
My life? I shall forget.
What is a thought, so to derange
The world that I have set?
The fields still bloom ; the skies will still endure :
I, only I, have erred, and pure
Can rise before me that past dream.
Why do I speak of pain?—
Kind heaven, so guide me that I find again
Thy nature,—and the stream.

WIND-DRIFT

Speed thee, fair feigner,
Thy friend is thy spurner ;
 The wind mocks thy footprints,
 Thy day has blown by.
The clouds of the midnight shall darken the sun-tints,
 And death shall be borne in thy penitent cry.

Clouds, clouds, thou hast sought them ;
Clouds, clouds, thou hast wrought them ;
 And earth has replied with a smile and a groan.
 Thou hast wished and hast spoken,
 Hast promised and broken ;
Thy way lies henceforth through the darkness alone.

All truth shall defy thee,
And happiness fly thee ;
 No tears, no repentance can buy thee a boon.
 We have, and we spurn it,
 Betray—then we learn it ;
And life is forever a debtor to doom.

No pity, no pity ; the world is thy keeper ;
 The heavens shall frown and proud nature despise :
Thou hast trifled with life—the reward of the weeper
 Shall speak in the stare of thine agonized eyes.

Speed onward ! Speed onward !
 The storm cannot sweep thee
So swiftly remembrance lags from thy heart ;
 I need not to curse thee—I need but to weep thee,
How comfortless, lonely, how outcast thou art !

E. L. Fanshawe, '99.

FROM THE RECORDS OF A NEW ENGLAND TOWN

Turning over the early records of the old New England town of Providence, one gets, with much that is uninteresting and unsuggestive, suggestions of the life, tantalizing in their scantiness. The very want of order; the mingling in one volume, of all sorts of records; the way in which one is carried from 1700 back to the very beginning, then whisked down to 1740 and back again to 1660; the frequent and wide omissions so irritating to the student of town government; all these defects only add to the fascination for the onlooker in that sturdy, sober-hued life of the New England settler: because of its very simplicity and bareness, the occasional flashes of light and color are all the more brilliant.

Here we find a writ, there a deed, here an indenture of apprenticeship or executor's bond, there the publications of the marriage of a Toleration Harris, a Joan Dearlove,—what could be a more appropriate name for a bride?—a Resolved Waterman—the minutes of town meetings, of the meetings of the Purchasers, the land-owners of the town: entries of one thing or another, we find, couched often in dry legal terms, yet with every now and then a hint of the real life of these people that arouses our disinterested curiosity. Who were they, we find ourselves asking. What comedies and tragedies underlie these dry accounts? As we read, one after another, the pages on which town clerks in succession have laboriously traced the records of the town, the figures of the men and women of long ago, whose births, marriages, sales and decisions, agreements and dissensions, and finally deaths and wills are written there, rise before us. Shadowy and uncertain of outline for the most part, but with here and there one figure standing out more clearly than the rest, drawing us on to wonder about its story.

Here is the record of an agreement between a husband and his wife, who had withdrawn herself “in hope of more peaceable living”: he wishes her to return and therefore “for her further inCouragement and to prevent after Strifes and Alienations” proposes these Articles of agreement. This was in December, 1699. What strikes us in reading the agreement is the meekness of the husband and his readiness to go more than half way. It is he who makes concessions and the wife who accepts them. He will be satisfied with what she has given to her children since her departure and promises “never to abraid her with so doeing”; if she survives him she is to have their house and land during her widowhood, and a third part after remarriage; he promises neither to sell, mortgage nor give any houses or lands without her consent; says, firstly, “I doe here further promise to my said wife with her to dwell in all loving and quiet behaviors;”

and, moreover, secures to her all his movables unconditionally at his decease. The wife on her part promises merely, that if it appears that she has disposed of more beds than one since her departure, "that then the said beds shall be returned back again"; beds were a very important possession in those days, carefully bequeathed in wills as precious legacies. Did they indeed "dwell in all loving and quiet behaviors" afterwards? No further word in the records satisfies our curiosity, only farther on we find the town council granting letters of administration to the wife, now a widow, on the estate of her husband and we suppose that they spent these thirteen years together. But how? We know not.

A curious agreement between a father and a son reminds us of the arrangement among the Swiss peasantry, by which the parents give up the homestead to one of the sons upon his marriage, retiring to a little cottage on the land, while the son agrees to support one or two cows for them and to furnish a fixed amount of meat, butter, etc. This agreement is quite late, dated 1701. Perhaps the son—he is the eldest—is also to be married. He agrees to maintain three cows for his parents as long as they live together and to plough one acre of land for them if they desire; to do the same for the surviving parent if one dies, or if the survivor wishes to live with him, to maintain him or her in a manner suitable to his own ability and his father's degree. In return the father makes over at once the house, lot and orchard, and, upon his death, or his wife's, all his movable property, "except the Bed and Bedding whereon wee lye, and a warming-pan, a frying-pan and a small Cast skillet." On the next page we find that the father died a few months later. A page beyond is the record of the son's will, who died in 1705. The letter of administration on his estate, granted to his brother, states that his mother is "incapable of administration by Reason of insanetye of mind." Probably that was the reason for the compact by which her husband made sure of provision and care for her. In a similar agreement the mother, a widow, gives up the homestead to her son on condition of having her old room in it, with its furniture, for the rest of her life, and also the use of the fire in the living-room.

We turn the leaves of another volume and we see another phase of town life; we find ourselves in the midst of a town-meeting. It is 1696, the time of the Indian wars, which almost destroyed the town. The people met out of doors "under a tree by the water side." It was the middle of August. All the freemen of the town had gathered. First they chose a moderator to preside, then they proceeded to the business of the day. It began with a motion "to enquire after y^e Towne bookes" (lost in the sacking of the town, afterwards found in part), but that was deferred till "the business of disposing of y^e Indians was

dispatched." A list of names, twenty-seven "of such as stayd and went not away" was presented "unto whom these Indians should be due," headed by the name of Roger Williams. Then it was voted "'y^t y^e many Difficulties and differences amongst us and all matters conceived to belong to y^e disposing of y^e Indians in y^e Towne," should be referred to a committee of five, whose decision should be final. These good settlers had strong wills and were often involved in "Difficulties and differences."

The meeting was adjourned for an "houre by the Sun" (there were no clocks), but it did not meet at the end of the hour because, as the clerk notes, "that meeting by occasion of some hurries about the Indians was hindered." But the next morning the town met again, probably under the same tree by the water side, and listened to the report of the committee, which reads as follows: "Agreed a^t the Indian Awusarg and y^e women and children y^t came with him and y^t may come in shall be y^e right of all y^e inhabitants of y^e Towne universally." Presently we see what they did with these Indian captives. In the minutes of a town meeting a few months later is the memorandum that another committee has been chosen to settle the distribution of the proceeds of the second sale of the Indians. Some were sent as slaves to the West Indies, some to the other towns, and some were executed. The same page tells us of the fall of one of these last.

"One Chuff, an Indian so-called in tyme of peace because of his Surlines ag^{nst} the English. He could scarce come in being wounded Some few days before by Providence men." But he had been "a Ring leader all y^e War to most of y^e mischiefs to our Houses and Cattell, and English he could;" and the inhabitants, who had suffered grievous losses at the hands of the Indians, "cried out for Justice ag^{nst} him threatening themselves to kill him if y^e Authorities did not. For w^{ch} reason y^e Cap. Roger Williams Caused y^e Drum to be beat" (there were no bells to ring) "y^e Towne Councill and Councill of War called, all cried for Justice & Execution, y^e Councill of War gave sentence & he was shot to Death, to y^e great satisfaction of y^e Towne."

The New England towns were inhospitable to strangers; the stranger within their gates was but coldly welcomed, more frequently he was harshly ordered to move on, with the threat of the stocks, imprisonment or a fine—and conveyance out of the town by the constable. Even guests of the townspeople were regarded with suspicion, and their hosts required to give bond that the town should suffer no harm from their sojourn in it. To this attitude towards outsiders the records before us abundantly testify. Again and again, we find this or that stranger, man or woman, sometimes a man with his family, ordered to

leave the town within so many days. The constable, upon failure to obey, will convey him to the nearest town, there to meet with similar treatment, until handed on from settlement to settlement, he is at last returned to his own town. There is a Sarah Neale warned to depart "being a non-resident heare, and having no consent of this Town, nor Couler of Law heare to abide, being as it is sayd, one given to slander and vilify our Towne and the persons therein." She is given six days in which to leave. A vote in a town-meeting of 1680 indicates one reason for the cold treatment of strangers; it was the custom of many fleeing from justice or disgrace in the neighbouring colonies to take shelter in Providence. Another cause was the fear on the part of the town authorities, or indeed, that of the townspeople themselves, of having to support the strangers in illness or old age. Where those desiring admission to the town were plainly sober and industrious people, ready to settle down and work, and especially where they had a trade the practice of which would benefit the town, they were freely allowed to settle, buy or hire land, and become freemen. Here is an instance. A town meeting in 1687 votes that

"Whereas there is a stranger, one Richard Blanshold and his wife being disturbed by y^e Indian Warrs at y^e Eastward & there put out of a way for a lively hood are Come into our towne desiring of y^e towne admittance that in this towne he and his wife may have liberty to abide & to labour for their lively hood, the Towne . . . doe grant y^e said persons admittance . . . they behaving themselves sivell and orderly in y^e Towne."

Several of the volumes have records of indentures of apprentices which, more or less, arouse our interest in the people concerned, and which do give a farther insight into the life of the time. They are all of the same general tenour, but there is, now and then, an illuminating digression from the regular form.

One Susannah Warner is bound by her parents to a master and mistress for six years—till she is eighteen; and in the bond of indenture is the usual enumeration of the obligations on both sides. Susannah, during the term of service,

"Shall do and perform to her said Master and Mistress true & faithfull service; Taverns nor Ale houses she shall not frequent except it be about her Master or mistress there buisneses; she shall not absent herself by night nor by day . . . unless it be with their Consent . . . neither shall she contract Matrimony with any Person . . . And if she have knowledge of any damage likely to come to her Master or Mistriss their estate or any other wayes by any person, to inform her Master or Mistress thereof; . . . their goods shee shall not wast, but at all times shee shall be carefull, diligent & trusty about their buisneses." On their side, the master and mistress promise to keep her "with suteable and

convenient meat drink lodging and apparill, & to Practice and instruct her in the art and Mistry of a Tailor whereby shee might attaine to the knowledge of that Trade. . . . *provided she would give her mind to learn it.*"

This last clause is new; this master and mistress are wary and will undertake to perform only the possible. We may wonder whether poor little Susanah did give her mind to learn it and whether she spent her life as a spinster tailoress, going from house to house to help the goodwife make up the homespun cloth into garments for the goodman and his sons.

Many of the bonds promise two good suits of clothing at the end of the term of service; others the same quality and amount of clothing that the apprentice brings with him. To this end, one of these has on the back a list of the apprentice's clothing, interesting in its quaintness. It runs as follows:

"Here followeth the account of the within named Apprentisis' apparill which he brought with him Into his servis. first that which was new; a Loose bodyed Coate a straight-bodied Coate and Jacket all Casy and faced with Soloone; a Wosted Coat & two wosted jackets all lined the Coate and one of the Jackets lined with Soloone a paire of druket briches lined: a washed paire of Leathor briches a Caster hat three shirts two homespun ones and one fine die three paire of stokins three neck clothes two of them silk and a paire of shooes and a paire of washed Leathor Gloves: with his wareing apparill now worn but whole. Memorandum that Cloathing which was Casy was home spun."

There are a great many indentures: evidently sons of well-to-do families, as well as poor boys, were put to learn a trade, unless they worked on the farm; perhaps even where they were destined to be farmers.

By looking over the recorded inventories of their estates a good deal of curious information may be gathered as to the comforts these people enjoyed or rather lacked. Between 1636 and 1680 at least, the houses and furniture seem to have been of the plainest. The houses had two or three rooms; boxes and chests in great measure did duty for tables and chairs, the men of the family cut out wooden trenchers and bowls and spoons. Gradually, as the town ceased to be so completely isolated as it was in the earliest period of its history, various articles of household utility found there way into the houses: pewter supplanted or supplemented wooden utensils, tables and chairs took the place of boxes. Many houses in 1680, even later, had only two rooms, with perhaps a "lean-to." The inventory of the estate of the miller gives an example. First on the list comes the live stock, then the mill and the stock there, then the house, by rooms. First "up in y^e chamber of y^e dwelling house," where were "two bedsteads with y^e beds and bedding to them belonging, two pieces of meat and a little salt—valued at 6s., and rye at 6s. . . . In y^e lower roome of y^e

dwelling house," were another bedstead with the bed and bedding, a brass kettle, a small copper kettle, an old broken copper kettle, a chest with "y^e Booke of Marters" in it, some home-made cloth, a frying pan, two guns, two small old pewter platters, "two basons and three poringers, three iron pots, a tramill" (the iron hook on which a kettle was hung), "fire shovell and tongs, two spining wheeles and old Cardes, *an old Bible some lost, some of it tore*, foure old chaires, several wooden dishes, a wooden bottle, some old trenches, a pail and a case, foure old spoons, a spit and a small grater, two pounds of tallow candles"; this was the household furnishing, and the lower room was sleeping and eating and sitting room in one. It is noteworthy to find a book in such a short list of possessions. Comparatively few of the lists, and they enumerate the most trifling articles, down to old bottles and odd buttons, mention, even where the estates of the well-to-do people are inventoried, any books except a Bible. In one made in January, 1681, an unusually long list of books is given; but the inventory is also unusually long, taking up ten pages of the printed records and gives a great many more comforts, even luxuries, than do most of them. Under "Books" are given, 1 Dixonarey, *The London Dispencetorey*, *The Chirurgion's mate*, *Norwood's Triangles*, 1 Bible, *Contemplations Morall and Divine*, and a great Bible at Mary Burdin's house. Three other books in the possession of the daughter, Howlongy, were *Cook's Commentary on Littleton*, *The Compleat Clarke*, and *The Touchstone of Wills*; three more at a neighbor's house, "*Natur's Explecation*, *The Treatise of Faith* and another treating of ye efect of warr." William Harris, the owner, was one of the four who came first to Providence with Roger Williams. He had been an attorney in England and naturally had more books than most of the settlers, very few of whom were from the professional classes. What books there are are chiefly religious treatises on knotty doctrinal questions.

The inventory of the estate of an Alice Angell, made in 1695, gives a quaint list of the "wearing apparill" of women then.

Imprimis, wearing apparill.

It. 7 white linen square Neckcloathes.

It. 2 blue neckcloathes

It. 3 capps

It. 8 capps and coyfes, white linen

It. 6 head dressings and 4 Cross cloathes

It. 4 p^r of gloves and a poket handkercherf

It. Other small wearing linen old and worne

It. 2 blue aporns, 1 greene aporn and one homspun one

It. 2 Wast coates

It. 3 petty Coates

It. Severall other coats and other apparill old and much worne

Mistress Alice Angell was evidently chiefly devoted to caps and neckerchiefs. Mrs. Freelove Crawford, Widow, who died in 1712, and was a rich woman for her town, had many luxuries to which most of her fellow townsmen probably could not aspire. Her wearing apparel, the items of which are not given, is valued at the very great sum of £47. She had "Rugs, curtains about her bed, carpets" (one rarely finds carpets), "a Muff, a great table and a great chaire and two cushins, 8 wooden chairs and 6 lether, 4 pictures, 1 glass Jugg, 4 Window Curtains, 1 Table Cloathes and Napkins, 6 Pewter platters, basons, 10 porringers, 11 plates, 1 brass and 2 iron chafeing dishes, silver tankard, salt seller, spoons and porringers." But Mistress Crawford owned parts of several sloopes, which brought many things from other ports to adorn her house.

The returns of the juries of inquest are recorded in these volumes. Some are very oddly worded. The accounts of the witnesses and the verdicts of the jury, even when they are very brief, often give the imagination building materials. Here is the return of the verdict of a jury impanelled to inquire into the death of a little child. First, the witnesses' stories are given, the mother's, and a neighbour's; both are given briefly, but with a certain dramatic quality, which at once makes the whole tragic scene rise up before the mind. The lapse into quotation of the words of the mother as she reports the conversation between herself and a daughter shows how vividly the recorder felt the scene as he wrote down the tale. The repeated quaint touches throughout are fascinating. The mother testifies :

"That Elizabeth peirce y^e Daughter of y^e Sayd Ephraim peirce and Hannah his wife, on y^e 14th of this instant Somewhat before y^e Sun setting with her Elder Sister went out of y^e house; this deponant thinking after y^t she heard y^e Children talke, the Children being without aboute half an houre, then y^e elder Child returned in againe, then this deponant asked y^e s^d child where is yo^r Sister. She Answered, she is gone down y^t way (w^{ch} way led to the well and pond), then this deponant run hastily down that way to y^e well where she found her Daughter aged about one yeare and halfe, *overwhelmed in water* in y^e s^d well, whereupon she took her child with Speed out of y^e well & run into y^e house: llayd it on y^e bed, where this deponant wth Mehitable Sprague used what meanes they could to preserve Life, but Life was departed and y^e s^d Child ded : and further this deponant saith not."

The neighbour tells the same story, with a few added touches of vividness :

"Going whenceward a Little before the setting of the sun, hearing a sudaine noyse, Looked aboute and saw Hannah peirce run down y^e hill to y^e well and there pulled out Elizabeth." She hurried back to give help, and found the poor baby to "be absolute dedd, though this deponant and the

mother did use what means they could to preserve Life ; but it could not be, for the Child was dedd, and further this deonant saith not."

Then comes the jury's verdict, that

"Elizabeth peirce, y^e Daughter of Ephraim peirce and Hannah his wife, Aged aboute one Yeare & a halfe, accidentally fell into a well, and was overwhelmed in water, and by the providence of God Drowned."

We come across these same people again. In the record of a town-meeting in 1691 (this was in 1679), we read that Hannah Peirce, the wife of Ephraim, begs the assistance of the town-meeting because her husband has locked her out of doors, and has sold his farm. The matter is referred to the quarter-meeting,—the full meeting of all the town, two weeks later,—and the unkind husband is cited to appear then and answer his wife's complaint. Whether he did, we find no record to tell us, but we do find in another place a notice that Ephraim Peirce, in this same month, soletnly forewarns, as he had formerly done, "all people not to have any Trading" with his wife, "or in any wise to entertain her in their families," and forbids the same, "upon their perrils." This was published in a conspicuous place by writing, probably by a notice nailed on a tree. That is all. We do not know the cause of this harsh treatment.

The thread breaks in our fingers, as do so many others, when we attempt to unravel the stories of these stern, active, rugged people, as they met in their town-meetings and elected their officers, granted lands, and quarrelled over the division of commons, or the admission of strangers into their fellowship, quarrelled sometimes so violently that the Moderator had to dissolve the meeting ; as they worked day after day, the men in the fields ploughing and threshing, the women in their log-houses spinning, and churning, and weaving.

"And further this deonant saith not."

Mary L. Fay, '97.

THE MIRROR

After the other fauns ran away from me I used to lie all day on the moss, in the deepest of the woods. Here I watched the dark shimmering leaves of the trees, and above them the blue of the heavens, now showing like a bottomless lake of azure crystal, and now light and flat, marked with the green stems and points of the leaves as the white sand is marked with the brown, hairy seaweed.

Often as I looked and wondered, the fish of the lake came into my mind, how they hung quivering in its waters, staring blindly at the lucid air above them, just perhaps as I was staring up from what I breathed, and what I knew, into something my eyes could not truly see. Then I would go to the lake where the gleaming fish were darting among the smooth, brown stems of the water-lilies, and look down into the clear pebbly bottom of the lake, and then up to the still, blind wall of the heavens.

To this part of the lake, where the fish and the water-lilies were, I used to go by day, for it was only a part that was covered with water-lilies. Here they shone among their dark leaves like stars in the dark of the night. When the air was lined and quivering with heat, and the dampest, greenest fern of the forest was pale as the driest poplar-leaf, the petals of the water-flowers were creamy and cool as though there were no thirst in all the woods, and the golden crinkling sun in their breasts was fresh as the smooth curling ripples about them. But when evening came, and they were all sheathed and resting, in their brown petals, as peacefully and as calmly as they had awakened by day, then I used to go to the open part of the lake. For there all its shores, black with shade, and the sky, pale from the heat of the day, were shown again in its still waters—as if the real woods and fields I lived in were floating between the waters and the air like a cloud floating in the heavens. The red of the early evening would fade to pink, and to pearl, and the still lights of the stars would hang in the black soft blue of the heavens, deep in the water below, just as high in the air above.

Then all the spice and balm of the forest would rise, as the dew of the night fell; and I would lie, drowsy from its fragrance, dreaming between the heavens above, and the heavens below. In the darkness the veil of the top of the waters would vanish, and I could know that it still spread between me and the gulf below only by dipping my hand into its coolness; and when I felt the limpid water against my arm, and thought how out of that water came the cream and brown and gold of the flowers, and their smooth glossy leaves, and how in that

air grew the whole green and fragrant forest, I would lie in wonder half the night.

Once while I was looking into the water I saw a faun, old, brown and wizened, with coarse, stiff hair on his ears.

I started to throw a nut in his face, and as I lifted my hand he lifted his, and as I started to run he vanished. Then I knew that just as the bushes in the water were images of the bushes in the field, so the hideous faun in the water was the image of myself; then I knew that the other fauns had run away from me, not in sport, but because I was too ugly for them to look at, just as I had run away from other fauns who grew brown and wrinkled; then I wished that I had never looked into the lake, and I would have given all that I had seen there if I might have gone back, if I might never have known that I was coarse and wizened like a plantain leaf when I thought I was lithe and fresh like the other fauns; I flung myself down on the bank, and ground the sandy dust between my teeth, and dug my fingers into the earth.

Night after night I lay in the woods and their darkness and fragrance did not soothe me, nor their rustling call to me: day after day while the coolness of the night still blew in the air the clear white of morning streaked the east and the yellow ball of the sun swam in its own light, but I did not care to run in the wet grass nor to pick the berries fresh with dew; till one day, while I was lying in this pain, I heard a crackling noise, and I saw countless leaves, all blown and whirled together in a tossing mass by the wind. They had turned brown from worm holes and blight in the forest, in greater and greater numbers every day, just as more and more of the fauns had grown stiff and ugly; then they had dropped from the trees, and the wind had carried them out into the field beyond. These leaves had once shone green and glittering in the forest; they had quivered with every shock of the shaggy tree where they grew; they felt every beat of its sap in their finest points and edges; they shuddered when it sucked the cold rain up from the damp black earth; they fluttered gently, like moths in a beam of sunshine, when it sent through them the mellow heat of summer; and now they had turned brown and ugly like my own self, and the blowing wind had swept them through the forest, away from its countless stirs and whispers, its greenness, its moss and dew, out into the wide cool space of the field and the fresh crystal air beyond.

After I saw this I rose and dug roots and plucked wild apples for myself again, and looked down into the lake, and saw the sky, a gulf hung with quivering balls of fire; and I saw myself too, and I did not care that I was brown and ugly.

Now it is colder, and I lie all day in the warm sweet grass in the fields, and at night I lie on the banks of the lake, and look at the sky in the water. Sometimes there is not a star in it, and I see only my own head, black and shaggy against the clear heavens; and, as I look, I think of all the times I have leapt to the pipes of Pan, and danced with the other fauns till we fell weary on the grass; and I think of all the woods, and the lakes, and the fields I have seen, and I wonder about those things I shall see in the wide cool spaces beyond,—the things I cannot see for the blood in my veins, as the leaves cannot see when they grow on the tree,—and I would not change to be the wildest, fleetest faun in the forest, the fairest and the most lithe.

For they have seen and known all the happiness of the air, and the land, and the lake; and I have seen and known all these, and more besides, for I have seen and known myself.

Edith Franklin Wyatt, '96.

ALTA PETENS

The summer sea caressed the cliff's firm base
Gently, as seeking for some little sign
Of recognition, for some change of line
In the eternal mountain, whose stern face
Never relaxed ; but in the self-same place
Rose high its crown of ever-verdant pine ;
While the sea moaned, to fail in its design,
To be thus scorned, and suffer such disgrace.

Sea, thou art like my soul that grieves away,
Dashing itself against its high ideal
To break in misty clouds of wind-tossed spray.
Still, baffled oft, it deems its power real,
And seeks the mountain, seen as in a dream,
Calm, unattainable, and yet supreme.

Margaretta Morris, 1900.

À CÔTÉ DU BONHEUR

I

When the three wiry Italian workmen stopped unloading the heavy furniture and sat down in the narrow shadow of the house to eat their noonday lunch of bread and grapes, a girl who had been superintending their work leaned wearily for a moment in the doorway against the stone arch before going upstairs. She was very slight, almost frail in appearance but perhaps this was partly due to the tiny, tired lines about her mouth and to the heavy shadows under her eyes, which were dark gray but changed and shifted in different lights and with different expressions. Absently looking across the sunny street, she watched a group on the other side of the roughly paved roadway—first only with a quiet pleasure in its colour, then with amusement at the various elements of which it was composed. A little thin-faced boy, standing on tiptoe, was trying to gain a nearer view of some green and purple figs lying in a small barrow over which an older lad kept laughing guard, while a brilliant green spot—a fruit beetle, she conjectured,—was crawling over the pavement, stretching the string by which the little boy held him attached to its farthest limit in his endeavor to escape a ragged kitten, which seemed to consider him a new form of mouse. After the good-natured dispute had ended by the elder lad's giving into the reaching brown fingers a fig with over-ripe, gaping sides, the child sat down with it on a neighbouring doorstep, while the beetle, tormented by the kitten, dragged the string almost to the curbstone. At this point the girl's attention was diverted by the sound of quick footsteps approaching and by the sudden loud braying of a donkey which stood, harnessed to a little wagon, a few feet back of the fig barrow. Less phlegmatic than its master, a sleepy peasant who was lazily chaffing with an old woman, the little donkey fidgeted, dragging backward and forward the cart, thereby scattering on the stones a shower of the fine salad grass with which it was partly filled. The footsteps proved to be those of a rather slender man with thin, clean-cut face and brown curling hair which shone with reddish gleams in the sunlight, who came rapidly with a swinging gait down the street. He wore a little nondescript, round cap, but in no other respect did he suggest the typical student. His eyes were fixed absently on a point in the distance so that, as he was passing the child, he tripped over the kitten and string, just saving himself but terrifying the little animal, which crouched dangerously

near the moving wheels of the donkey cart. Starting, the young man looked down, then half smiled and fearing, she presumed, that he had hurt the kitten and recognizing its owner in the distressed fig-eater, he picked the little gray object up and handed it to the boy, who smiled and thanked with the Italian child's grown-up courtesy. After patting the kitten's head as the most acceptable caress to its owner, the young man turned to go on, but chancing to look across the street, his eyes met those of the girl who had stepped out from the shadow of the arched doorway. She smiled at him unconsciously, for she held, amid her somewhat sweeping generalizations in regard to the nature of men, very particular and whimsical notions as to the sure test discoverable in their actions towards cats, a rather despised and neglected race, calling for gentleness, yet possessing, she believed, a subtile charm not to be appreciated by the commonplace mind. She had, therefore, watched the little play with interest. On meeting her smile the chief actor in the comedy looked puzzled and reached for his cap, apparently thinking the girl some forgotten acquaintance. She, realizing the situation, half embarrassed, half laughing, drew back into the shadow and turned to go up the stone stairs.

Broad and massive as these were, curving with wide landings, they were so dark even at midday that she had to light one of the little wax matches she always carried with her for the purpose. Pushing open the heavy oak door which cut off the two upper stories of the old convent building, and thus made of them a separate apartment, she passed on to the floor above and turned to the room facing her. She stopped at the door and looked about to see the progress made during her absence. The small table with twisted legs showing under the white cover was spread for luncheon; on the polished lid of the chased silver teapot the sun shone cheerfully, and from the backs of the chairs standing around the table monster heads grinned at her in uncouth welcome. Opposite her were two windows, through which she could see a few irregular roof tops and green trees; those in the distance were in the Boboli Gardens, she thought. In the wall to the right was the ridiculously inadequate fire-place. She sighed; her aunt had that morning desired that a very adequate American sheet-iron stove should be placed before it and her mother had approved, of necessity, the reasons set forth for its présence, but now there still leaned against the fender an old yellowed engraving of the Rape of Europa. She smiled at the picture, and the little smile lasted as her eyes wandered about the room and rested on the books still only piled upon the low shelves, the heavy stone jugs with merry German mottoes standing on the ledges above, and the slim Venetian glasses with rims silver in the sunlight. Then, recollecting the true objects of her search and

seeing, in one rapid glance into the kitchen, only the stout servant bending over the little fire under the huge black chimney, she ran downstairs and entered a long gallery lined on one side with windows overlooking the courtyard and convent garden. Here she found her mother and aunt, and was immediately appealed to by the former to settle a discussion as to the hanging of a picture. Her mother was a little woman with dark hair parted in old-fashioned waved masses on either side of her forehead. She seemed to stoop a little, but perhaps only in comparison with the absolute erectness of her sister. In the mother's hair, too, you could see streaks of grey, while her sister's was still fair and curling, though the warm shades had faded, so that it looked as if it might, at any time and without very much change, turn quite grey over night. The carefully tended curls were a trifle ruffled now, for she was holding an engraving against the wall opposite the windows. The light was excellent, she argued, and showed to the best advantage the minute details of the German interior. Her sister's protest was based on the fact that the wall was already decorated. It was covered with many cupids flying among soft blue and grey clouds and holding in their hands garlands of flowers which ended in stiff rococo vases.

The girl appealed to looked critically at the picture, then said with entire gravity :

"But, Aunt Eliza, do you think that cupid's legs hanging below the picture seem quite—suitable?"

"My dear, I entirely agree with you. I would cover him completely but the picture would then be so low as to be quite too much in one's way."

"Never mind about the picture now, Eliza," the mother broke in, "Marian must be tired superintending—even with the aid of her twenty words of Italian. By the way, you will have to try to rearrange them in as many ways as possible, Marian, for Signora Generosa, our neighbour, you know, on the floor below, has asked us down to her *conversazione* next Sunday evening."

"Well—its name implies a necessity for a good deal of rearrangement. I doubt the brilliancy of the result. At a tea at home I should not—for we still keep to the tradition of calling New York 'home,' do we not?"

II

A few evenings later Marian stood in the dusk, plaiting and coiling the smooth, dark braids of her hair as she looked from the small, square window of her bedroom across to the lights on the lower floor. Far down in the court a little girl in a white dress was sitting on the coping of the well, and, holding on to

the rough stones, was peering down in a vain attempt to see the three silver fishes that were always swimming backward and forward and around and about in the water deep below. Into Marian's mind came a vague idea of sometime coaxing the little, white-dressed child up, for, now that they were settled for a longer time than had been usual in her wandering life, she was in an unconscious or, if conscious, very unwilling fashion, a trifle lonely. So the half scornful notion of experimenting with children and herself had arisen. They had always been strangers to her—perhaps in part because her instinctive reserve showed itself in curious little shynesses about caressing or being caressed.

The child jumped down and ran out of sight and Marian, feeling a chill in the air, hastily finished dressing. For a moment she stood hesitatingly before the reflection in the tall bronze mirror of her slight figure in its black dress with bands of little gold beads about the square-cut neck and sleeves so short as to cover only the upper part of her arms, which were surprisingly round and soft for so slender a girl. At her throat, whose blue-veined whiteness was thrown into relief by the dark dress, she was now looking intently for the purpose of deciding whether a necklace made her so much prettier that she would wear one in any event. She was undecided because, though the sound of a violin from below promised festivity, her hostess had assured her of the evening's entire informality, when Marian had pleaded the embarrassment in a formal gathering of her lack of Italian.

Going down a few minutes afterward she found the large square room still nearly empty. With her even, quick step she crossed to her hostess, who sat beside the fireplace, smoothing the folds of her violet satin dress, in smiling expectation of her guests. She rose to greet the stranger, stretching out both hands with a swift little gesture of welcome, then gave her to the charge of Laudomia, her youngest daughter, an almost pretty girl of fourteen with two braids of blue-black hair, one of which hung down in front as she looked up at Marian shyly from under her heavy lids. They sat down on the other side of the fireplace from the Signora, partly hidden by the grand piano and by the fire-screen, embroidered in tiny cross-stitch with a faded picture of a shepherd and his flock. Laudomia tried to amuse her guest but a younger child, with curly hair flying over her scarlet dress, running in soon claimed her attention so that Marian could look about and watch at her leisure the people arriving. The room before her was scantily furnished; there was thus left for dancing an open space of freshly reddened bricks. Along the walls were sofas, but so narrow and stiff as to be almost benches, while little mirrors above them reflected the flames of the candles fastened in flower-shaped brackets on either side. The light

shifted and flickered as it fell on the heads and shoulders of the matrons, rather ugly and gaunt they seemed to Marian, who, as they gathered, sat down on the sofas and began chatting by twos and threes. Over the restless figures of the younger guests, as they settled an instant, then got up again and wandered about in small groups eager for the dance to begin, the wavering lights and shadows played. Marian's mother and aunt who had followed a little later were just being received by their hostess. With her mother smiles were about all that was attempted, but her aunt's voluble Italian made the girl's forehead wrinkle in a quizzical frown. Remarkable statements and blunders would, however, she knew, be forgiven by the gentle Signora. Now Marian could no longer watch, for Laudomia, awakening to her duties, brought one and another guest to her, especially those held to be endowed with the gift of tongues. Unfortunately the result sometimes resembled the traditional confusion of an earlier date. While engaged in a serious attempt at understanding the strange German of a young Italian student, she saw entering the room a tall figure with a mass of reddish hair. A vision of donkeys, small boys and kittens arose so suddenly, that her face quivered and her companion, believing her smile to be caused by his German, stopped and stood silent beside her. The new comer greeted their hostess with the air almost of a stranger. She smiled with evident pleasure and relief, and, rising, walked with him over to Marian and said :

"Dear Signorina Mariana, I am so glad to bring you Signor Varreno, a fellow-countryman—or, at least, an Englishman may surely count as one in this country."

Mr. Warren bowed, and Marian noticed with amusement the puzzled lines on his forehead.

"I believe I have before had the pleasure—" he began.

"Not so very long ago, was it?"

"No," the rising inflection betrayed him and, conscious of this, he plunged into questions as to her stay in Florence.

She persisted in playing references to their former meeting, and he, though risking at every point a false move, kept up the game until at length, with much art, he succeeded in implying a question as to the person by whom they had been first introduced. The girl's gravity gave way and she threw herself on his mercy by confessing to no further knowledge as to the kitten, ending, "whose view of you, by the way, interested me a good deal."

"A pretty poor case for me, poor kitten! Or, poor me! as my awkwardness had you for a witness."

"Oh, please, no. We are out of the world of that sort of thing."

After a little more play between them the German-speaking student came to claim her for the first dance. She smiled good-bye to Mr. Warren, remarking in English, of course :

“Dancing is good when one is limited as to vocabulary, but will twenty words last out a whole dance?”

He watched the slender black figure with evident interest in the almost too direct look of his keen hazel eyes.

“He is one of the men who like being played with and mystified,” the girl thought, “not very young, still there is a good deal of the boy left in those eyes,—but not the unsophisticated boy—not at all.”

They met again frequently in this free Italian life, free to them, for they were almost cut off from all English-speaking people, he apparently by choice, she by a combination of circumstances. So they carried on with spirit on both sides and quite unhindered the clever game. But gradually it dropped more and more of the sparring and began to be rather *bonne camaraderie* with a touch of tenderness on his side and of confidence on hers—a confidence arising from her sense of his greater strength due, she felt, to his wider experience even more than to his additional years. Because of Marian’s delicate charm, men had always been tempted to seek to obtain from her the time and interest she refused to give to the few girls with whom she had been thrown, but she had before been a little cut off from the former by her intense dislike of their “heavy-handedness,” as she called it. They were therefore deprived of all success with her by the direct modes of attack, and few would take the time to follow the winding bypaths, by which alone this elusive girl could be caught. Henry Warren did not consciously try to win her, but the restraint on both sides, the lack of the personal element and the steady companionship were leading them to that very note which they so studiously avoided. In him the avoidance seemed to her, not only when she looked back over these weeks long afterward, but even at the time, less a matter of choice than of deliberate restraint. That there might have been another woman in the case she herself never believed ; that he was involved in secret political schemes she had, even at the time, conjectured, perhaps because of a touch of romanticism in herself to which she would never have pleaded guilty. A certain justification was, however, given to this theory by his studious avoidance of the English colony in Florence and the sense she had, from words casually dropped, of the possibility of his being summoned away at any time.

III

They were sitting together one afternoon several weeks after their first, or rather second, meeting, in the upstairs room, now in as much order as Marian ever permitted it to be. She had resolutely planted her chair so that her back was turned to the offending stove. Held in her arms, her great, fluffy grey cat curled luxuriously against her. Their talk had been autobiographical, she telling him the odd little coloured bits and scraps that were all her memory retained of her early childish days in New York ; then more briefly of the years of rambling about Europe and, her reticence fading away under the charm of his attentive eyes, she acknowledged how weary she was of the monotony and loneliness of it all. He, in turn, told her a little of his life, of his early recollections of the old English manor-house and of his going to Oxford. Of the time since then he said little in detail, yet the slight tone of bitterness in speaking of it, even more than any definite words, confirmed her belief that he had not been his own master now for many years and that he had no free future to look forward to. Then he sat silently studying the cracks between the bricks on the floor and she would not rouse him, for he looked tired and worried. Glancing up after a while quickly with his usual smile, he began talking about places they had been to during the last days, sometimes with her mother or aunt, sometimes alone together. He ended by telling her of a charming pantomime a Florentine friend of his had persuaded him to see the day before at the Arena Nazionale.

"It ended," he said, "with a ballet, a jolly one. Quite a debt we owe to the late king for all that."

"Yes, I am going to see one next Tuesday. Poor aunt Eliza! Her Puritan sentiments are receiving severe shocks from my theories, which, by the way, resemble pussy's, don't they, Miez? You get all the good you can out of the mouse of to-day, whatever dearth of mice may come to-morrow. Besides Aunt does not approve of my 'good,' which is an additional trial to her."

"That is hardly the usual woman's attitude," he said, "women like the nicely constructed life—I see in your eyes that you think I am laying down the law man fashion—but don't they now really?—a life with a precious future duly worked up to. A very useful theory, it prevents thunder storms—but lightning too."

"I like lightning, unfeminine though that be."

"Really?"

She nodded vigorous assent and softly rubbed her cheek against Mieke's head. Then she stopped and shook the cat in a discontented way, for regular footsteps on the stairs announced aunt Eliza with her crocheting in pursuit of the sun, and in a doubtful frame of mind, Marian knew, as to the number of hours spent by her niece with that "very indefinite young man."

Mr. Warren seemed to share her desire for flight. He looked out the window speculatively.

"Do you mind risking material thunder storms—for I see it looks rather threatening,—by coming to the Boboli Gardens? I want to see Father Neptune again before I leave Florence."

"Do you leave Florence?" she asked hastily.

"Perhaps—I am not sure. I shall hear to-night. I am only sure of to-day—which threatens being a little stormy, I see."

"But remember the lightning."

They passed her aunt and the worsted work. After running through the cupid gallery to her room for her soft, broad-brimmed Leghorn hat, Marian joined him and they went more slowly down the lower flights and out into the street. Again she looked across and again she smiled, for the familiar kitten was sitting on the door step, alone this time.

"Do you know, I rather want that kitten," she said.

"Which?" he asked abstractedly, putting her arm inside his, "Never mind the Italian proprieties," as she hesitated. "They pardon everything in the strange *Americani*. You see you have given me your nationality."

They passed through the narrow street with its little smoky shops where chestnut cakes are always baking, over the broad stretch of gravel, hemmed in by the dark stone walls of the Pitti Palace, and, coming into the garden through the arched entrance under the Palace, wandered for a while aimlessly along the walks shaded by trees whose leaves hung silent in the threatening stillness. In the dusk the quaint sandstone figures, which appeared here and there among the curiously trimmed bushes, gained a certain life, spotted though they were with moss and gray and brown lichens. They talked a little at random and between the occasional remarks she walked beside him in a dazed way, wishing she might be alone for a little while to straighten matters out, then quickly repentant as she realized this might be their last walk together and he had been so good a friend to her. She knew there were many things she wanted to ask him about before he went away. Yesterday it would have been easy but to-day for some reason even the simplest sentences were impossible. His manner to

her seemed a little different, too; he was abstracted, perhaps that was why it was so hard to talk to him as she had before.

Finally, happening on the fountain which they had come in search of, they sat down on one of the benches beside it and listened to the splashing water as it fell on the marble sea-monsters and into the basin; and Neptune himself was wet with the falling drops as he sat silently holding his trident. They had quite stopped talking, and he now leaned forward, looking at her with a steady, almost blank, stare, as though he would see at once every line and curve in the face of the girl beside him. Under the look she became still; a trifle dull, too, she felt, for she thought of nothing distinctly, only found herself vaguely wondering why the heavy lines seemed to have gone out of his face, leaving it almost expressionless and yet intent, even strained. Two young men stopped a moment just before them, then walked on. Roused by this, his face changed to the usual expression, and, glancing away from her, he said:

"Neptune is becoming rather ghostly company. Let us go down that box alley. I want to talk to you."

She shivered a little, then wondered why, for it was still warm, as again he took her arm and put it inside his. Her arm lay on his and her fingers instinctively held tightly to his cuff. Over them the roof of leaves arched black but ahead was a faint light and the air was heavy with the strong and intoxicating odour of box. They walked silently on, coming out at length on a stretch of grass which sloped down in terraces toward the Palace. The twilight had almost darkened to night and the lights in the other city across the river shone out; the bridges were now only dotted bands of silver. They were standing under a large tree and in the night and the shadow his face seemed pale above her. Again she trembled a little. A low voice asked her whether she were cold. She shook her head and was on the point of answering when an arm was softly put about her to draw her to him. Half forced by the clasp of his arm, half of her own accord, her cheek lay against the rough sleeve of his coat. In fear—although the fear was vaguely of him—her hand sought his and was taken quietly and steadily. He stirred a little and she thought she felt his lips just brush her forehead at the edge of her hair.

"You will never be sorry for these weeks, will you?"

She clasped his hand more tightly and shook her head. Through the branches raindrops were now falling; still holding her, he turned back to the sheltered alley, and through it they walked in perfect silence save for the catch in her breath each time the close hold of her hand was tightened. They reached the end beyond which was light and lack of quiet and stood still of one accord.

"Will you kiss me, dear?" he asked.

She tried to lift up her face to him, but she seemed to have grown strange and hard. Even there, during the time he gave her, she wondered why, and dully fought and protested against herself—the self which was proving, in its cruel reserve, the outcome of the tradition, perhaps even the inheritance, of generations. It was in vain, and her face sank down hopelessly, hidden on his shoulder.

“I can’t, and you cannot understand.”

“Not quite, but a good deal. Fate is too strong for us, I see. I must not ask too much. You have been very generous to me.”

Again she shook her head. Both her hands lay in his and for a minute they tried in the darkness to see each other’s faces. Then she drew her hands away and almost ran from him, only checking her pace as she approached the groups still remaining; but she felt his gaze on her as he stood in the dark shadow.

The next morning Marian was watching from the window the same street she had seen in the sunshine several weeks before. It was raining now and the pavement shone chill and empty. At a little rustle behind her she turned. The servant stood holding out to her a letter. With it she again faced the street, reading the contents even before she opened it—that part, at least, in which he bade her farewell. The claim upon him had come, perhaps for always, at least for a good many years. The letter closed: “Because I care for you, because I think you care for me a little, I fear that some part of the trouble that has come to me may come to you also. I cannot be with you, then, dear,—you surely understand that I am powerless,—but remember that I would if I could. If any part of the trouble should be because you regret that you did not give me what I asked for, you must not blame yourself, for I quite understood. You would have said good-bye to me as I wanted you to, but other things beside wishes and beliefs work strangely in us. So, please, whether you miss me long or not, you must never, whatever happens, regret.”

The girl stared for a long time at the house opposite, her eyes burned hot and dry, and her head sank down lower and lower. Then she lifted it again, and her eyes were a little wild as, across the flat roofs, she looked over at the trees in the Boboli Gardens, and she thought she saw the very one under which they had stood. And the stillness, deep as it had been then, was broken only by dull footsteps as there passed along on the street below a silent band of the black-hooded brothers of the Misericordia.

Ellen Rose Giles, '96.

COLLEGIANA.

DEBATING CLUBS

PERHAPS no charge has within the last ten years been more frequently made against colleges of the eastern United States than that their training tended to the paralysis of independent thought and its expression. Complaints like this have come from two quarters, from those who feared the dying down of educated interest in the world of the practical politician and his allies; and from those whose concern was for a more strenuous ideal of abstract thought. Bryn Mawr has received more than her due share of these reproaches, and it has been upon the minds of many, within the college as well as without, that she has deserved it. We have seen results of this feeling—a growing one—from time to time. Dating from the traditional House of Commons, if not before, attempts have been made at intervals to start more or less formal debating societies, with the idea of encouraging that free play of the mind we are said to lack. Until last year, however, none of any vitality appeared. Then the Bryn Mawr Debating Club was organized, mainly by the Class of '99; and this year that club has been followed by another. That permanency seems at length to be attained is due to a conjunction of causes; somewhat, perhaps, to a greater emphasis put on independent thought by the college itself, somewhat to the larger place held in public attention by politico-social questions, largely also to one of those unaccountable shiftings which come over temporarily collected masses of people, whereby the classical and scientific interest of the earlier college has been changed to one political and metaphysical.

The object of the Bryn Mawr Debating Club has been to encourage more careful and more scholarly thought on questions of current political and economic importance. It has held each winter a number of formally prepared debates; during the past year the following, among other subjects, have been discussed: Resolved, That the Boss is a Necessary Factor in American Municipal Politics; that Proportional Representation Would Improve the Constitution of the American Government; that Government by Injunction is Contrary to the Spirit and Tenour of the American Constitution. The preparation of these debates, as well as the debates themselves, has roused among the students a greater and more intelligent interest in current events and political issues.

The Tuesday Debating Club, organized late this winter, has supplemented rather than duplicated the objects of the other society. Its aim has been to encourage the ready expression rather than the acquisition of ideas. Subjects requiring no special investigation have therefore been chosen, and these subjects are not, as a rule, announced till the opening of the meeting. The speakers are then called on by lot. It is hoped that such practice will make rapid and coherent thinking commoner among us.

B. R., '97.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENTS ASSOCIATION

THE objection which has always been raised against the Bryn Mawr students' doing any active work at the College Settlement has been in a measure successfully met this winter. Clubs organized by girls who were carrying the full college course have shown that neither club nor collegiate work need be neglected. There is an Art Club for the teachers of one of the public schools in the Settlement District. Several clubs have studied history, and other clubs organized among the younger children spend the time reading stories aloud. A great deal of enthusiasm was roused in the beginning of the year by an address given at the college by Miss Jane Addams. Both Miss Jones and Miss Davies, who have been head-workers at the Settlement this year, have visited the college, and give good reports of the assistance they have received from the college girls. The Bryn Mawr chapter of the College Settlements Association was able to send a Christmas gift of thirty-five dollars to the Settlement. The money represented the profits from a performance of *Mrs. Hawksbee Sits Out*. The Glee Club gave a concert to an enthusiastic audience at the Settlement. The effort was so warmly applauded that it seems probable an annual concert will be given. The interest of the college in Settlement work seems to be gradually growing, and we hope to increase it by starting subchapters at Miss Baldwin's and the Misses Shipley's schools, so that when the students from these preparatory schools enter college, they may understand something of Settlement work.

E. F., 1900.

CHESS CLUB

* * *

THE Bryn Mawr Chess Club was started in the spring of 1895 by a few lovers of the game, who proposed an informal club for pleasure merely, without the usual rules and assessments. Some formality, however, has been forced upon the Club since the membership has increased to over thirty, and regular fall and spring tournaments are held. Interests in the tournaments has been heightened by a silver challenge cup, generously presented by friends of the club. The cup is peculiarly emblematic of Bryn Mawr and of chess. A girl in cap and gown is represented as thinking out a chess problem, while in the background is Pembroke Hall with a procession of knights, bishops and pawns coming through the archway. The handles of the cup, which are representations of the Pembroke towers, carry out the suggestion of castles. One rapid transit tournament, in addition to the regular tournaments this year, has proved to be especially good practice in the clear, active thinking so essential for chess.

G. P. L., '98.

CLASSICAL CLUB

* * *

THE Classical Club was formed in November, 1897, with Miss Edith F. Claflin as President, and Miss Beatrice Reynolds as Secretary. Graduate students in Greek and Latin are eligible for membership. The Club is this year reading the plays of Sophocles, the parts of protagonist, deuteragonist and tritagonist being taken by various members in turn. The meetings are held fortnightly, and it is the intention of the Club to read each year the complete works of some classical author.

M. B. R.

GRADUATE CLUB

THE members of the Graduate Club have poured tea in the club room from four to six in the afternoon throughout the winter and spring. At the informal meetings a number of members have given some account of interesting matters in the field of their special work, and at the last of the four formal meetings the Club entertained the entire college. The following speakers have addressed the Club:

Professor BLISS PERRY on *The Short Story*.

Mr. HERBERT WELSH on *Educated Women in the Movement for Good Government*.

Mr. TALCOTT WILLIAMS on *City Success and Failure*.

Professor WILLIAM JAMES on *What Makes Human Lives Significant*.

G. G. K., '96.

* * *

PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB

THE Philosophical Club has held this winter a number of interesting meetings, formal and informal. The formal meetings have been addressed by:

Mr. JOHN JAY CHAPMAN on *The Influence of Commercialism in Municipal Government*.

Mr. BENJAMIN IVES GILMAN on *The Psychology of Music*.

Mr. NORMAN HAPGOOD on *The Influence of the Study of Philosophy on Imagination and Style*.

Mr. GEORGE SANTAYANA on *The Psychological Difference Between Prose and Poetry*.

At the present date a program of equal interest stands for the rest of the year.

B. R., '97.

* * *

DE REBUS CLUB

THE efforts of the De Rebus Club have this year resulted in obtaining for the College the pleasure of hearing a large number of addresses. The subject matter of these addresses has been almost evenly divided between questions of literary interest and those of public concern. They are as follows:

Mr. WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON on *Henry George and the Single Tax Movement*.

Mr. WALTER A. WYCKOFF on *The Workers*.

Mr. ELLIS YARNALL on *Hartley, Derwent and Sara Coleridge*.

Mrs. BERTHA KUNZ BAKER.

Mr. JACOB A. RIIS.

Mrs. MABEL LOOMIS TODD on *Eclipses in Japan*.

Mr. PERCIVAL CHUBB on *William Morris*.

MUSIC COMMITTEE

THE Music Committee was formed last fall at the request of Miss Thomas. The expressed object of it was to give the students an opportunity of hearing good music as often as possible, and for the least possible sum.

In attempting to fulfill these two requirements the Committee sold the tickets for all the concerts at very small prices, depending for its financial support on the size of the audience. It was herein occasionally disappointed; and therefore has to record at the end of the year a deficit in the treasury which has been supplied by last year's surplus and by gifts from the Glee Club and from friends.

Musically it was a success. There were five concerts given: three by the Kneisel Quartet, one by Mrs. Mosher and Miss Burbank, and one by Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel. These were all so much enjoyed that the Committee, in spite of discouragements, believes greater success is in store for future movers in this good work of introducing Bryn Mawr to the Masters of Music.

E. P., 1900.

* * *

CHRISTIAN UNION

THIS year the membership of the Christian Union has increased from 106 to 124. This gain is perhaps due in a great part to the good support given the Union by the large Freshman class, as well as to the addition of many new members from the upper classes.

The work of the various committees of the Union has continued almost unchanged from last year. The Philanthropic Committee still continues to direct the readers at the Hospital and the classes for maids. The Bible Study Committee has under its charge the Sunday Afternoon Bible Classes in all the halls of residence, and also a fortnightly class taught this year by Dr. Robert Ellis Thomsen, of the University of Pennsylvania.

The Missionary Committee has, as before, aided in the support of Dr. Jessie Carlton, of Umbala, India. Under its auspices a Mission Study Class is held by Miss Murdoch, and meets fortnightly. The Committee has had so far this year, as speakers, Dr. Pauline Root, of India, who spoke on medical missions, and Miss Ruth Rouse, Traveling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. In the convention of that organization at Cleveland, O., the Christian Union of Bryn Mawr was represented by three delegates.

Besides the speakers mentioned, the only preacher that the Union has invited is Father Huntington. We cannot but feel encouraged by the size and efficiency of the Union this year, and only hope that as the organization grows in numbers, with the increasing size of the college, it may not decrease in spirit and earnestness, but may become more and more each year a power for good in the lives of the students and of the college as a whole.

E. C. C., 1900.

SUNDAY EVENING MEETING

THE Sunday evening meetings have been very well attended during the past year. The students at large seem to take an interest in them, and the new students, as a rule, have entered thoroughly into the spirit of the meetings, while these have a prospect of increasing usefulness. These meetings fill a unique place in the life of the college, conducted as they are entirely by the students, and the growth of their influence is a very encouraging sign to all who have the interests of Bryn Mawr at heart.

C. H., '98.

* * *

TEMPERANCE SOCIETY

AS college women have neither time nor opportunity to carry on practical temperance work, the members of the Temperance Society at Bryn Mawr feel that the yearly contribution of money to the State treasurer is at present the only method of directly helping the movement.

It was impossible to send delegates to the State Convention in October, but a paper on "The Educational Aspect of the Temperance Cause," written by a Bryn Mawr student, was forwarded to be read. In March, Miss Olafia Johannesdottir, a native of Iceland, spoke at the college in the interests of the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union in her own country.

B. P. C., '99.

* * *

GLEE CLUB

THE Glee Club this year under the leadership of Miss Hannah Carpenter, '98, has more than doubled its size, and now consists of over fifty members. Trusting to the strength of numbers and to the efficient instruction of Mr. Barrington, the Club, assisted by the Banjo Club, ventured to give a more formal concert than was given last year, and had even greater success than was hoped for. The music sung at this concert was rather more difficult in character than anything lately attempted by the Club, and represented a winter's hard work at the weekly rehearsals. As the time for singing out of doors approached, however, it seemed time to drop the more serious work, and to take up college songs and light music, better suited to the after-dinner singing on Taylor steps.

M. M., 1900.

* * *

GYMNASIUM

THIS year the work in the gymnasium went on with the customary vigour. The swimming-pool was in constant use, and exercise was taken regularly in the gymnasium proper. Although the annual drill did not take place, there is no reason to doubt that the classwork was as thorough as ever before. By far the most noticeable event of the year was the record-marking at the end of February. For some years this important factor has been omitted, but now that the repeated efforts for its renewal have met with success, it is hoped that hereafter record-marking will be a firmly established fact in the athletics of the college.

K. W., 1900.

JAMES E. RHOADS SCHOLARSHIPS

THE alumnae of Bryn Mawr College have transferred to the Trustees a fund of \$8,000 raised in memory of President Rhoads, the interest of which is to be used for two scholarships to be given annually to undergraduate students. Candidates for these scholarships are nominated to the Trustees by a committee consisting of the President of the College and two members of the Academic Council of the Faculty, the President of the Alumnae Association and three other alumnae. One Scholarship is open to a student for use in her sophomore year, and the other to a student for use in her junior year, and to be eligible for either of those Scholarships a student must have obtained a high degree of excellence in her work, must express her intention of fulfilling the requirements for the degree of A. B. at Bryn Mawr College, and must prove to the satisfaction of the committee her need of financial aid.

In case in any year the committee finds no candidates in the sophomore or junior classes, fulfilling the requirements, the Scholarships may be awarded to any Bryn Mawr undergraduates that are otherwise eligible, or the money may be given for that year to the Students' Loan Fund.

The Scholarships were awarded for the first time in the year 1897-1898, and the successful candidates were :

Miss Cora Hardy, '99.

Miss Dorothea Farquhar, 1900.

* * *

In the year 1898-99 the two houses "Dolgelly" and "Cartreff" on Merion Avenue, which belong to the College, will be fitted up for students, and will provide accommodation for about twenty-two.

* * *

A number of lectures were presented to the College this year, and were, like the similar ones in former years delivered in the Chapel, open to all comers, that is, to the students and their guests. The speakers were :

Mr. JAMES WOOD, on *The Development of Doctrine in the Progress of the Protestant Reformation in England. The Rise of the Society of Friends and Its Distinguishing Doctrines. The Practical Results of Quakerism.*

Professor WILLIAM KNIGHT, of the University of St. Andrews, on *Personal Reminiscences of Tennyson and Browning. The Poetry of Browning.*

M. RENÉ DOUMIC, Professor of Rhetoric in the College Stanislas, Paris, *Le Theatre de Victor Hugo. Alphonse Daudet.*

Mr. and Mrs. SIDNEY WEBB, of England, spoke informally on *Methods of Sociological Study.*

Professor PERCY GARDNER, Lincoln and Merton Professor of Art and Archæology, Oxford, England, on *Greek Portraits.*

GRADUATE CLUB

President : MARY HELEN RITCHIE, '96.

Vice-President : MARY DELIA HOPKINS, '96.

Executive Committee : { MARY L. FAY, '97.
BEATRICE REYNOLDS.
BERTHA REMBAUGH, '97.

Secretary : GEORGIANA GODDARD KING, '96.

Treasurer : M. CLOYD BURNLEY.

DE REBUS CLUB

Chairman : JOSEPHINE C. GOLDMARK, '98.

PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB

President : ETTA HERR, '98.

Secretary : GRACE PERLEY LOCKE, '98.

Treasurer : BERTHA GORDON WOOD, '98.

CHRISTIAN UNION

President : HANNAH T. CARPENTER, '98.

Vice-President : MARTHA TRACY, '98.

Treasurer : EDNA WELLA WARKENTIN, 1900.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

President : MARTHA TRACY, '98.

Secretary : ETHEL EUGENIE HOOPER, '99.

Treasurer : KATE WILLIAMS, 1900.

Out-Door Manager : JEAN BUTLER CLARK, '99.

In-Door Manager : GRACE TILESTON CLARKE, '98.

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION

President : ETHEL EUGENIE HOOPER, '99.

Secretary : JOHANNA KROEBER, 1900.

Treasurer : GRACE BOWDITCH CAMPBELL, 1900.

Assistant Treasurer : MAY SOUTHGATE, 1901.

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT

EXECUTIVE BOARD.

President : MARION EDWARDS PARK, '98.

Vice-President : JOSEPHINE C. GOLDMARK, '98.

MARY DELIA HOPKINS, '96.

BERTHA POOLE CHASE, '99.

MARY EMMA GUFFEY, '99.

FRANCES AMELIA FINCKE, '97 (graduated February, 1898).

Secretary : MAE LOUISE BLAKEY, '99.

Treasurer : KATHERINE MARTHA HOUGHTON, '99.

A PPOINTMENTS and changes in the Faculty and teaching staff of Bryn Mawr College for the year 1898-99:

Dr. Herbert Weir Smyth, Professor of Greek, who has been granted leave of absence for the year 1898-99 in order to accept the Professorship of Greek in the American School of Classical Studies in Athens, has asked that his departure may be deferred for one year. In addition to the usual graduate and post-major courses he will next year lecture for two hours weekly in the Minor course and for three hours weekly in the Major course.

Dr. Mortimer Lamson Earle has resigned the Associate Professorship of Greek and Latin.

Dr. Wilmer Cave France has been reappointed Reader in Classical Literature, and will offer in addition to the Minor Greek course in Homer and the Major Greek course in Literature, the Elementary Greek course, the one hour Minor course in Greek Prose Composition and a Post-Major course of two hours weekly in Plato.

Mr. Richard Norton has resigned the Lectureship in the History of Art, and will probably remain as permanent Art Director at the School of Classical Studies at Rome.

Dr. Florence Bascom has been promoted to be Associate in Geology.

Dr. Alice Bertha Foster, since 1894 the Director of the college gymnasium, has resigned the post, and her successor, just appointed, is Miss Louisa Smith. Miss Smith is a graduate of the School of Gymnastics, conducted in New Haven by Dr. William G. Anderson, the director of the gymnasium at Yale University. Before attendance at Dr. Anderson's school she conducted classes in gymnastics at Sage College, Cornell University, where she was a student.

She will come up for the Degree of Medicine at the Medical College, Syracuse University, in June. Miss Mary Scattergood Macomber, a graduate of, and during this year an assistant in, Dr. Sargent's Gymnasium in Cambridge, will assist in the Bryn Mawr classes next year.

Dr. Gordon J. Laing, Reader in Latin during the past year, has been promoted to be Associate in Latin for the year 1898-99. His academic record is as follows: A. B., University of Toronto, 1891; Acting Lecturer in Greek and Latin, University of Toronto, 1893-94; Scholar and Fellow in Latin, Johns Hopkins University, 1895-96; Ph. D., Johns Hopkins University, 1896; Fellow in the American School of Classical Studies in Rome, 1896-97. Dr. Laing gave in the second semester a course on Roman Archæology, illustrated by photographs.

In the English Essay Department several changes are announced. Miss Abby Kirk and Miss Mary Delia Hopkins have resigned from the Readership in English; Miss Lucy Martin Donnelly, Reader in English, has been granted leave of absence for one year's study. The lecture course in Descriptive Writing conducted in 1897-98 by Miss Helen Whitall Thomas and Miss Lucy Martin Donnelly will be conducted by Miss Helen Whitall Thomas in 1898-99.

Miss Helen Strong Hoyt, A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1897, and Miss Edith Pettit, A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1895, Sorbonne and Collège de France, 1896-97, have been appointed Readers in English.

Dr. Fonger DeHaan, Associate in Spanish, who has spent the past year studying in Spain, will organize graduate and undergraduate courses in Spanish, and will conduct the course in Minor French critical reading and composition for three hours weekly, which has been conducted during his absence by Dr. Frederick M. Page.

Dr. James H. Leuba, Associate in Psychology and Pedagogy, who has been investigating educational methods in Germany, France and Italy, will organize the department of Pedagogy and Experimental Psychology in 1898-99.

He will offer the course in Psychology, forming part of the Minor Philosophy course, which has been given this year by Dr. Lightner Witmer, of the Philosophical Department of the University of Pennsylvania. He will also offer a graduate course in Psychology, and laboratory work will be done in connection with the courses. The fifth floor of Dalton Hall will be fitted up during the summer as a psychological laboratory, and the necessary apparatus will be procured.

In Pedagogy lectures and practice courses will be arranged for both graduates and undergraduates. It is hoped that the students will be able to attend recitations conducted by competent teachers.

Miss Isabel Ely Lord, B. L. S., University of the State of New York, 1897, has been appointed Librarian in place of Miss Palmer, resigned.

Mr. Dickinson Sergeant Miller, Associate in Philosophy, has resigned his position to accept a Secretaryship at Columbia University. Mr. Charles Montague Bakewell, A. B., University of California, 1889; A. M., 1891; Thayer Scholar, Harvard University, 1891-92; Ph. D., Harvard University, 1895; Instructor in Harvard University, 1896-97; Instructor in University of California, 1897-98, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Miller.

Mr. Alfred Hodder, Associate in English, has resigned his position. It will be filled by Mr. W. Allan Neilson, A. M., University of Edinburgh, 1891; Master in the Upper Canada College, 1891-95; Morgan Fellow Harvard University, 1896-98.

Dr. Max F. Blau, Associate in German Literature, has resigned his position to take charge of the German department of Adelphi Institute, Brooklyn, New York.

The Undergraduate Scholarships have been assigned for the year 1898-99 as follows:—

James E. Rhoads Sophomore Scholar, Jane Coulston Howard, 1901.

James E. Rhoads Junior Scholar, Dorothea Farquhar, 1900.

Anna Powers Memorial Scholar, Cora Hardy, '99.

THE appointments to Fellowships in Bryn Mawr College for the years 1898-99 are as follows:

Marion Edwards Park, *European Fellow*;

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1898.

Florence Peebles, *Mary E. Garrett European Fellow*;

A. B., Woman's College of Baltimore, 1895; Graduate student in Biology, Bryn Mawr College, 1895-96; Fellow in Biology, Bryn Mawr College, 1896-97; Graduate student in Biology, Bryn Mawr College, 1897-98.

Lizzie Rebecca Laird, *President's Fellow*;

A. B., University of Toronto, 1896; Ladies' College, Ontario, 1896-97; Fellow in Physics, Bryn Mawr College, 1897-98.

Charlotte William Hazelwood, *Fellow in Greek*;

A. B., Wellesley College, 1891; Yale University, 1896-98.

Mary Helen Ritchie, *Fellow in Latin*;

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1896; A. M., Bryn Mawr College, 1897; Graduate student, Bryn Mawr College, 1897-98.

Carrie Anna Harper, *Fellow in English*;

A. B., Radcliffe College, 1896; Graduate student, Bryn Mawr College, 1896-97; Graduate student, Radcliffe College, 1897-98.

Bessie H. Nichols, *Fellow in Teutonic Philology*;

A. B., University of Toronto, 1897; Ontario Normal College, 1897-98.

Caroline B. Bourland, *Fellow in Romance Languages*;

A. B., Smith College, 1893; Sorbonne, 1897-98.

Louise D. Cummings, *Fellow in Mathematics*;

A. B., Toronto University, 1895; University of Pennsylvania, 1896-97; University of Chicago, 1897-98.

Edith Bramall, *Fellow in History*;

A. B., Indiana University, 1895; University of Pennsylvania, 1895-1898; A. M., University of Pennsylvania, 1896; Bennett Fellow, University of Pennsylvania, 1895-98.

Fellow in Philosophy,*

Fellow in Physics,*

Margaret Baxter MacDonald, *Fellow in Chemistry*;

Assistant in Chemistry, Mt. Holyoke College, 1895-97; B. S., Mt. Holyoke College, 1898; Graduate student, Bryn Mawr College, 1897-98.

Annah Putnam Hazen, *Fellow in Biology*;

B. L., Smith College, 1895; Dartmouth College, 1895-96; M. S., Dartmouth College, 1897; Graduate student, Bryn Mawr College, 1897-1878.

The Mrs. George W. Child's Prize Essayist of this year is: Agnes Perkins.

* Appointment not yet announced.

“ LEVIORE PLECTRO ”

*“ born to be
An hour or half’s delight.”*

IN PASSING

A singer’s note, a passing lay,
We, listening, waited still.
The music flitted across our souls
As the cloud across the hill.

So swift it came, so swift it went,
We knew not whence or where.
We only felt a moment’s shade
From the noonday’s fiercest glare.

Elleanor Fyfe Andrews.

Wandering, wavering, winding—we come
from the sea, the sea,

And our touch is light,
But we sing of night,
Of night, of night—and the sea.

We sing of night,
And we take our flight,
From the sea, the sea, the sea.

We bend thy boughs with the touch of love
For we see thy sacred glen
In our dreams by day,
And we speed away,
Afar, afar, with the closing day,
Afar to thy sacred glen.

And we kiss its yielding moss, then sigh,
As we pass above to the star-built sky.
There we whisper our songs of love, then
die
Of love—then die, then die.

E. L. F., '99.

FOR A LOVING CUP

Sweet, we’ll drink from dark to dawn,
And, when day comes reeling on,
Drink until the sun is gone.

Sweet, our hands and lips have met,
Then, till Death shall claim his debt,
Love, remember—love me yet!

LOVE OR ART ?

Tender tripping verses,
Skipping with dainty feet ;
Is it Love that is speaking
These accents sadly sweet ?

Or is it Art that’s toying
Tuning its reedy flute ?
For Love when her heart is breaking
Hath broken first her lute.

E. F. A.

SAPPHO, 55

The moon has gone down already—
The Pleiades, too; and midnight
Is here, and the hour is passing—
But I all alone am sleeping.

M. H. R., '96.

—
Thy smile is as the soft, sad gloom of eve,
fair love,

Thy cheek the last glow of the parting
light,

Thy hair the deep dark woods against the
sky, that move

In wavering shadows of the coming
night.

Thine eyes are as the far-off rising stars
that gleam

Between the trees, swayed by the pass-
ing wind,

Thy voice the low sweet music of the
hidden stream,

And all around thee breathes rest to the
mind.

Dost know I love thee? Know thy sad
tearful smile

Calls from my heart a groan? I long to
rest;

To be with thee; to hide myself, yet for a
while,

In thy deep arms, upon thy loving
breast.

Call me from this dark, dreary grave of
life, O Heart,

Back to thy tree-rimmed hills—thy
evening light—

Back to those lost child-dreams. So, let
me ne'er depart

From thine embrace, O long-loved
summer's night!

INSCRIPTION

FOR A COPY OF THE GREEK ANTHOL-
OGY.

(Inscribed to Miss Jean Chamblin.)

The myrrh and frankincense and gold
That Magian wayfarers once brought,
Of griefs and loves and songs of old,
Far-sought and dearly bought,
I now, a wanderer, in the world's old age,
Lay at her feet who fights my pilgrimage.

* * *

It is a cage of nightingales
That cannot spread their wings and fly;
A palm-girt spring that never fails;
A star-swarm of my sky;
A wave-tossed bough from lost Hesper-
ides;
A wind remembering still those song-
stirred trees.

G. G. K., '96.

—

MORNING MISTS

Strong symbols of the eternal truth, high
hills,

Under whose shadow lies the little
town,

Populous, busy; at whose feet flows
down

The winding river, noisy from the mills

And strongly striving toward great things
to be;

The valley mist along your stalwart
sides

Mounts slowly upward, upward, till it
hides

Your august brows from those that watch
to see,

And now see not, and turn their eyes
away,

Weary and red with gazing; and the
life

Of the low valley draws them with its
strife;

You they forget, so dim, so far away.

—Till, the mist passed before the sun,
again,

You draw unto yourselves the eyes of men.

C. S. N., '99.

TRIOLET

There's a rose in her hair,

The red rose of love;

It was I put it there.

There's a rose in her hair,
And was e'er flower so fair,

A sweet face above?

There's a rose in her hair,

The red rose of love.

L. B. C., 1900.

ALCMAN, 65

The mountain peaks are sleeping, the
ravines,

The headlands and the mountain streams;
the hosts

Of creeping things that dark earth
nourishes;

The mountain-ranging beasts and swarms
of bees,

And monsters in the depths of the purple
sea;

The flocks of long-winged birds, too,
sleep.

A. F. P., '98.

BALLADE OF BITTER-SWEET

(In the manner of Villon.)

What good in virtue? Clearly waste

Of life and opportunity.

The virtuous soul, too straitly laced,

Walks like a nun in cloisterie.

So, lost to half of life is she,

Mewed up her convent walls within;

More lost the lips that know not thee,

Thou bitter-sweet, the taste of sin!

What good in virtue, hearts encased

In armor of morality

Whose mind's quick mettle is debased,

Who walk the pathway strait to see?

Lo, what are these—and what are ye,

Lean saints who wear existence thin—

But cowards, craving, while ye flee,

The bitter-sweet, the taste of sin?

What good in virtue? Let me taste

Its cloying brew for novelty,

But out on cravens double-faced

Who praise its insipidity!

Ho, t' other tap, whose foam is free,

And let cold wisdom drown therein!

The stuff that stings and shines, for me—

The bitter-sweet, the taste of sin!

ENVOY.

O Saint, of Heaven who keep'st the Key

To lock me out or let me in,

What, without this, is Heaven to be—

The bitter-sweet, the taste of sin?

Cora Hardy, '98.

THE CHACE

Painted and rouged, as in a shepherd
scene,

Among her heavy ribbon bows so slim,
Down the long chace, whose seats with
moss wax green,

She passes, underneath the leafage dim,
With thousand airs, a thousand little
ways,

One keeps for favorite parakeets, these
days.

The trailing gown is blue ; the fan, moved
slow,

By slender fingers overweighed with
rings,

Blossoms in amorous themes—so dim
the things,

She smiles, yet dreamily, at what they
show.

White girl, in fine!—small nose, to
strangely match

With her great vermeil mouth's divinity
Of pride unconscious!—daintier than the
patch

That quickens the slight fire of her eye.

From the French of Paul Verlaine.

COLLEGE SONGS

CLASS SONG, '89

Tune: "Lauriger Horatius."

Manus Bryn Mawrensium,
Lætissimæ puellæ,
Inter doctas gentium
Fulgentes sicut stellæ.
Illius fausti temporis
Sumus præcursores,
Cum licebit feminis
Fieri Doctores.

Omnesque jam scientiæ,
Sunt nobis tamquam joci,
Professor Linguae Anglicæ
Nos docet bene loqui.
Necnon in mathematica
Adeo sumus versatæ,
Ut numeremus facile
Quot annos sumus natæ.

Nos docet Biologia
Ranunculos secare,
Et Chimia monstrat supra
Percoquere et arpare.
Latine et Germanice
Sumus eloquentes,
Et Græce et Hispanice
Legimus currentes.

Tam doctas nequis metuat
Cum venit hora sera,
"Desipimus in loco" at-
Que "linquimus severa."
Calculos cæruleos
Habeant aliæ sibi,
Intuere oculos
Cælum inest ibi.

Namque nos monstramus jam
Bene convenire
Doctrinam atque gratiam
Placere atque scire.
Nonne sumus omnium
Doctissimæ puellæ
Manus Bryn Mawrensium
Fulgentes sicut stellæ?

—

THE FRESHMAID'S LAMENT

Tune: "Fair Harvard."

CLASS SONG '90.

I

As Freshmen we came to the halls of
Bryn Mawr,
All timid, and tender, and green,
Like undifferentiate, typical cells,
When the others developed have been.
They told us the students would take us
right in
To their midst, and it was not a sham;
They have done it, as Congressmen take
in their friends,
Or as lions would take in a lamb.

II

The Faculty frighten *our* faculties hence,
Till our minds are examples of void;
They boast of the scalps of the candi-
dates plucked,
And the students in quizzes decoyed.
A stout rope hangs down with a noose at
the end,
Just outside of the President's door,

We are never *suspended*; oh, say! are we
hanged
Per order trustees of Bryn Mawr?

III

The Sophomores scoff at our pleasures
and pains,
We have "no nervous system," they
say;
The Professors allude to their classes last
year,
In a pensive and sorrowing way.
Oh! happy the girls with whom college
began!
Indigenous, favored by all;
Unhappy the Freshmen who stand here
to-day,
But just wait till *our* turn comes next
fall.

Alice B. Gould, '89.

—

CONSECRATION OF LANTERNS

Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη, θεὰ
Μαθήματος καὶ θένους,
Σὲ πᾶρ' ἡμεῖς ἔμεν,
Ἰρεῦδουσάι σοι δεινῇ
Ἄκουε! Ἄκουε!

Μακάριζε, αἰτοῦμεν,
Ἡμῖν σοφίαν διδου,
Ἡμῖν συγγίγνου αἰεὶ,
Μάκαρ θεὰ, ἄκουε,
Ἄκουε! Ἄκουε!

Ἰέριζε νῦν τοῦς λύχνους,
Ἀεὶ φανῶς φάοιεν,
Λαμπρύνοντες τὴν δόδον,
Μελαὶν φανόν ποιοῦντες,
Ἀκουε! Ἄκουε!

M. V. A., '93; B. H. P., '93.

THE MAID OF BRYN MAWR

On the top of Bryn Mawr a phenomenon
sat,
With a circumflex air, and with weeping
acute;
Though her accent was grave, yet her
oxy-toned hat
Was a proof she was clad in a Taylor's
new suit.
Like a maiden she seemed, but I could
not opine
Why she shone like the star that was
Hecuba's son,
Why she shook as she sang, like a wild
ivy vine,
Why she looked like a fraction, though
properly none!
Why she writhed like an earthworm, and
croaked like a frog,
While exploding in gas that talked Latin
and Greek,
Till I heard her lament, as on top of a
log,
With unearthly gymnastics she hastened
to speak:

SONG.

"Tune: *One Fish Ball.*"

I was a maiden meek and mild,
That now am an experiment,
I was a single, simple child,
And void of time and firmament;
My maiden life, alas! 'tis gone.
Behold me now! I am a star!
A beacon light that gleams forelorn,
The *only lantern* in Bryn Mawr!

Forlorn! not lonely, there's a twin
That complicates my sad distress
And makes me yearn the more to win
The "state of single blessedness."

But presto! change! for when I yearn
To smite the twin and smite the yoke,
I turn into an ivy vine
Denied the shelter of an oak!

Oh, oakless vine! oh yokeless pair!
A star unique, within whose sky
A twin is found! oh, quaint and rare!
Oh, metaphor; oh, mystery!
Oh, mixedness, unhappy girl!
Where, *where* is my identity?
My head is ever in a whirl!
Familiar things seem strange to me!

The gentle worms avoids my walks,
I fright the frogs that wooing go,
While Virgil's ghost beside me stalks,
And wrings its hands and shrieks
"dabo!"
I am the maiden of Bryn Mawr,
The high, high hill that leads to knowl-
edge.
A twin I am, a vine, a star.
The Great-Group-System Woman's
College.

— LANTERN SONG

1900 TO 1901.

Tune: "Ancient of Days."

Hail to the lantern, emblem of our col-
lege,
Honor and glory to its flaming light,
Leading us onward in our search for
knowledge,
Keeping before us our ideal of light.
To you in turn entrust we our ideal,
Knowing your love for it will n'er be
spent,
While this you honor, liberty is real,
Join then in praise to our Self-Govern-
ment!

Take then the lantern, which to you
we offer,
May you ne'er let its flame grow dim
or pale.
With it best wishes for success we
proffer,
Then to the lantern sing with us,
"All hail!"
—

CAP AND GOWN SONG

1900 TO 1901.

Music by D. F.

Greet we now the Freshmen all, as on
parade they pass!
Sporting caps and gowns with pride
comes forth our newest, freshest
class.
Never was a thing so splendid seen in
old Bryn Mawr,
As naughty-one to-night in academic
garments are!

Chorus.

Sing ye, Sophomores, to the Freshmen
all!
Greeting clear, with shout and cheer,
laughter give to large and small,
Haughty-one, not *naughty*-one they
are,
Now that they own the cap and gown
of old Bryn Mawr!
Now, oh naughty-one, advice we give
you in this song;
Never pin your gowns on tight to
make them stay where they be-
long,
Never mind the rents and tears that
come your gowns to mar!
Never let your tassels wander from
this place afar!
Cho.—Sing ye, Sophomores, etc.

E. C. C., 1900.

CLASS SONG, 1900

Tune: "Lizette."

See our banners gaily streaming,
 In thy honor, dear Bryn Mawr,
 In thy honor, dear Bryn Mawr,
 Of thy glory we are dreaming,
 And shall spread it near and far.
 May our lantern clear and bright,
 Shed its radiance in each heart,
 So that following its light,
 In the world we'll bear our part.
 For the years that we have spent,
 Guided by Self Government,
 Should bring praise to dear Bryn
 Mawr.
 Should bring praise to dear Bryn
 Mawr,

CHORUS.

1900, Cheer, rah! rah!
 1900, of Bryn Mawr.

May our colors still be waving,
 O'er the campus of Bryn Mawr,
 O'er the campus of Bryn Mawr,
 Though we life's fierce frays are braving,
 And no longer near it are.
 See, the green and darkest blue.
 And our own that's like the sky,
 And the red's most brilliant hue,
 All as rivals wave on high.
 But from freshman up to fellow,
 We're all true to white and yellow,
 And the daisy of Bryn Mawr,
 And the daisy of Bryn Mawr.

CHORUS.

1900, cheer, rah! rah!
 1900 of Bryn Mawr.

H. T. E., 1900; L. C. R., 1900.

CLASS SONG 1901

Tune: "I am dying, Egypt, dying."

Bryn Mawr, we thy loving daughters,
 hail thee, mother blessed and dear,
 Thou our guide, to life and knowledge,
 make the way before us clear.
 Though our progress may be stumbling,
 yet our hearts are stout and true,
 And forever we'll be faithful,
 Bryn Mawr, Bryn Mawr, unto you.
 Oh, our souls, beloved teacher,
 are as clay beneath thy hand,
 Thou shalt mould us into diverse shapes,
 against the world to stand.
 What though by thy rules and precepts,
 we to live have just begun,
 Still we mean to be a noble class,
 this Class of 1901.

Then in friendship's bonds uniting,
 each her neighbour makes more
 strong,
 And together we'll uphold the right,
 and trample down the wrong.
 Drinking deep to thy prosperity,
 our cheers shall echo far,
 For 1901 has come to swell
 the glory of Bryn Mawr.

C. M. W., 1900.

'98 TO '97

Tune: "We Want a Good Old Fashioned Song."

The time has come for sad reflection
 Expressed in rhyme,
 For we perceive with deep dejection
 The flight of time.
 And know that in a month or more
 We'll wave you sadly out the door,
 And breathe a sigh to see you go,
 Our dearest foe.

T'was you that taught our infant minds
The way to go.
T'was you that taught our infant hands
To pitch and throw.
Oh! sisters, guardians, nurses, too,
What class had mentors like to you.
We trust that we your training
show,
Our dearest foe.

Three years we've grown in sun and
shower,
Side by side.
But now there dawns the fatal hour,
When paths divide.
The rosemary we'll twine for you,
And fill our glasses once anew,
To pledge once more before we go,
Our dearest foe.

M. E. P., '98.

67

B



· THE · LANTERN ·

· DRYN MAWR ·



1899

THE LANTERN

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

1899

EDITORS

CONTENT SHEPARD NICHOLS, '99
Editor-in-Chief

CARRIE ANNA HARPER
Fellow in English

CORA HARDY, '99

LOUISE BUFFUM CONGDON, 1900

LESLIE APPLETON KNOWLES, 1900

BUSINESS BOARD

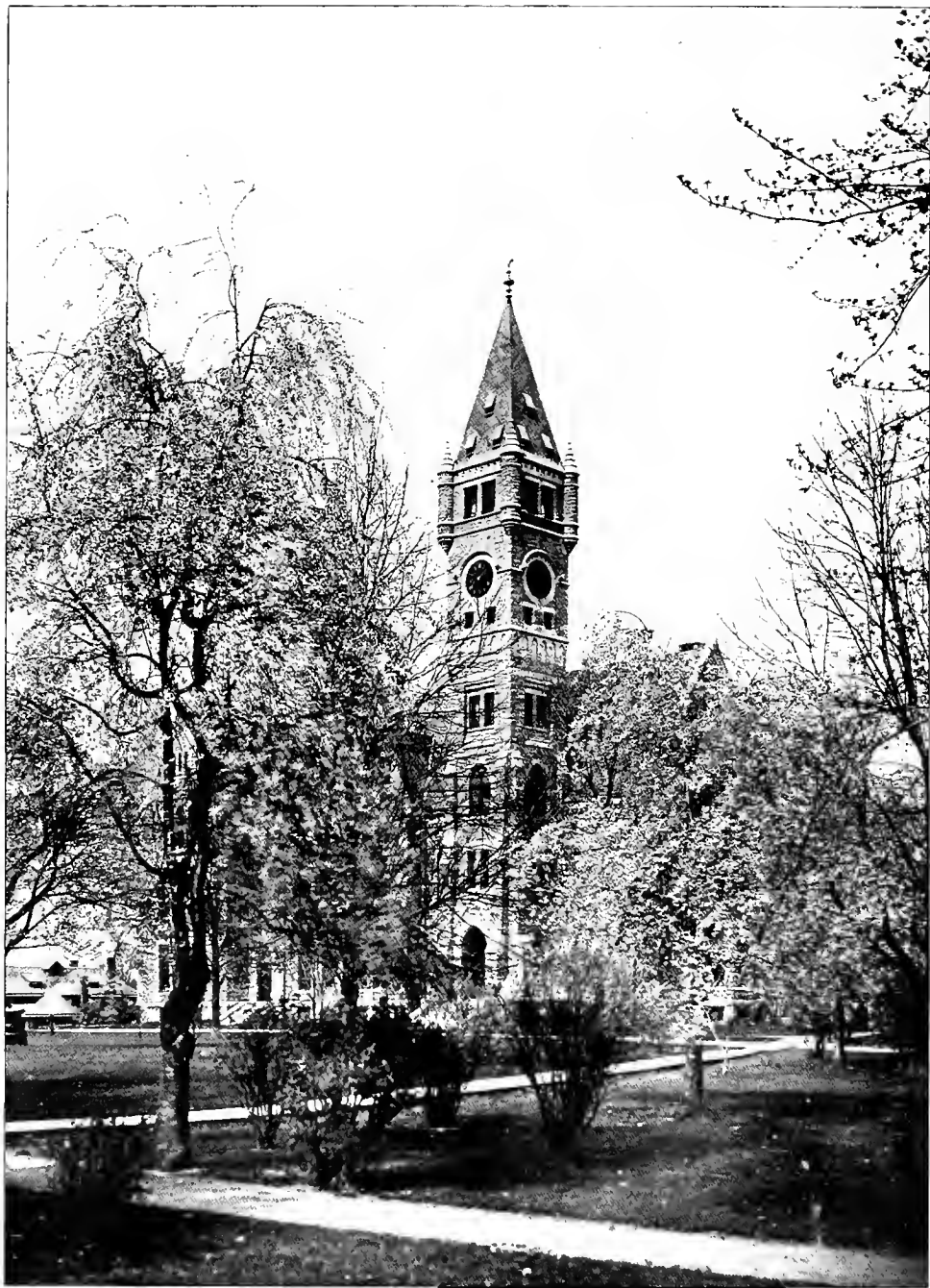
MARION REILLEY, 1901
Business Manager

MARION PARRIS, 1901
Assistant Business Manager

MARGARETTA MORRIS, 1900
Treasurer

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Frontispiece : Taylor Hall	
Editorial	7
One Man's Ideal <i>Translated by I. E. L.</i> <i>Edouard Rod</i>	11
Keats <i>Leslie Appleton Knowles, 1900</i>	26
Some Contemporary Poetry—	
I <i>A. L. S., '99</i>	27
II <i>C. H., '99; L.B.C., 1900</i>	29
III <i>L. A. K., 1900</i>	34
The Death Dream <i>Grace Constant Lounsbury, '97</i>	40
Sonnet <i>Carlola Montenegro, 1901</i>	45
A Study of a Story <i>Winifred M. Kirkland</i>	46
Punchinello <i>Lee Fanshawe, '99</i>	62
Song Against Singing <i>Georgiana Goddard King, '96</i>	63
'Twixt Sight and Things Unseen <i>Cora Hardy, '99</i>	64
Anacreontic, 21 <i>Clara Hitchcock Seymour, 1900</i>	71
"The Young Woman's Guide to Excellence" <i>Lillie Deming Loshe, '99</i>	72
Soft Going <i>Content Shepard Nichols, '99</i>	76
The King of France <i>Carrie A. Harper</i>	78
Sappho, 1 <i>G. C. L., '97</i>	84
The Prompter's Box	
<i>Louise Congdon, 1900; Dorothea Farquhar, 1900</i>	85
Collegiana	93
"Leviore Plectro"	103



THE LANTERN

No. 8

BRYN MAWR

JUNE, 1899

EDITORIAL.

I T was a long time ago, and in a world very different from ours, that Molière wrote *Les Femmes Savantes*, and at this day I suppose most of us are moved to amusement rather than resentment in reading Chrysale's dictum:

"Il n'est pas bien honnête, et pour beaucoup de causes,
Qu'une femme étudie, et sache tant de choses,"

or his portrait of those ideal women of former days, to whom

"Leur ménages étaient tout leur docte eutretien,
Et leurs livres, un dé, du fil et des aiguilles,
Dont elles travaillaient au trousseau de leurs filles."

The logic of events has decided against Chrysale. Yet if we are in earnest in the wish to use for the best our minds, as well as our emotions, to have some value in the climbing progress of mankind, we need not be above learning something from Philaminte and Armande. It is not impossible, even after so many years, to fall into the same faults that made them inefficient and absurd; and I suppose the best way to obviate this most unhappy possibility is honestly to name the dangers, consider their strength, and determine to overcome them.

The thing that is cast up to us most often, either directly or in that more exasperating, because less answerable, fashion of implying by look and gesture what is denied in words, is that women are superficial in their mental lives. This charge refers, I take it, not to the few who every year are doing work that is real work, original thinking and advanced investigation, but to the great majority of us who go to school and college, get

through with more or less ease, and forthwith return to the life from which our few years of discipline withdrew us. We are supposed to take our opinions ready made, to be afraid of hard thinking, and consequently to have no foundation for our easy beliefs, to say with Philaminte:

“Pour les abstractions, j’aime le platonisme,”

and with Armande:

“Epicure me plaît, et ses dogmes sont forts.”

That there is some truth in this we need not be ashamed to confess; we must not, indeed, if we are to get any farther. It would be strange if there were not some truth in it. It may be said, as La Bruyère said, that no one keeps women from opening their eyes and reading, from retaining what they have read, or from giving account of it in their conversation or works. Of course no one does, and yet in a way there is something that hinders them, and something very potent, their own training, and, as well, the training of their mothers before them. It is not that they are crushed under the heel of the tyrant man; men are not few who are better friends of women in this way than women themselves, more consistent, more constant, and more sane. But this display in our own party of the very faults we are combatting surely only makes their existence less problematical and their correction more necessary.

That the training of girls, beginning with the earliest days and in the smallest things, is different from that of boys, is too obvious to need remark. They are consistently taught to be concerned with little things, to avoid difficult or daring feats, and to care most for the comfort of those around them, which usually implies yielding to their opinions. The ideal is, “Be good,” and goodness is interpreted as consisting more in the practical duty of making other people happy than in the theoretical one of being true to one’s self. After this most girls go to school, where they are indulged in that little learning which is proverbially a dangerous thing, and naturally return with the idea that they have looked into the treasure house of wisdom and found there nothing but walls of rock. One cannot get gold without digging. Some of them go on to college, catch a glimpse of all that there is yet untouched and of the fascinating difficulty of the

way to it, but then alike returning to the others, lose little by little their ideal of distinctive scholarship in the great majority of those who never knew it.

It is true that this should be less and less the case, as every year more women go to college, and that is why I think that time only can show whether the difference lies more in the training or in the intrinsic qualities of men's and women's minds. Meanwhile it is for us to make the task of time as easy as possible by putting his balance on a level plane. We know from experience in those college classes where thinking is required, how difficult it is really to think, and how completely we ordinarily do without it. Here then we can begin. We can refuse to shirk or to skim over our work, we can insist on serious effort to solve our problems, we can carry out conviction in action and test it with patience and sincerity. Above all we must guard against despising the day of small things and caring more for the show of the superstructure than for the solidity of the foundation; for that, of course, is just a loophole for the enemy. And if time should show that women's minds are different from men's, and in logical completeness inferior to them, our course is still the same. There is no occasion for shame in a matter removed alike from our power and our final judgment, but the more reason why we should rectify the mistakes to which we find ourselves most inclined, and do the better while being the worse provided.

There is another fault into which we run some danger of falling, different in manifestation from the first, but like it arising from a lack of logicity, due to no matter what cause, and beyond that from the source of most human failings, the lack of the deepest kind of sincerity. It is unbalance, which displays itself in unreasoning prejudice, in incapability of seeing more than one side of a question, in carrying every belief or opinion to the extreme. The result of this sort of thing is evident enough. No idea, no person, can receive fair judgment under such a system. By appealing to the emotions or to the imagination a favorable verdict may be secured, but there is no surety of justice.

This is hard enough for the objects of consideration, whether they find themselves treated, not only without charity but without mere fairness, or whether they know themselves innocently unworthy of the excessive admiration forced upon them; but it is yet worse for the subjects. For it means that they must live in a world warped by prejudice, where abstract ideas are obscured by concrete and personal considerations, and where after

years of distortion it will finally be impossible to see anything fairly. Surely here is a lamentable case. How can one's life be true if one's thoughts are not true? Women are often said to be by nature better than men, but we can assume no credit for avoidance of outrageous evil or even for the performance of small positive duties, if we will not take the pains to set right the source from which action should flow. That is a superficial goodness that consists in the exercise of conventional virtues and shrinks from the difficulty of thinking enough to give them a sure and reasonable foundation. So also in scholarship; we must begin humbly indeed, but with not too implicit a reliance on the infallibility of any person or school, learn thoroughly all that we have opportunity to reach, judge independently, and execute courageously.

A final charge seems to exercise the mind of the world considerably—excessive pride in our mediocre attainments. It is said that a woman, doing what a man would consider ordinary serviceable work, demands—of course receiving—applause as one of the great of the earth. This accusation is rather pleasant to record, from the fact that there is so little in it. College girls may be unduly lauded for their labors, but it is not they who do the lauding; they are too conscious how far they fall short of really significant work. The reason of any extravagance of praise lies, of course, in the contrast of their slender acquirements with those—still more slender—of their friends and relatives. It is as often true that more is expected of girls than of boys who have received the same amount of education, but in neither the one case nor the other are we responsible. Until the wonder at women's being able to learn at all wears off in the world's tenacious mind, no doubt the world will continue to hold up its hands when they do.

If I close thus the list of charges that people bring against us and that we may bring against ourselves, it is not because there are no others.

But no doubt they are as present to other minds as to mine, and I am rather in haste to end this ungracious task. Of the faults mentioned some I fancy come to us as women, some as educated persons, some merely as part of mankind. In any case, it cannot hurt us to reflect upon them, and if there are any who in the course of their college years have found no serious questions in life, here are some to begin on. Let them solve these, and solve them so that they make the lantern, their charge, shine brighter along dim ways, and that they leave the name of Bryn Mawr higher than they found it, the symbol of true scholarship and true living, controlled, beneficent, and unafraid.

ONE MAN'S IDEAL.

I.

AT THE SIGN OF THE CHAMOIS.

Evening in the little village of the Valais Alps had ended a magnificent July day, promising a magnificent morrow. Great animation reigned at the *table d'hôte* of the little inn with the brave name of the Chamois. The dinner bell had sounded late, having waited for the arrival of a score of the guests who had gone off at daybreak to ascend the Luisin. They came in at last, heated, dripping with perspiration, covered with dust and laden with a harvest of wonderful flowers. Rhododendrons bursting out in scarlet clusters amid their vivid green leafage, the saffron stars of the arnica flowers, blue gentian, lilac gentian, yellow gentian, violet-petalled asters, crimson lilies, all the most beautiful varieties of that Alpine flora which transforms and varies colors infinitely—all these treasures decked the return of the voyagers.

For a moment the square before the inn resounded with laugh, story and reproach for the idlers who had stayed lounging in the village; then there was a general scattering to the inn rooms, whose thin wood partitions were a bar to no noise. Now everyone was dining gaily. Suddenly the maid Josette laid down a plate and motioned toward the door, for the benefit of the master aiding her in serving.

A newcomer had entered, a man of thirty-five, dressed in a correct gray suit. He had a distinguished, colorless face, a scanty beard, a bald head circled with a few blonde locks, and an air of gentle timidity. He mopped his brow to set himself at ease; he cast furtive looks, as if to ask pardon for being noticed, at the people who, in a sudden silence of curiosity, were staring at him fork in air; he blushed when Josette pointed out his place between two young girls. Bowing to his neighbors, who answered with an imperceptible nod, he sat down and waited a long time for his soup, furnished at last lukewarm and dismal. He had hardly

swallowed three spoonfuls when his left-hand neighbor leaned toward him and said with an almost imperative tone and a strong foreign accent:

"Pass me the salt, please?"

The quality of the voice struck him. It was energetic, yet very feminine, with a singular mixture of soft tones and sharp tones. While he obeyed, he examined the young girl rapidly.

Her face was like her voice—unusual; it was attractive without real beauty, sympathetic without definable reason, very white, enlivened by two dark eyes. It was irregular, but above all very mobile, so that nose, mouth, eyes, brow—a pretty rounded brow of delicate outline and shaded by soft hair—changed expression continually. She wore a gown of two shades of gray, elegant without effort, above all substantial, useful for excursions, for braving dust and rain. A moment later, when she spoke in a low voice to the lady beside her, he recognized her by her accent as an American, and he watched her with growing interest. She was complaining, in a tone of quick impatience, of the slowness of the service; she was listened to with a calm apparently used to her whims. She turned again to M. Gindre, asked him for the mustard, asked him for the water, asked him for the dessert, always in the same imperative but not disagreeable tone.

M. Gindre did not find occasion to converse with his right-hand neighbor—an English girl this time. She exchanged but few words during the entire meal with a white-haired lady of irreproachable mien, who sat opposite her. Both, it was evident, had dressed, to come to that pine table in the low, whitewashed room, with almost the same care as if they were going down to the comfortable dining room of a Kensington villa. The elder lady was tall, slim, solidly built, with a face still young, though crowned with white hair. The young girl had that pale, regular beauty of over the channel; that grave beauty of the Anglo-Saxon which astonishes at first, exercises its seductive power but slowly and fits so well correct manners and uprightness of soul. So, his first timidity conquered, M. Gindre, who was a bit of an Anglomaniac, thought himself very fortunate in the chance which had given him his place. At the end of the meal he presented himself to his neighbors and learned that the two Americans were mother and daughter, Mrs. Ebson and Miss Maud, while the young English girl, Miss Ellen, was the niece of her neighbor, Miss Webster. These details were given very rapidly, as they were rising from the table.

Outside conversation had begun, and a young Alpine climber was telling of a recent ascension of the *Dent du midi*, the "yellow tooth," whose summit he was the third person to reach. It was one of those awful mountains which unite all dangers—rocks giving way beneath a step, rains of stones, a ladder on the edge of a gulf, hanging over precipices masses of snow that one must pass over by cutting out steps. The man spoke without boasting, and his audience shuddered when he told of the "Ladies' Bend," a sort of narrow corridor where one gets through only by writhing along, clinging with hands and knees, suspended over nothingness.

"I do not understand how a man can risk his life that way," said Miss Ellen, with a shudder.

"I do!" declared Maud in her most decided tone, "and I would like to go there myself—to the 'yellow tooth.'"

M. Gindre, to whom both spoke, then began to develop his little danger theory. The difficulty, he said, is not to expose one's self to danger, but to decide to do so. Once danger is present, one no longer sees it, being absorbed by the expenditure of strength to resist it; then, when one recalls it by memory, one feels a mixture of retrospective fear and of satisfaction. which makes one long to seek the same emotion again. That is why soldiers love war.

"Besides, the big thing in life, after all, is death, isn't it?"

II.

M. GINDRE'S JOURNAL.

All the rooms in the inn being occupied, M. Gindre was lodged in a neighboring chalet. Having stayed last on the square, he finally went in and stood for a moment dreaming at his window. He was tired, having come up from the railway on foot, but when the damp coolness of the night drove him from the window, he did not go to bed. Instead he opened his valise and drew out a black blank book in which he wrote some lines each day.

He had begun this journal at fifteen, in the days of revolt against unjust punishment at school, revolt against the brutality of the big boys, against boredom, the frightful boredom which pursued him sometimes in

play as in school work. He had gone on with it during toilsome and pleasureless years when, giving lessons to support himself, he was preparing for his degree. Later, in the little provincial town where he taught philosophy, he continued it still. Little by little it had become a tyrannical habit, a need, like a daily bath. This habit had made his life double, had given a meaning to its most trifling events, had made more keen his knowledge of himself, so that nothing unforeseen could come from his heart or his brain. He owed it to this journal that he had become terribly conscious, powerless to act without having foreseen the consequences of his act, and yet, the act once done, torturing his mind to learn what might come of it. He had become incapable of abandon and of impulse of any sort whatever—unhappy in the largest sense of the word, and unhappy without unhappiness, as one who suffers from consumption hardly feels it. This journal was his vice and his disease. He knew it; he loved it and hated it at the same time, like drinkers with their absinthe or smokers with their opium. A hundred times his journal had prevented his obeying an impulse which would have changed his life and to which he bitterly regretted not having yielded. A hundred times, angered at this tyrant, he had resolved to destroy it, and instead he had added a new page, explaining there to himself why he did not carry out his resolve. He reread it, by chance, sure, wherever he opened, to find a bit which he would see again with keen pleasure. It was himself entire, not only as to facts told day by day, but as to all the hidden feelings he had felt, all the contradictory opinions he had expressed, all the successive tastes he had known. He did not read a book, bad or good, novel of the day or classic tragedy—he did not hear a bit of music in a concert or a drawing room—he did not see a picture, a new landscape, an unknown town, without noting at once his impression or his judgment.

His journal was, then, another self, a complete self, with all the changing shades of his being fixed from page to page, a self which showed all his contradictions and all his avatars. Alas! he appeared there by turns sceptic and believer, socialist and conservative, realist and intellectualist, tender and cruel, selfish and good. The eternal changing of his nature was in some sort realized there, raised to a positive quality; he saw himself there full length, full face, in profile, so different according to pose that one might have taken him for as many different beings and yet always desperately like himself. And this perpetual changing, this succession of

ruins, these fugitive seemings to which only the color of ink on paper gave some reality—this was his personality, this was his soul! It was literature, too, an exquisite form, as if made of condensed and intoxicating *bouquets*, without orchestral or color effects, without apparent effort, with ideas which harmonized of themselves in a vast symphony whose effects escaped and returned from page to page. Then, here and there, a lie; he had “posed” to deceive himself, slipped in an insincere sentence, shut depths of hypocrisy into a word, accomplished wonders to express a thing he did not wish to express to himself, excused his acts by the genial traits of a diplomat. And he knew all that; he had even written it in one of the five or six thousand pages which his journal already had; he knew that this collection would lie to strange eyes, that it would say the truth for him only, and that even this truth was relative, like all knowledge and all expression.

M. Gindre opened the book, and his eyes fell on a page written only a few days before. On the occasion of the marriage of one of his colleagues, he had amused himself by drawing an ideal portrait of the young girl he might marry—perhaps. He read it over to himself, with a half smile:

“She must be small, delicate and graceful. I do not ask that she be beautiful, for I do not care for beauty. It seems to me to be suitable to statues only. But her features must have that harmony without which nothing—neither human face nor work of art nor landscape—can captivate me; her eyes must have the tempered brilliancy which tells of the balance of mind and heart; her hands must be delicate, for nothing is more contradictory to every idea of elegance than coarse hands; her movements must have that supple, natural grace which reveals grace of thought, of feeling. By her movements much more than by her words a young girl betrays the secret of her being.

“She must be an orphan; that is a guarantee of peace in the future. An orphan myself and without relatives, I am afraid of all that, of the fusses they necessitate, of the quarrels they provoke, and as, in marrying, it is the calmest existence possible I am seeking, I should not care to leave a loophole for family difficulties.

“For the same reason, she must have some money, for if, according to the saying supposed to console the poor, money does not make happiness, it is the indispensable condition of it. Her fortune must not be large, for wealth is an embarrassment like any other, and it imposes too many cares and obligations. To be precise, I give the sum—from three to six hundred

thousand francs. That is a principal which, carefully invested, is not large enough to embarrass one and which, nevertheless, is enough to guarantee one against material worries. This money, it is hardly necessary to say, must be liquid capital, or at least realizable at once—no houses one cannot get rid of, no encumbering real estate, nothing which necessitates tiresome bargaining or boresome calculations.

“For the same reason again, she must be of good family, for that is a condition of good bringing up; rarely, indeed, does a single generation suffice to produce the qualities which the heredity of easy circumstances and good breeding develops—qualities whose absence would mean cruel privation for a man like me. However, though well born and even belonging to society, if she wishes, she will not be a society woman; I cannot permit marriage to overthrow my habits, and I should soon get a horror of a woman who, under pretext of having a good time, would drag me to balls and receptions.

“She must be cultivated, or, more exactly, cultivable. Before her marriage a girl learns nothing, and if she is ignorant of the doubtful notions of geography, history and literature which are taught in boarding schools, I shall only be grateful for it. But in the little that she knows and shows, in the reading she loves and the impressions she gives, one must feel that delicate intelligence of superior women which makes quite useless for them the heavy load of actual knowledge which men could not do without,—an intelligence which knows how to seize everything on the wing, how to assimilate everything,—which lends an indescribable grace to everything reflected in its clear mirror. That intelligence alone is necessary, because it alone makes a distinguished woman; education only makes ignoramuses or blue stockings.

“As to moral qualities, how can I define them? Is not the simplest young girl a sphinx who braves our deductions and disconcerts our psychology, and from whom quite a different woman may come? There are perhaps, nevertheless, some very plain qualities which do not deceive, and I wish her to have that reserve which is a grace of the heart, as nicety of language is a grace of the mind. I wish her to be modest, also, because modesty alone sets off fine qualities, as a dark background sets off bright colors. I wish her to be gentle, because I care above everything for gentleness and its slightly melancholy charm, where one guesses sadness, perchance regrets, above all, resignation. I wish her to be good to babies, to

children and to poor people, because goodness is perhaps, after all, the last solution of all the problems of life, the one at any rate which can be easiest recognized and least feigned.

"Is that all? No, indeed! The details are lacking—that is to say, the most important part, that which gives individuality and character. But one does not dream details, one copies them; the perfect ideal is never that which one imitates from reality, and I must wait, to finish my picture, till I find a model.

"And that I shall not find. Those are empty words I have just written—I shall never marry, I shall never love. For I forgot this last detail, the hardest of all to realize, I think—I must love her! Not, surely, with one of those passions which burn and devour, but with the love which is like friendship. How shall I describe it?—friendship touched with love, tenderness without a trace of passion, tenderness that is warm and yet calm, calm as deep waters, as the skies of all beautiful countries, calm as great souls."

M. Gindre read these lines over with complacent indulgence, then he wrote slowly for a half an hour. But whether he was wearied from his walk, or was having a bad day, or had nothing to say, or wished to express things so vague that they escaped him—the fact is that the two pages he filled that night with his fine handwriting were among the least interesting of his journal.

III.

HOLIDAYS.

In these little mountain hotels intimacy is soon established. They are not, like the well-known hotels of Chamounix or of Interlaken, much frequented halfway houses where hurried tourists jostle each other. People stay there a long time, get used to the place, make plans for trips with each other; they amuse themselves together on rainy days, when the uncomfortable rooms, good only to sleep in, are deserted, and everyone piles in to the "salon," the only room where there is a sofa, two armchairs, and paper on the walls. There is one grand rallying point—the kitchen, the awful mountain kitchen.

Among these people whom chance has brought together, friendships are founded, which sometimes will last beyond the holiday time; groups form according to likeness of character, taste or position. M. Gindre soon saw this at the Chamois. There was the gay group, first, formed of young married people and the Alpine climbers. The second was more quiet and less enterprising, being made up by the ladies of the Webster and Ebson families, disturbed from time to time by the Heals. These last were an old-fashioned English couple, such English people as one no longer sees except in the mountains. The husband, in checked trousers and a nankeen waistcoat, shaded his correct silk hat with an enormous green umbrella; the wife, tall, withered, and solemn, wore big bunches of flowers in her bonnet, and always had her hands protected by thread gloves like those troopers wear at music halls.

There were besides some of those dull faces without marked features which one has seen everywhere and which one will continue to see everywhere—motionless, monotonous, middle-class and indifferent, samples of the human race who have nothing to say, and of whom one can think nothing.

M. Gindre, who had come to rest his nerves after his work, who felt a little ill and especially struck with that heavy melancholy which follows weariness of the brain, was at first quite a savage, eager to avoid the noisy mirth of the "gay set." Rising at five, he would swallow a cup of coffee hastily and set out. He would take one of the paths which go up for a long way through pastures, slender pine trees with strong roots, or beds of stones worn smooth by avalanches. The path might wind along abysses where torrents roar, torrents which pass through narrow valleys shut in by giant rocks, and which lead you to heights where the horizon suddenly grows wide. To live in intimacy with this nature, in the calm of this air—perfumed by mint, wormwood, sage, and pines, in this silence where are confounded the crystalline sounds of bells, low murmurs of humming insects, and the slow laments of the wind in the trees—in this atmosphere he felt beneficent calm descend on him, the calm of cloisters and of churches, the religious calm of places where one dreams and places where one prays. He felt a hitherto unknown kindness for men and things; breaths of love swept over him, and it was precisely the love he wished, a very gentle love, which is friendship, a very calm love, which is tenderness.

It was the second group, that of the Ebsons and the Websters.

which he sought by preference. Like all men of analytic minds, he liked women, young girls especially. Chance could not have served him better: Ellen Webster and Maud Ebson, in short, each in a different way, were two adorable incarnations of the eternal womanly. Ellen, with the purity of her almost classic profile and her eyes like flax flowers, with the natural propriety of her gestures, with the correct grace of her thought, attracted as does a beautiful hothouse flower, with flat lustre and discreet odor. One had only to look at her a moment to draw up her horoscope; one foresaw one of those noble lives filled by regulated and serene feelings, lives never troubled by the breath of evil passions,—lives which are nothing but grace and love. Maud, with the mobility of her fantastic little features, with the disturbing flash of her green eyes, with the continual movement of her whole person, with her brusque voice, remained, on the contrary, enigmatic, mysterious—no augur could have read her destiny. As if to add to her impenetrability, although she was almost a woman already in her charm, her curiosity, her delicacy of wit, she remained a child in her caprices and her unbelievable ingenuousness. She might hold all that there is best in woman, or all that there is worst—and perhaps both at once. She had the making of one of those fatal creatures whose seductive charm sows disaster, but perhaps also, loyal and never perverse, she would be only passionately faithful and deeply devoted. She was of those about whom one remains in ignorance to eternity and whom one therefore loves forever.

Soon M. Gindre became the inseparable companion of these two. They were met everywhere together, on all roads. They braved fatigue and planned a thousand things. Mrs. Ebson walked first, with a long, strong step which marked out distances mathematically. Miss Webster hardly ever left her niece, fearing for her the always paradoxical talk of the philosopher. The latter paid almost equal attention to the two girls, with a slight preference for Maud, which grew stronger and stronger. She explained her tastes and her ideas to him, and he yielded to her whims.

"You are very patient with the child," Mrs. Ebson said to him sometimes. She rarely answered her daughter's terrible questions. "Don't you find her very embarrassing, for a young girl?"

He was a little confused; he explained while Ellen was looking at him with her great, clear, almost divining eyes, that young girls always interested him.

One day something happened which stirred him deeply. Maud, given to excess in everything, never came to a spring without drinking too much, and M. Gindre, ever careful, and fearing the effects of this icy water, always tried to keep her from it. The scene was gone over every time they went to walk; she put a little coquetry in it, he too much benevolence; she would have made herself ill to bring about his interference, he would have prevented her from quenching her thirst rather than say nothing. Once, while they were going through this little play, they overheard a bit of dialogue between Mrs. Ebson and a mountaineer who had showed them the road.

"That young lady is your daughter, then?"

"Yes."

"And the gentleman is your husband?"

"Of course not. You can see very well that he might almost be my son."

"Well, who knows? Perhaps he will be."

Maud watched the disputed water disappear in the moss, M. Gindre turned away his eyes. She no longer thought of drinking; he no longer thought of preventing her.

IV.

A PAGE FROM THE JOURNAL.

"I cannot see clearly within myself, where strange things are happening.

"It is a singular throw of chance's dice which has put me, from the day of my arrival, between two young girls, as if to show me that the clearest-sighted are blind in their own affairs and that the time spent in studying one's self is simply time lost.

"One of these young girls resembles, point by point, the portrait I drew of my ideal betrothed. She is placed in exactly the required circumstances—she has no other relative than an aunt, a very proper and not at all troublesome aunt, judicious enough to be ready to efface herself; she has a fortune which, at least according to what I think I have found out, would be just enough and easily made use of. She has the sort of beauty which

pleases me, the fine intelligence I wish, the gentleness and serenity of character which seem to me the essential conditions of happiness. She has received the bringing up most fitted to develop her healthily; traveling continually, she has brought back from her travels decided tastes, which show at once rare delicacy of perception and a noble power of enthusiasm. Assuredly she will become one of those exquisite creatures whose mind and heart are a divine harmony, something like an echo which, in sending back the sound of the purest voice, purifies it, like a mirror where images become more beautiful in reflection.

"The other is almost the exact opposite of what I dreamed. She has a mother, a very amiable woman, to be sure, but who would still be a mother-in-law; she has a father, who rarely comes to Europe because he is very busy, but who might rest and come here oftener; she has two brothers and three sisters who will evidently menace continually the calm of her house, and who will marry some day. There will be weddings then, to which her husband must perhaps take her—across the Atlantic! and in any case broods of little nephews and little nieces. Her parents are much too rich, as is fitting for Americans, but in compensation, as Mrs. Ebson has explained to me clearly, their business is full of risks, and their fortune is made and unmade from year to year, through sudden turns which do not trouble them but which would frighten me in their place. She is hardly cultivated; from her too hasty travels she has not brought back much. As to reading, she has read nothing but forbidden books, of which she speaks with more familiarity than intelligence. She is the opposite of gentle; her movements are abrupt, her gestures rude; she affects an aggressive tone. Her whole person breathes out an indescribable wildness and unsubmissiveness which hurts one. And in spite of that, or because of that, she draws me by a singular attraction—by her ingenuous curiosity as to everything, by the unaffected frankness of her words, by the changing and strong impressions she goes through without trying to hide them, by the sudden glimpses she is pleased to give of herself. She escapes me, I recognize it, and she brings back to me the wise word said to me long ago, at a time when I knew nothing of myself:

"'Oh, you—you will never love unless it be a woman who changes quickly enough so that you cannot know her.'

"Is this love? Love for that child, nonsense! It is dreaming, diletanteism. It is the charm of the foreign, which is always powerful; who

knows if it is not her country I love in her, that far, vast, free country for which I have always been homesick, because at least it differs from our frightful Europe! Yes, all this is the fruit of idleness, of walks, of the open air—it will pass on the first bad day, when I shall be alone with myself for a few hours.”

It did not pass. In vain M. Gindre tried to recover his liberty to take up again his solitary walks. Uneasiness pursued him; his thought was fixed on one object; the landscape was no longer enough to distract him. When he came back in the evening he sought Maud’s look at once, and rejoiced when he met it. She made a face, pouted a little, and asked him in her despotic tone:

“Where did you disappear to to-day?” He answered in the tone of a schoolboy caught in a misdeed:

“I wanted to take a walk, and as the weather looked dubious this morning, I thought you would not go too.”

She replied brusquely:

“Yes, yes, those are excuses. Why don’t you say that we bore you?”

Then he protested, very red, stammering, while the mischievous child’s green eyes enjoyed their triumph, in a flash of satisfied cruelty, somewhat mitigated by a touch of tenderness. Ellen and Miss Webster listened, slightly scandalized. Mrs. Ebson at last interfered.

“Maud, you are really unbearable. If M. Gindre wants to walk alone, it is his affair, not yours.”

But Maud always found a way to have the last word:

“If you take his part, mamma, it is because he is in the wrong!”

Mrs. Ebson—and everyone else—was so accustomed to Maud’s sallies, that the impertinence passed as a natural thing. Everyone at the table watched this byplay out of the corner of his eye.

M. Gindre guessed or heard everything that was said, and feeling himself ridiculous, resolved to leave the next day. But no—a force held him. He felt running in his veins the fever of eighteen, less intense, undoubtedly, weakened by reason and memory, but strong enough to fix his thoughts on one point, and to take away his freedom of action. However, he did not surrender yet; he repeated to himself: “It is the mountain,” and “That will pass.” The days only passed, the beautiful days one amuses one’s self by spoiling, to regret them afterward.

V.

THE END OF THE SEASON.

The days passed, fine and peaceful. August slipped away, in a succession of days of overwhelming heat, and cool evenings passed on the benches in front of the house, watching the washerwomen at the fountain and the silent groups of mountain peasants, more and more shadowy in the darkness. Unceasingly the caravans passed, going to Chamounix, and there were stops, shouts, swarming of new faces, all which for a quarter of an hour stirred up the square. Then the caravans got fewer, the Chamois began to lose its guests, half the table was empty. Autumn began, spreading richer and finer tints over the landscape, softening the light with the gauze veil of its mist, sowing the peaceful melancholy of woods which will soon grow yellow.

M. Gindre seemed to think that this end of the season would last forever. He never left the Ebsons and the Websters, and as a matter of habit, in their almost daily walks he went last, with Maud. Mrs. Ebson watched them from the corner of her eye, giving her daughter every liberty. Their talk became more and more intimate; they loved each other without saying so, and perhaps they were going to leave each other forever without having said it.

Three days of rain and a sudden cold day after them finished emptying the Chamois. Thick pale clouds, snow clouds, wrapped the mountains, closed in the horizon till it seemed almost within reach, and climbed in torn streamers into a sudden bit of clear sky. The guests were obliged to stay in the mournful "salon," shivering, reading the newspapers, turning over the leaves of three or four mutilated volumes, forgotten by tourists. When the sky became so heavy with clouds that it seemed to be holding floods, one could not even think of leaving. But, on the first sunny day, when the mountains reappeared, white with snow, in the full light of day, there was a general desertion. The Websters set off in haste, after hurried good-byes; no one listened to the host, who swore that the fine weather had come back to stay; there remained now only the Ebsons, because Maud wanted "to see the winter come," and M. Gindre, because Maud stayed.

One morning the little postman, in his blue blouse with yellow buttons, brought a telegram, and Mrs. Ebson declared that they would leave the

next day. There was heart-breaking then, an hour of anguish with all the horror of the end called up now, and even present. In the afternoon, while Mrs. Ebson superintended the maid's packing of the trunks, Maud and M. Gindre set out for their last walk.

They had chosen the way by a common instinct; usually, on the days after some long trip, or days of doubtful weather, they followed the Chamounix road as far as the village of Fins-Hauts. They knew all its turns, all its surprises, and yet they always went over it again with a new pleasure. But this last time it seemed to them long and desolate. As they always did, they stopped on the bridge of Triège, above the open abyss where the torrent boils; they ascended slowly the turns which zigzag under the pines and the larches; they saw the solemn cone of the Tête-Noire rise before them. And each beloved sight seemed to them to express the sense of some grief, and, with swollen hearts, they did not speak at all. They gathered some flowers, those pale autumn flowers which are commonplace like their sadness. After a short stop at Fins-Hauts, they retraced their steps, coming slowly down the turns which they had just slowly ascended, pursued by the same thought, which would not let them go—to-morrow it will be over, we will be under other skies, in other landscapes; there will be between us half the earth; the years will pass, and these days which have slipped by will never come back. As when they went up, they now stopped again on the bridge of Triège. Leaning on the parapet, they looked vaguely into the open space below them, deafened a little by the never-ceasing uproar of the water on the stones. And M. Gindre murmured:

"Then it is over; it is our last walk!"

"Yes," repeated Maud, "it is our last walk!" Her face was that of her bad days, sombre, almost ashen, with a frown wrinkling the brows, but by a strange contrast her voice had become very gentle, like a stifled sob. Her grief seemed revolt and resignation at once, and there was in her look, in her pose, and in her words, at the same time something like a scornful bravado and an avowal of infinite tenderness.

They were both suspended over the abyss; some hours were left to them yet—on that trembling crag their happiness was clinging; the imminent departure was about to throw them both into the gulf of separation, into the void where their hearts would break in falling. And he murmured:

"It is impossible—impossible that we should part forever!"

She looked at him, in a suppressed burst of joy, which transfigured her, and which waited still; he did not resist. He said:

"It is impossible! It is impossible! You know very well that I love you."

Then he was a little frightened, while the young girl, with a graceful gesture of abandon, leaned forward that he might kiss her. The great word had slipped out, the word which was to change his life; there was no longer time to weigh the pros and cons—the unknown father-in-law, who would perhaps come to Europe, the brothers and sisters and little future nephews, the threat of Maud's brow when it grew dark, the disquieting energy of her imperious voice. And yet all these things presented themselves confusedly to his mind, made him almost regret his impulse, spoiled this moment, beautiful, unique, supreme, and already gone.

Some months later, M. Gindre, seated with his young wife before his study fireplace, was watching the last volumes of his journal disappear in the flames. From time to time he poked the fire, a slightly forced smile on his lips, his eyes lost in melancholy thoughts of other days.

"Do you know," Maud said to him, "it was really a little ridiculous of you to watch yourself think like that?"

"Perhaps," he answered, "but I am not so sure that I was not right. Anyway, let us speak of it no more, since the last page changed the meaning of all the others."

There were only ashes left now, a big heap of black ashes. M. Gindre stirred it with the end of the tongs, and the flakes rose whirling into the air.

"Those are all the days of my sad youth," he said gently, "how they dance! They were never so gay before. They are off now—*bon voyage!*"

He rose, and, bending to kiss his wife, he ended:

"Bah! it is always soon enough to be happy!"

Edouard Rod.

(Translated with the author's permission.)

Geneva, July, 1887.

KEATS.

Songs of Arcadian loveliness, whose sound
Was sweeter far than words, he sang, the man
Who wandering in the silent groves had found
The pipe deserted by the great god Pan.

Leslie Appleton Knowles, 1900.

SOME CONTEMPORARY POETRY.

I.

THE POEMS OF FATHER TABB.

In former times when all learning and art centred in the monasteries, a Roman Catholic priest who wrote verses would not have been remarkable. But a Roman Catholic priest who wrote verses like Father Tabb's would have been remarkable in any age. The austerity of his cloistered life has not taken away the keen edge of his appreciation of natural beauty and his seclusion has not deadened his human sympathies. The great charm in his poetry lies in his being so intensely alive to all impressions of beauty and to the soul's most evanescent mood.

His poetry of nature stands out as a proof that a delicate poetic touch is still enriching and refreshing the literature of the present time. In its sense of the intimate communion between the spirit of nature and the spirit of man, it resembles the work of poets earlier in the century; in its feeling for flowers and birds it suggests much the same tenderness that prompted Wordsworth to write his exquisite little poem *To the Daisy*. But the fancifulness of the ideas, the peculiar imagery are not the far-off echoes of greater poets, but are individual with Father Tabb.

His poems are seldom longer than a sonnet, and he writes most frequently in quatrains and similar brief lyric forms; therefore his range of treatment never includes great landscapes, never admits of broad effects, but limits itself to single objects and to single states of mind. He gives us briefly only the few things he loved to look at: the long shadows of afternoon perhaps, the autumn sunshine slanting downward and resting on the corn, or the leaves "late fallen, shivering on the frosty ground." But he felt so keenly the influence of these upon himself and was so sensitive to their beauty that he brought into play, in his treatment of them, the best and most original qualities of his art. Whenever the presence of some beautiful object gives the impulse from which a poem springs the original spontaneous note is struck. Whether he rests content in the exquisiteness of the mere picture, or decks it with dainty fancies and dwells on its strange reflection of the mysteries of life, his descriptions are always full of sympathy and imaginative power.

More absorbing to him than the mere beauty of nature is the parallel between its life and the life of man. Even in those few cases where the sheer loveliness of the scene satisfies at first, it is apt soon to be treated as symbolic of human experience. Yet his visualization has a charm that makes it worth considering in itself. Two elements of natural beauty appeal to him powerfully and give character and strength to his descriptions—the beauty of clear light and the beauty of movement and change. He delights in the gleaming foam on the wave crests, the white glitter of the snow, the fading of light into darkness, and the changing of spring into summer; and in all these descriptions, the light and the movement created are of a soft and evanescent beauty. To gain this effect, Father Tabb, at times, lays stress on the brilliancy which light gives to tiny things rather than on the radiance which suffuses whole landscapes. In “the sparkling water drop” which a swallow flings from her wing as she skims over the tide, or in the dewdrop which “holds the star the long night through” there are possibilities of a finer and more intangible delicacy than exists in the clear, all-pervading sunlight. In other poems, he gives a mysterious beauty to his work by weaving together movement and light in one fanciful conception. The lines on *The Humming Bird* are an instance of this:

“A flash of harmless lightning,
A mist of rainbow dyes,
The burnished sunbeams brightening,
From flower to flower he flies.”

It is only a step from this treatment of natural objects to a consideration of their symbolic significance; Nature is after all, to Father Tabb,

“the go-between
‘Twixt sight and things unseen.”

The ethereal effects which he loves are the reflections of a certain mysticism in himself. Light stands for happiness, and the combination of sun and shade which was his favorite idea of beauty is an emblem of the mingling of joy and sorrow.

“Killdee! Killdee! O memory,
The twin birds, Joy and Pain,
Like shadows parted by the sun,
At twilight meet again!”

In nature as the mirror of human life, even on the fairest noon he rarely finds clear sunshine; the shadow of approaching grief clings persistently. On the brightest mornings the faces of the flowers are "tear-stained." A low underlying note of sadness always sounds, never rising to passionate outbursts, but full of a quality brooding over the mysteries of suffering and the quick departure of joy. In other places this sorrowful tone is replaced by a mood of fervent religious devotion, and the world becomes only the shadow of a greater splendor.

This ardent and devout belief which sanctifies the personal sorrow often so plainly to be read between the lines makes the final effect far from sombre, in spite of such pathetic verses as *Childhood*; the general impression is that of a peaceful resignation. Nowhere is this resignation more strongly felt than in *Cloistered*.

"Within the compass of mine eyes
Behold a lordly city lies—
A world to me unknown,
Save that along its crowded ways
Moves one whose heart in other days
Was mated to my own.

"I ask no more; enough for me
One heaven above us both to see,
One calm horizon-line
Around us, like a mystic ring
That love has set, encompassing
That kindred life and mine."

A. L. S., '99.

II.

ADMIRALS ALL.

Almost as surprising as the appearance of *Alice in Wonderland* from the hands of the Rev. William Dodson was the publication about a year ago of Mr. Henry Newbolt's collection of verses, entitled *Admirals All*. Mr. Newbolt is a middle-aged English barrister, and until lately has shown to the public no signs whatever of possessing poetic gifts. Such gifts he

would hardly have inherited from his father, the vicar of St. Mary's of Bilston, or from his mother, who was of an aristocratic but not intellectual family. Nor would his law studies, first at Corpus Christi College and later at Lincoln's Inn, have developed whatever latent talent he might happen to have. Nevertheless after more than ten years of law practice he has suddenly made his appearance as a poet when nearly forty years of age, and in an almost incredibly short time has won for himself a name as a writer of songs of sea and war.

In this single scanty collection the characteristic note which is struck in the first stanza of the poem which gives its name to the volume is sustained throughout.

"Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
Here's to the bold and free!
Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
Hail to the Kings of the Sea!
Admirals All, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame!
And honour as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!"

The second and fifth lines of this stanza give the two motifs that run through all the poems, sometimes separate, sometimes together. The first, the motif of heroism, appears alone in such poems as *The Gay Gordons*, *The Guides at Cabul*, 1879, and especially in *Vitæ Lampada*. In this last Mr. Newbolt shows how the love of strenuous action for its own sake can make a man "Play up! play up! and play the game"—can give a man the spirit that even when "England's far and honour a name" can still fight gallantly from a determination to endure to the end. The patriotic motif of action "for England's sake" is strongly seen in *The Ballad of John Nicholson*, where an English officer expresses it by saying to the Rajput chief who has defied him,

"Have ye served us for a hundred years
And yet ye know not why?
We brook not of our mastery,
We rule until we die."

In *Ionicus* the same idea is shown in a man who is unable to carry his enthusiasm for "the strength and splendour of England's war" into action.

The pathos which Mr. Newbolt puts into this situation shows plainly as nothing else could the predominance in his mind of the thought that action is life.

Although the poems which treat these themes separately are often full of inspiring energy of movement and spontaneity of emotion, still it is when these two motifs are united in war songs like *Hawke*, *Admirals All* and *The Fighting Téméraire* that the sweep of the lines and the onward rush of the feeling carry the reader away with the same kind of enthusiasm with which one hears the ringing tramp of soldiers keeping time to the rolling drum-beat. This quality of his verse is best seen in *The Fighting Téméraire*.

"It was eight bells ringing,
 For the morning watch was done,
 And the gunners' lads were singing
 As they polished every gun.
 It was eight bells ringing,
 And the gunners' lads were singing,
 For the ship she rode a-swinging,
 As they polished every gun.

*Oh! to see the linstock lighting,
 Téméraire! Téméraire!*
*Oh! to hear the round shot biting,
 Téméraire! Téméraire!*
*Oh! to see the linstock lighting,
 And to hear the round shot biting
 For we're all in love with fighting
 On the fighting Téméraire.*

It was noontide ringing,
 And the battle just begun,
 When the ship her way was winging,
 As they loaded every gun.
 It was noontide ringing,
 When the ship her way was winging,
 And the gunners' lads were singing
 As they loaded every gun.

*There'll be many grim and gory,
 Téméraire! Téméraire!*
*There'll be few to tell the story,
 Téméraire! Téméraire!*

*There'll be many grim and gory,
There'll be few to tell the story,
But we'll all be one in glory,
With the fighting Téméraire!*

There's a far bell ringing
At the setting of the sun,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of the great days done.
There's a far bell ringing,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of renown forever clinging
To the great days done.

*Now the sunset breezes shiver,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
And she's fading down the river,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
Now the sunset breezes shiver,
And she's fading down the river,
But in England's song forever
She's the fighting Téméraire."*

These verses have the quality which stirs the blood like a trumpet blast. They make one feel that nothing in life is so wholly worth while for its own sake as bravery and gallant action and the temper that "loves the game beyond the prize."

Spontaneous as his verses are there are artistic touches which make one feel that Mr. Newbolt has a technique of his own. So full is he of feeling for the effect of the outward symbols of "the sound and splendour" of war that he has an unerring instinct for the moment when the flutter of a flag or

"The crash of a bursting ball
And the jar of a gun-butt slid"

will make abstract emotion concrete and love of country a living reality. Nothing could be more effective than his introduction of the concrete guns in the midst of a battle in the lines from *San Stephano*,

"And the lubbers gave a shout as they paid their cables out,
With the guns grinning round them where they lay."

and the incident of the "jammed Gatling" in *Vita Lampada*. His love of the British flag appears sometimes in the striking of the heroic note as when "They cheered her from the shore for the colours at the fore," and sometimes in a suggestion of homesick pathos as in the lines,

"He heard her passengers' voices talking of home,
He saw the flag she flew."

Another very noticeable characteristic of Mr. Newbolt's ballads is the almost wholly emotional nature of the moral appeal. Throughout there is a strong preoccupation with the moral aspect of action, with a love of what is fine and manly, but the moral enthusiasm is a matter more of instinct than of reason. His Anglo-Saxon love of a brave man and a good fight always prevails over the conventional code. This is shown in his relish of a situation like the following:

"The Admiral's signal bade him fly,
But he wickedly wagged his head:
He clapped the glass to his sightless eye,
And 'I'm damned if I see it!' he said."

Such moral conventions as "Peace on Earth" are quite overridden by the splendid impetuosity of such lines as those already quoted,

*"For we're all in love with fighting
On the fighting Téméraire."*

Mr. Newbolt shows in a poem like *He Fell Among Thieves* that he can give us music which is not wholly of the brass-band order, for in this poem he has touches of delicate poetic instinct, such as "dreams untroubled of hope." In fact, this poem throughout in its pathos and suppressed emotion strikes a note of lofty sentiment not so clearly defined in the other verses. Yet after all, the young man who fell among thieves is one of the proud and gallant heroes who appear on every page.

"And now it was dawn. He rose strong on his feet,
And strode to his ruined camp below the wood:
He drank the breath of the morning cool and sweet;
His murderers round him stood."

And his last words, the words of a man who has lived hard and fought with an iron heart and will, might have been the dying words of any of Mr. Newbolt's heroes.

“O glorious life, who dwellest in earth and sun
I have lived, I praise and adore thee.”

C. H., '99;
L. B. C., 1900.

III.

WILLIAM WATSON.

If some studious gentleman of the sixteenth century, who had busied himself all his life long with the classics, those literatures of times long past, should be allowed to return to the earth to-day, what would be his surprise and chagrin to find that the greatest of all English poets had lived and composed immortal works in his very lifetime, and he had never known it.

It is indeed a great mistake to be turning always toward the past in our reading, and by doing this we rob ourselves of a great deal of enjoyment, for poets are writing now, as in all ages they have done, and many poems are being written which will richly repay us for the reading of them. Among the poets of our time perhaps the most gifted is Mr. William Watson, and his works are certainly well worth knowing.

The poem by which Mr. Watson is best known is the one called *Wordsworth's Grave*, and the faculty so well shown in this of putting very keen literary criticism into lines that run with a charming smoothness is one of the chief characteristics of his genius. The attractiveness of these criticisms comes in a great measure from the really strong and deep appreciation the poet shows for the works of others, which gives feeling and emotion to verse that without it might seem a little too cold. A clear and impartial judgment, however, and an observation quick to distinguish a false note are not lacking. And the neat turn of the verse, the grace and ease of expression, give to the saying of a good thing that added forceable-

ness that it gains from being said well. And so, although Mr. Watson has written some exquisite lyrics, and a good deal of contemplative poetry that has a real value, it is his critical passages that have the most unique interest, for they belong to a kind of poetry less commonly attempted than others, and seldom successfully accomplished.

In choosing his subjects Mr. Watson has usually taken the great poets of his own century; Keats, Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth and Tennyson—the last two especially—are favorite topics. Yet the less famous names are not neglected, for we find poems to Charles Lamb and to Austin Dobson, and, scattered here and there, mention of a great many others. Nor does Mr. Watson concern himself only with the criticism of single writers, but takes up whole aspects of literature itself, questions of art, and even questions of life; and when treating subjects of this nature as well as when characterizing the genius of one man, he never allows the critical element to mar the poetic beauty of his work.

There is a great advantage in criticism of this sort, for the poet, setting forth the work of another in the light of his own poetry, is able to keep unimpaired the spirit of the first, so often forgotten or lost in a prose study. The effect is like that of music in a play, which brings out the romantic or poetic beauty of some situation, a transforming touch that can lift what is commonplace and prosaic to what is ideal and poetical. This something poetry does for criticism. A prose statement of the characteristics or virtues of a poet may be true and complete, yet fail entirely in conveying the real impression of the effect of his works, but the same statement put into the words of a poet receives the touch of sweetness and sublimity, and the original effect is actually reproduced. Thus it is that Mr. Watson is able to catch the spirit and create again the very atmosphere of the poems of the man of whom he is writing as he does in his lines on Keats. He is describing the influence Keats had upon him:

“Anon the earth recalled me, and a voice
Murmuring of dethroned divinities
And dead time deathless upon sculptured urn
And Philomena's long-descended pain
Flooding the night—and maidens of romance
To whom asleep St. Agnes' love-dream come—
Awhile constrained me to a sweet duress
And thralldom, lapping me in high content
Soft as the bondage of white amorous arms.”

The very breath of the Endymion blows through these lines, and as we read them there comes back to us the memory of the lavish sweetness of luxuriant nature, of the loveliness of old, old myths which time with its mystic enchantment has made yet more lovely, and we seem to catch a glimpse of blue sky, marble forms, fair human shapes and flowers, and to hear for a moment the nightingale's song, and all those things that go to make the wonderful beauty of Keats' poetry come freshly back to our thoughts.

With equal felicity Mr. Watson treats Shelley, touching first the deep feeling of revolt that underlies all he ever wrote, and then, a much more difficult task, masterfully catching the character of his verse, verse so elusive and ethereal that it seems quite intangible:

"For other shapes than he forecast
The world is moulded: his fierce blast,—
His wild assault upon the Past,—
These things are vain;
Revolt is transient: what *must* last
Is that pure strain,
Which seems the wandering voices blent
Of every virgin element,—
A sound from ocean caverns sent.—
An airy call
From the pavilioned firmament
O'erdoming all."

And then, mindful of the fact that it is impossible to think of the poet Shelley without thinking, too, of the personality, so earnest and sincere, of the man, he goes on:

"And in this world of wordlings, where
Souls rust in apathy, and n'er
A great emotion shakes the air,
And life flags tame,
And rare is noble impulse, rare
The impassioned aim,
'Tis no mean fortune to have heard
A singer who, if error blurred
His sight, had yet a spirit stirred
By vast desire,
And ardor fledging the swift word
With flames of fire.

A creature of impetuous breath,
 Our torpor deadlier than death
 He knew not; whatsoe'er he saith
 Flashes with life:
 He spurreth men, he quickeneth
 To splendid strife.

And in his gift of song he brings
 Wild odours shaken from strange wings,
 And unfamiliar whisperings
 From far lips blown,
 While all the rapturous heart of things
 Throbs through his own."

With the less great poets Mr. Watson is equally successful, hitting off their peculiarities or dominant qualities neatly and cleverly in a few words. In his poem to Austin Dobson he argues:

"Yes, urban is your muse and owns
 An empire based on London stones.
 Yet flow'rs as mountain violets sweet
 Spring from the pavement 'neath her feet."

Thus suggesting in four lines both the love of the town, the dainty worldliness of that poet—whose nymphs appear in muslin gowns, and whose swains, in their trim boating flannels, one would imagine to be as particular about their tailors as English youths generally are,—and the deep sense of the freshness and sweetness of gardens and lawns, with their flowers and trees.

Then there is a little poem written, at the time of Longfellow's death, but four lines long. It is true, yet particularly happy in thought and expression, for it tells of the pure and gentle soul of the poet, which is what everyone—except extremely young persons—value in Longfellow.

"No puissant singer he, whose silence grieves
 To-day the great West's tender heart and strong,
 No singer vast of voice; yet one who leaves
 His native air the sweeter for his song."

In the same manner literature in general is discussed. Here Mr. Watson gives us a set of ideals which are just what we should expect from

a poet whose writings are of so tranquil a nature, so free from all disturbing emotions. A great love of peace is one of the most noticeable characteristics, seen especially in the poem of *Wordsworth's Grave*, and occurring again and again in other places.

The chief mission of poetry in Mr. Watson's eyes is to provide this peace, to furnish a sort of quiet retreat where the troubles and bothers of life cannot intrude. In the *Art Maxims* we read,

"Life is rough,
Sing smoothly, O Bard.
Enough, enough,
To have *found* life hard."

And one of the epigrams says—

"Enough of mournful melodies, my lute,
Be henceforth joyous, or be henceforth mute.
Song's breath is wasted when it does but fan
The smouldering infelicity of man."

There is too a very decided dislike of anything that is affected or unnatural, a strong love for truth, and a deep sense of the unattainable perfection of his ideal—stated all with the utmost clearness in simple yet telling phrases.

It would be impossible to leave the subject of Mr. Watson's poems without speaking of such an attractive part of them as his epigrams. Then, too, the power that enables a man to say gracefully a very suggestive thing in a very small space is the same power that goes with the making of a good epigram. Of these some of the loveliest, although there is less in them of significant thought, are those that do not contain any criticism either of literature or of life, but are merely of a lyric nature. The *Maiden's Epitaph* is one of this class,

"She dwelt among us till the flowers, 'tis said,
Grew jealous of her; with precipitate feet,
As loth to wrong them unawares, she fled.
Earth is less fragrant now and Heaven more sweet."

Of the others, many of which are upon art, and the hopelessness of its ever attaining the perfection of nature, the following is one of the best:

"Toiling and yearning, 'tis man's doom to see
No perfect creature fashioned of his hands.
Insulted by a flower's immaculacy,
And mock'd at by the flawless stars, he stands."

And this has much of Mr. Watson's charm of expression,—

"His rhymes the poet flings at all men's feet,
And whoso will may trample on his rhymes;
Should time let die a song that's pure and sweet,
The singer's loss were more than matched by Time's."

L. A. K., 1900.

THE DEATH DREAM.

AN INTERRUPTED DIALOGUE.

Characters:—

ADRIAN.—*A dreamer.*

CECIL.—*An experimentalist.*

THE DOCTOR.—*An interruption.*

SCENE:—*An octagonal room hidden in faded green tapestries. To the right, a long narrow window through which is still discernible the mellow mist of an autumn sunset. To the left, a couch done in ruined rose. Among the yellow pillows Adrian is half reclining. At his side a table of dark oak; upon it two Venetian glasses, a violin and a scattered manuscript. In the foreground a curtained door.*

ADRIAN (*half rising as the door opens*).—At last it is you, Cecil! I have been thinking of you, thinking of you all day.

CECIL (*anxiously advancing*).—And I, too, have thought of you, worried for you incessantly. But you are better? Yes, tell me you are better.

ADRIAN (*with an effort*).—Better! Ah! I have been ill, very ill, since you left me and my doctor came. Was it not strange he came? I had not sent for him. He worked a long time over me to make me sleep; he—

CECIL (*interrupting*).—He—he did that?

ADRIAN.—How pale you look, Cecil. You are very white, as white as the ivory narcissus you sent me yesterday, and you are trembling.

CECIL.—It is nothing,—the heat of the room.

ADRIAN.—I never knew you tremble. But sit down; no, here, near me, and tell me, why did you send me narcissus?

CECIL (*drawing up a chair*).—They are flowers fit for a dreamer.

ADRIAN (*excitedly*).—A dreamer! Oh, of course, a dreamer, but I shall never dream again! Say it, promise it, I shall never dream again!

CECIL (*soothingly*).—No, you shall never dream again, but the doctor—

ADRIAN.—Oh yes, I forgot the doctor. Where was I? Ah, I remember. He said, he said I should not have taken your medicine, that you were inexperienced, might make mistakes, that with my heart my illness might have been serious.

CECIL.—What, the doctor said that!

ADRIAN.—Yes, as if a man could die, fancy it, die of his weariness, luxuriate in his languor until—

CECIL.—Do not jest, Adrian. A man might dream away his life, and you must stop dreaming. It is dangerous. It is a living death you are leading here in this room of ruined rose and yellow. I tell you it is dangerous to live as you do amid half tones of color, half tones of sound. See, even your violin lies silent, neglected.

ADRIAN (*who has heard only the first words*).—Dreams? Dangerous? Yes, surely yes, and the narcissus, it too is deadly, it strikes the same chord as a tuberosa.

CECIL.—The same chord; what may that mean?

ADRIAN.—Give me my violin. I will show you. Each color, each odor has a tone. (*Cecil brings the violin. Adrian tries to take it, but falls back exhausted.*)

ADRIAN (*continuing*).—It does not matter. Some other time—you understand.

CECIL.—Certainly, I understand. (*Aside.*) Can he be delirious? (*Aloud.*) Let me pour you a glass of wine, Adrian. How like a sunbeam molten in the green chalice of a flower is the yellow liquid in this Venetian bubble,—truly a draught of sunshine. 'Tis “fire and dew,” as Pater has it. (*Adrian drinks.*) Now you feel better?

ADRIAN (*languidly*).—I feel as faded as this dressing gown. Is it not like an autumn leaf, a dull dusky yellow! One cannot, near old rose, not get green.

CECIL.—But why yellow, Adrian? It makes you so pale, almost ghastly. You have no color at all, excepting where the delicate veneering of the veins shows violet. You are like an ivory effigy of yourself.

ADRIAN (*unheeding*).—It had to be yellow, no other color was possible. I could not break my trinity of tones. You are drinking nothing. Yet see how like amber the wine is. You are right indeed, it seems to me that the dew and the sunlight that fed the vine are poured out again in the blood of the grape! (*Lies back among the pillows.*)

CECIL.—How odd the room seems to-day! There are no flowers in it, neither your nodding narcissus, nor the purple iris, nor even a trace of violet. Have you banished the color and perfume from your presence?

ADRIAN.—I had forgotten the flowers; it is odd without them, it is dull, the atmosphere is faded, burned out, dead. But to-day the flowers were loathsome, especially the narcissus was loathsome. It was the fault of the narcissus, I feel sure that it was; however, I will tell you—but—it may have been the medicine.

CECIL.—What, Adrian, what?

ADRIAN.—My dream—last night—I will tell you.

CECIL.—Some other time you shall tell me.

ADRIAN.—No, now. How it all comes back to me! To-morrow it might be too late. Feel how my heart beats. I think it will suffocate me.

CECIL (*alarmed*).—Hush, you must not excite yourself. Lie still, or I shall be going.

ADRIAN.—No. I must tell you. It will relieve me. To-morrow it might be too late. You are listening?

CECIL.—I am listening.

ADRIAN (*languidly*).—It was last night after you left me. I was tired, as tired as the trees in autumn. I lay down among the yellow pillows, luxuriating in my languor, and the harmony of the colors caressed me—the dull greens, the faded yellow, and the ruined rose. A ray of sunlight, a last ray, lingered, falling now on the tapestry, now creeping along the couch, then resting on the table and bringing into relief the curiously contorted dragons. At last it wandered to the mirror and was lost as in a crystal pool, and in the shadow I lay idly dreaming. My hand held the long narcissus. I thought—How like a slender maiden, an Aubrey Beardsley, it looks; the single sweep of the green draperies, and the nodding head hanging pensive and pale!

Then around me arose the odor of the violet, the scarcely-perceptible trace of iris and the heavy hanging scent of the ivory-petaled narcissus. Half aloud I murmured,—“This is life, to take for a key some pensive perfume, some languid color, some subtle sound, and to unlock for one’s self a world of dreams, a world essentially one’s own.” And I felt growing within me a passion for the impossible. Then I thought how delicious were death if it were but a semi-consciousness, with little awakenings, and I grew tired, and a great longing for sleep overpowered me. Then I took the medicine you left me, the potion that should give me the hush of sleep.

And I dreamed, but I know not whether I was waking or sleeping. My eyelids felt sealed, and still, through the slanting shadows, I saw the leering dragons, curiously carved, the uncertain outlines of tapestry figures, and the agate-green eyes of the cat on the hearth.

Above and around me the scent of flowers—of green and violet and ivory petals—seemed growing heavier, closing about me, stealing over me with the lengthening darkness, pushing me slowly, surely, to some unsounded depth. A moment of unconsciousness, and then it was that I dreamed, that I knew I was dead! My desire had come true, I had entered the endless dream, and all was well. But an odor,—not of the green, and violet, and ivory petals, but of tuberoses, the flowers of our grandmothers, the flowers of the dead—was shed around me. It was strong, too strong. I tried to turn my head to avoid it, but my neck would not move, and this surprised me, until I remembered I was dead, stiff, and of course I could not move, and the thought oppressed me.

So I lay, filled with a sensation of sinking, a sensation such as one feels when floating in the trough of a wave, while around me the air grew warmer and the scent sickened me. Again I tried to turn from it, and my helplessness hurt me, so I lay a long while effortless.

Suddenly came the realization that never again could I move. A demon seemed hissing, "You will lie here thus forever, forever," and the word rang and reiterated through my mind, *forever*. Again the stinging scent assaulted me. It seemed to penetrate every pore. I shrank from it; a wave of revulsion rushed over me; every fibre of my being revolted against the torpid torture, the hideous tyranny, of the Death Dream. It was then that my senses rallied. With an effort that sapped my strength I sat up; sleep fell from me; I was awake! Alive! It was the dream that was dead. (*Adrian sits up, stares before him. A burst of sunlight floods the room.*) O God, Cecil, Cecil, where are you? Am I mad? I thought I smelled it again,—the ghastly odor—it is coming, coming. I shall not, will not, dream again. Tell me I shall not.

CECIL (*nervously*).—Hush, no, I will keep you from it. You shall never dream again.

ADRIAN (*echoing his words*).—Never dream again. (*Sinks suddenly in the pillows.*)

CECIL (*leaning over him*).—Adrian! Adrian! Do you hear me? He has fainted—no, he is—

(The door opens and the doctor comes forward speaking rapidly.)

THE DOCTOR.—Ah, Cecil, Adrian is dreaming as usual, so I may tell you, your fears last night were vain. He never took the opium you left him, but, confusing the glasses, drank my potion instead. I found him very ill, however. I was glad you sent me.

CECIL *(mildly)*.—Hush, doctor, hush!

THE DOCTOR.—Pardon, I am speaking too loud. He is really asleep?

CECIL *(softly)*.—Ah, yes! “The end of all, the poppied sleep.”

(Curtain.)

Grace Constant Lounsbery, '97.

SONNET.

Proud as a king, from kings descended, he
 Surveyed the earth with distant mien as though
 He still were lord of creatures high and low,
And smiled when Fortune passed him ruthlessly.
At last, in bitter pride, he fain must flee
 Apart from grosser men who did not know
 What homage to the purple they should show,
And, fleeing, found the fields in sympathy.

Beneath a tree there lay a golden pear;
 The wanderer, ill with want, stooped in his path
 And ate, with joy, the offering of the land;
But, as he turned, a voice spake to him there,
 "Proud heart, the earth would give thee what she hath
 But thou must stoop half way to reach her hand."

Carlota Montenegro, 1901.

A STUDY OF A STORY.

In a little rosegrown Sussex churchyard, you may find the simple record that "Emerald Uthwart was born on such a day, at Chase Lodge, in this parish, and died there on a day in the year 18—, aged twenty-six." One's thought runs backward from the epitaph to fill in the tale of the unrecorded years.

In the old hedged garden, breathing a hundred different flower scents, the little English Emerald passed a childhood as free to wind and sunlight, as unconscious, as one of the spicy roses of his own tiny garden bed. Little fourth son in a large household, whose family traditions for generations have been to let the children grow as they please, Emerald springs up to early boyhood wholesomely unnoticed. The old English family of the Uthwarts have lived for centuries an existence too natural, serene, and uneventful, for record or for interest. They are not folk to notice over-much the sensuous child-soul of the little Emerald, so beautifully open to the strange and lovely influences of the flowery old Lodge. They do not know that the child loves the sweet old place as none of them know how to love it, or else perhaps they would not send him lightly away from the home so mystically dear to him.

From home, where there was no rule, to school, where all was rule! A sensuous boy, yet with no taint of morbidity, Emerald puts the tender home memories aside; still unconscious, yet still most delicately sensitive, he opens out to the new and different influences of this new place, with its historic memories, its vast requirements and inspirations. He feels all its demands high above him, far distant as the record of the one soldier Uthwart in the church at home, but he takes keen enjoyment in the strenuous self-training which must restrain his soft nature to the rigors of games, or of lessons, or—though he does not admit even to himself any effort in this direction—of the religious ideal so potent in a great ecclesiastical school.

So simple, humble, evenly balanced is Emerald's character that he does not receive even from instructors the credit for the purely intellectual endowment that he has. He toils incessantly at his books (although he is

a famous player, too), but it is a surprise to all, to himself most, when he and his comrade, James Stokes, the acknowledged scholar of the school, are announced as "Victors," to leave Canterbury now for Oxford.

Emerald carries the same spirit, the same unconscious charm, to the University. The collegian is the schoolboy, only grown more serious and mature. The University life is brief. Already, back in Canterbury, the minds of the two youths have been full of soldier uniforms, tattered flags, and warlike glory. At a sudden call to arms, they leave Oxford for the army front in Flanders.

Theirs has been such a beautiful growing up, so full of the charm of youthful self-discipline toward an ideal of youthful beauty; full of such glorious promise are they when they join the Lowland army, in their crisp new uniforms,—in their youthful strength and grace,—that we cannot believe the pathos of the end, although we have known it all along.

For a little time, their gallantry and high nobility of soul win them great military success, and promotion to high responsibility. Forced inaction, however, proves too strong for boyish fire and energy. It is the more passionate Stokes who persuades Emerald to the fatal act. Emerald, for once in his life, disobedient; yet even in this instance, it is the charm of difficulty to be overcome that wins him away from duty.

It is a brief, brave, unauthorized action,—the victorious carrying off of an old flag from the very midst of the old town before which they have so long been lying in idle siege. Only when the two young officers return to their commands, they find their division moved, themselves arrested, and but the next day are under sentence of death for desertion.

In the early gray of the following morning the execution takes place; Stokes is shot, but with a supposedly merciful change of sentence, Emerald, by virtue of his youth, is punished not with death, but with dismissal in disgrace. They tear the epaulettes and regimental buttons from the officer's coat they have put upon him, and march on.

So brave, self-sufficient, beautiful he has been; the record of his piteous misery, aimless wanderings, is almost unbearable. At last he is carried back to England—he knows not how—in the wake of the victorious army, wanders home, and is there received with loving, pitying tenderness, which seeks to wipe out the horror of the past from the four remaining years of invalidism. Much of his serene sweetness of temper comes back as he lies once more among his flowers, amid the beloved sights, perfumes, and

touches of home,—but it can reconcile no one to the wanton cruelty of this end, after the rich promise of his boyhood. One compensation he has, “just not too late.” After the war, when people have time to pronounce judgment on the hastier judgments of battletime, justice is done to Stokes and Uthwart. “Just not too late,” Emerald receives the offer of a commission. The great excitement hastens a death placid as his life,—a death, too, that asks no comforting promise from the future. By the young man’s own direction, a city surgeon is summoned to remove the old gunshot from the body. By his direction also, the ball is wrapped in the letter of commission, and placed in the pocket of the old army coat. The beautiful, youthful body lies almost covered with fragrant flowers. The coffin lid nailed over them bears no inscription.

It is difficult to know just why we are not more reconciled to Emerald’s fate when we come to the close of the story; from the first, we have not been allowed to forget the end for three consecutive pages. The very first mention of the quaint name is in the quoted epitaph, and we know that Emerald Uthwart “died at twenty-six.” On the next page, the pathos of the home-leaving is deepened when we learn that the home-loving boy is to come back “only to die, in disgrace, as he conceived.” A page farther on, we divine that he is to be a soldier, more and more irreconcilable as military disgrace may be with the brave integrity of the boy’s character.

Before the tale is well begun, we know that the home that lets him go so carelessly, is to receive him with compensating tenderness, when he lies invalided there before the last home-leaving. The fate in store is iterated in almost every paragraph. It makes one almost impatient; as if the writer distrusted the reader’s memory; but there it comes once more. James Stokes, the scholar, makes Emerald note the Greek word that applies specially to the fate of the heroes who are to die by violence; if Emerald studied his text carefully, he would discover the bloody footsteps of the *αἵμα* all through the brief fated life. “Emerald Uthwart, you remember, was to die there, of lingering sickness, in disgrace, as he fancied, while the word glory came to be softly whispered of them and of their end.” We could have remembered very well without this parenthesis.

This is hardly a dramatic way of telling a story, this stating the end ten times over at the very beginning. In fact, no man with the instinct of a story-teller could have written stories with so little movement as Pater’s. Not only in the matter of Emerald’s fate does the tale turn back

upon itself; the account of their Oxford life comes after, not—in the natural place—before, we know that the two young men are to leave the university abruptly for war; we have the full statement of their military crime, before—as would be natural with cruder story-telling—the details that led up to it. The fact, then, that we are not a whit less shocked at Emerald's death than if we had not known it from the first—is this accident or art?

Perhaps the thinker of the essay on Style had some other motive than story-telling in mind when he wrote stories. Tried by his own theories, he should be aiming to make us feel deeply some deep feeling of his own. There is nothing really remarkable in a rosy little English lad's being haled away from home to school at Canterbury town—or is there? And has Pater found it?

That mystical value given to home, with all its subtle, comforting influences, the sense of a spiritual personality felt mysteriously in quaint, familiar rooms, and old flower gardens, pervades all Pater's stories strangely. The yearning of the little Emerald for the comforting embrace of Chase Lodge, of Marius for "White Nights," does not Pater make it typical of the eternal hunger of the immortal after the mortal, of all humanity for the warm garden mould and dear familiar grass of earth, of the soul for the fleshly eyes and ears and hands that served it so faithfully for its little earthly time? Even a child's homesickness may open out into infinite things. Pater at least would not have our eyes dull to the mysterious hues along the mountain line, just because the mountain line is always there to see. Many generations of English boys have gone through Canterbury school, but what one of them felt the power of the place as the boy Pater did, so deeply as to render afterwards such tribute to the mystic poetry of the old historic spot?

This sense of a mysticism informing the familiar is practically attained often by not using the word that most naturally presents itself. It is noteworthy that Pater never once says Canterbury though the accuracy of the description makes the identity of the place unmistakable. It is not that he throws over the commonplace a light not its own; rather he perceives the proper wonder and beauty that grosser vision loses. Perhaps it is a mark of the value of this impression of an evanescent, spiritual beauty in the familiar, that we cannot analyze it conclusively. Pater himself had small regard for "people with pigeon-holes for their impressions."

It is indicative of fine artistic sense that, while he chooses to give a novel aspect to what is well known, and to avoid the commonplace and obvious terms of description, Pater attains a style so uniformly free from vagueness or strain. The actual had for Pater as much poetic potency as have for the ordinary perceiver the pictures of literature, which appear to us already touched with an ideal quality, ready to our eye's seeing. Delicate certainty of touch, assuredly, in picturing Oxford, with the mystic personality it possessed for him.

"On summer nights the scent of the hay, the wild flowers, comes across the narrow fringe of town to right and left; seems to come from beyond the Oxford meadows, with sensitive, half-repellent thoughts from the gardens at home. He looks down upon the green square with the slim, quaint, black, young figures that cross it on their way to chapel on yellow Sunday mornings, or upwards to the dome, the spire; can watch them closely in freakish moonlight or flickering softly by an occasional bonfire in the quadrangle behind him. Yet how hard, how forbidding sometimes, under a late, stormy sky, the scheme of black, white and gray, to which the group of ancient buildings could attune itself."

Pater himself would have disliked to reduce the complexity and aspirations of his literary ideals to the formulæ of any literary school, and his subtle individuality makes it impossible to assign him to any intellectual alliance he did not choose for himself; still the power of describing with no faltering vagueness, but with realistic vividness, a conception entirely ideal, connects him in manner at once with the æsthetic school, notably with Rossetti. Pater's subject-matter—the actual projected into an ideal atmosphere—is distinctly different from that of the author of *The Blessed Damsel*, but in the case of each artist, the effect of clear visual outlines shows the same manner of workmanship.

Lover of beauty as he is, Pater rarely chooses to treat the more brutal aspects of death, but when he does, it is with a fine fidelity to inmost horror that bites into the memory.

"The elder prisoner having been blindfolded was ordered to kneel down on his coffin, which had been placed close to the grave, the firing party taking up a position exactly opposite at a few yards' distance. The poor fellow's face was deadly pale, but he had marched his last march as steadily as ever I saw a man step, and bore himself throughout most bravely, though an oddly mixed expression passed over his countenance when he was directed to remove himself from the side of his companion, shaking his hand first. At this moment there was hardly a dry eye, and several young soldiers fainted, numberless as must be the scenes of horror which even they have witnessed during these last months. At length the chaplain, who had remained praying with the prisoner, quietly withdrew, and, at a given signal,

but without word of command, the muskets were leveled, a volley was fired, and the body of the unfortunate man sprang up, falling again on his back."

Descriptions like this one of the execution might almost be accused of the macabre, were they not redeemed by such perfect grace of style as makes one feel that the artist must have serenity of soul, or he could not use his pen with such nice effectiveness. The whole conception of this sad, sweet story, no less than the serenity of manner, reveals how deeply a sensitive nature may feel the piteousness of death, and what self-control it may cost to keep the mind persistently on the beautiful and sane.

"Following, leading, resting sometimes perforce, amid gunshots, putrefying wounds, green corpses, they never lacked good spirit, any more than the birds warbling perennially afresh, as they will, over such gangrened places, or the grass which so soon covers them."

Thus, with the unfailing fact of beauty, Pater comforts himself for death. Holding his soul steady, yet with feelings keenly alive to the mystical secrets of familiar things, he was pre-eminently fitted for the critic's office of discovering novel beauties in this world of ours. The story of *Emerald* as well as every other story of Pater's, is pre-eminently the creation of the critic, of the thinker, not of the story-teller. Certain of Pater's favorite themes come out clearly.

The old-established custom had always a peculiar sacredness for Pater. The delicate yet profound interpretation of the very spirit of English education at school and university has the mark of the reverent observer of the old—the old is always for Pater, the æsthetic critic, the survival of the most beautiful. In *Uthwart*, the ideal schoolboy, yielding sympathetically to the inmost ideal of his school, one notes especially his attitude toward the classical studies that form so great a part of the English schoolboy's life. The long English liturgy, through which the little surpliced lads must sit decorously, the tale of the day's occupation counted off for each hour, but, chiefly, the long passages of Latin and Greek,—*Emerald* feels in all these the beautiful sense of things "too high for me." The fair thing about his reverent attitude toward the grace of classic art, is that it stimulates and does not discourage the boy's mental activity. He can never fathom the art of Horace, but it is an inspiration to know that there is a boundless field for his boundless enthusiasm. According to Pater, the effect of the peculiarly English manner of education, told in terms of character, is humble patience of aspiration, a losing of all vulgar egoism in the large mysteries of classic perfection.

There are two words of which Pater is specially fond when he describes youths. Characteristically, they are both Greek. *Ascesis*, the self-subjection of a youthful body and soul to an ideal of manly beauty, had an especial charm for Pater's artistic eye. *Ascesis* has an added charm in Emerald's case in that the unconscious simplicity of his character does not permit him to see whither his careful self-subjection is tending. The great English school furnishes the ideal; again the result in character is worthier, in the schoolboy's embodying the ideal, without seeking to fathom it.

Controversy would have been impossible to the refinement of Pater's pen, but he has put forth in *Emerald Uthwart* the most valid arguments that can be presented in favor of a classical education. An education of which the value is immediately plain to uncultured eyes must necessarily have lower aims in order to come within the vulgar vision. Pater holds in just suspicion all aims low enough to be labeled; he proves in *Emerald Uthwart* that a classical education is better than practical.

English education seen from the point of view of an æsthetic critic, then, has its greatest value in the beauty of character it produces. In fact, not beauty of character alone: Pater's thought never lost firm hold on the visible and concrete; the artist eye is shown in the emphasis laid on the physiognomic results of English education, the expressiveness of the faces of English schoolboys and young collegians. The tedious years of classic study would be worth while for this result alone; with Pater, beauty is ever its own excuse for the toil of attaining it.

Yet beauty of face is only one of the beauties of culture. More truly stated, the consummate value of a classical education lies in the fact that it produces a wholeness of beauty in the young man, physical comeliness, clear-tinted skin and firm muscles; a sane intellect, working cleanly; a serene soul, too earnest and reverent for egotism.

Not only in emphasis on personal humility does a classical education bridge the difference between the intellectual and the moral; it values artistic workmanship, and thus perfection of manner as well as of matter. For the thoughtful youth, this is a stimulus to good manners, and from good manners to good morals, for, since a man must be nothing if not sincere, his inward fairness of soul must correspond to the grace of his outward life. This is the æsthetic's manner of argument. For the profoundly sensuous personality,—for *Emerald Uthwart*, for Pater—morality grows out of the intellectual, develops from truth of taste. The artist argues

from beauty to duty. Strange that in this story, Pater does not use that other word he loves, hieratic, that word applied to the priesthood of a race that worshiped beauty. Hieratic, applied to his portraits of young men, means the ascesis, self-training, plus a religious earnestness of motive.

The familiar fact of classical education thus acquires a sacred value by the interpretation of the æsthetic critic of life and literature, this nineteenth century priest of beauty.

An artist, ever seeking to portray his individual impression of truth, Pater shows in Emerald Uthwart not only the habit of perceiving the unnoted, mystical beauty of facts as commonplace as English school life, but also a kindred habit of mind, that of producing a new impression by a union of elements vulgarly thought diverse; with him, literature and life, or the intellectual and the moral, were inseparable. The beauty of literature first awakes the intellectual interest in Emerald, but only as an earnest of beauty to be attained and lived in the actual world. Pater protests that the duality of the spiritual and mental is false; the cultured boy should live what he reads.

Perhaps Pater's most valuable contribution to the manner of English criticism is that with fineness of critical sympathy, he has revealed lines of inherent unity in personalities and periods of development, assuredly in time, and apparently in genius of thought, far diverse; Greek thought, Roman, mediæval, modern,—a subtle complex of influences,—all go to make the schoolboy Emerald Uthwart what he is. Homer is not dead; his undertone of tragedy strikes an answering chord in the half-prescient mind of the Kentish boy, James Stokes. Horace is not dead; the grace of living as the Roman poet conceived it,—it stirs English Emerald, too, toward nobler effort. The mediæval churchmen who built the school, they, too, still live in the monastic discipline they made the law of the place. Nor is the modern separable from the old, but rather has individuality only in being a new combination of ancient and mediæval elements.

It is characteristic of the bias of Pater's criticism that, with one exception—there, an inherent necessity of the story theme—every one of his created youths possesses a character so cosmopolitan that we could imagine each as living at any historical period, with disposition essentially unchanged. The stuff that earnest boys are made of is intrinsically the same, in whatever period you find them. The study of the young men of Lacedæmon in *Plato and Platonism* has many points of close similarity with

Emerald Uthwart. Greek and English are not two things, but one, Pater would say. In fact are not Emerald and James simply young Greek heroes transferred, full of as goodly promise as Achilles or Hector, and followed by as relentless a $\chi\eta\rho$?

A habit of seeking underlying connection between apparently separate elements is only another name for a habit of generalizing from particulars. Now, generalization, any sort of dogmatism, is exactly that with which Pater always takes issue. A man by nature and self-training accustomed to thinking in clear visual images, he saw no value in the colorlessness, the barrenness of abstractions. Just here is the individuality of Pater's manner of generalizing; his abstractions are not colorless. He does not really hate the general, for he is always deducing abstract ideas from particulars, but it is important to see that he goes a step farther, and in turn clothes the general idea concretely, so that it can be seen and felt; only then, the student of visible beauty is bound to believe, can the general have any value or potency. Pater noted many schoolboys, abstracted logically the characteristic charm of youth as seen in many individuals, and embodied the abstract in the vivid, tangible personality of Emerald Uthwart.

It is interesting, if accidental, that the essay *Diaphaneite* and the story *Emerald Uthwart*, as now published, stand side by side. In *Diaphaneite*, Pater for once indulges himself and his reader in a piece of pure theorizing, tells out directly what type of character he believes the most noble. A divine transparency of character! A soul purely at one with itself, utterly transparent, so that the light from without might shine in, and the light from within shine out, with no blurring medium of conscious or unconscious insincerity between the inward and the outward beauty; a soul musically entire, so that motive and action are one, so that no one virtue, also, has undue prominence. Such, abstractly, is Pater's ideal for character, and such, concretely, is Emerald Uthwart. *Diaphaneite* describes the intellectual habit of this transparent soul as "wistfulness of mind, the feeling that there is so much to know; rather as a longing after what is unattainable than as a hope to apprehend. Its ethical result is an intellectual guilelessness. . . . Such a character is like a relic from the classical age, laid upon by accident to our alien modern atmosphere." Emerald Uthwart embodies all this perfectly, embodies also the unconsciousness characteristic of this transparent character, for these holy and humble men of mind are what they are by divine gift of nature; they cannot be made,—does not one feel the yearning just here?—yet they might remake the world.

Emerald Uthwart is a character that subtly evades analysis; purposely, since the ideal character must possess an inseparable, musical harmony. Even Emerald's dress, student black or warrior scarlet, seems to fit the supple, athletic figure with Hellenic grace. So closely unified is Emerald's character that it is impossible to conceive him as anything else than beautiful. This beauty is inherent, and no mere artistic finish. According to *Diaphaneite*, the transparent soul is almost always seen united to a corresponding bodily fairness. Body and soul are one; it is impossible to separate the pure, unconscious boy soul from his English comeliness of face and limb. It is worth noting here that Emerald's death is caused by a twofold effect, the bullet in the region of the heart combined with the physical cardiac disorder due to mental agony.

Consistently with the harmony of the youthful character, Pater does not make Emerald predominatingly intellectual; in this respect he is a contrast to all Pater's other portraits of young men, excepting once again Denys L'Auxerrois; the painstaking student is also a great cricketer. In opposition also to others of Pater's young men, Emerald is not in the least given to self-analysis. Like the æsthetic school, Pater lays great stress on the value of individual development, but he has clearly shown in Emerald Uthwart, as well as in the sanity of his own mental temperament, that attention given to self-development need not lead to any lack of balance, any unwholesome self-scrutiny. The most beautiful thing about Emerald is his unconsciousness. It seems easy, this simple equilibrium of Emerald's, but in reality is anything more difficult than the apparently simple ideal, "Be transparent"? The transparent character needs divine good luck both of nature and environment.

Emerald's school-fellows thought the boy, with his incomprehensible evenness of temper, incapable of any absorbing interest or emotion. It is barely possible that he might count with some readers as having a negative character. Neutral characters, Pater holds, are of two kinds: the one neutral, because some gift of nature has been suppressed; the other, appearing neutral because of even balance of qualities. The radical difference between the two types is not popularly seen, and the vulgar verdict may pronounce the perfectly balanced character indifferent. There is in this ideal, as in its concrete embodiment in Emerald, "an ineffectual wholeness of nature, yet with a divine beauty and significance of its own."

Action for the ideal character expresses itself simply in one word.

submissiveness, a loyal readiness of energy toward the requirements of the external world. Pater deems submissiveness so vital a need in the adjustment of soul to surroundings, that he makes the stranger who describes the execution scene almost envious of the resignation expressed in Emerald's young face under the merciless handling that deprives him of the insignia of his rank. On his very first introduction to Canterbury school, Emerald feels the charm of asceticism. Ease-loving and free of restraint until now, nevertheless, he straightway submits his tender child nature wholly to the constant restraints and incessant discipline of the great school, for he is "though somewhat sensuous, wholly without sentimentality." Emerald's life at Canterbury has an autobiographical interest, and this single quotation might describe the mature critic no less than the schoolboy Pater. Sensuous, without sentimentality—this gives sanity to a writer, who, by natural character, had he not yielded like Emerald to the beauty of the asceticism, might have lost true Greek equipoise.

Although he is constantly attentive to the requirements of schoolboy athletics, it is in study that Emerald shows the chief power of his character, in its humbleness combined with earnest activity. Pater is careful never to allow the boy's efforts any support from hope of success. Emerald submits himself to the beauty of Horace or of Homer with no hope of reward. That the great ones have written great books, is sufficient excuse for tireless study. Again we are reminded of another young Oxonian, so little noted as he toiled away in his quiet rooms at Queen's College. This other youth, too, labored tirelessly, unhopeful of reward, simply because the masters of art had written books capable of minutest attention; yet in those humble undergraduate years, Pater was laying the foundations of *Greek Studies* and *Plato and Platonism*.

With an almost religious humility before the sublime in intellectual attainments, Emerald feels religion itself as far too high above him to profess any allegiance to it. He takes it "not to heart, but rather to mind," as the man who wrote *Marius* must have done. By nature sensitively humble in things where humility is not seemingly required, the enjoined self-reproach and subjection of the Anglican faith are too great for him. By the very constitution of his nature, he dare not admit any striving after the Christian ideal. He puts away from his thought the things outside of earth even up to his death. The vicar who visits him in his mortal sickness is baffled, finds himself wondering what future there can be for "so abso-

lutely inspiritual a subject." Yet in God's own theology there must be some place for men like Emerald Uthwart or Walter Pater, who have lived a beauty of life, though they dared not call it consecrate, who in profound awe and sincerity of soul, dared not so much as lift up their eyes unto heaven, for the comfort too high for them.

Submissiveness, thus, in Emerald's case, leads to physical vigor and comeliness, to scholarly intellectual labor, to moral integrity; but submissiveness, to be effective toward beauty of character, presupposes beauty of character. Though Emerald is submissive, he yields only to the good about him; some self-assertion is implied in the selection. There is in all Emerald's yielding a rigorous self-restraint, which itself is the strongest kind of self-assertion—the willing what one will *not* be.

Because of his self-discipline toward obedience to authority, or because of his simplicity and sincerity—since the humblest man may fight—are people so sure that Emerald would "do for the army"? Pater expressly states in *Diaphaneite* that the kind of character he describes is fitted to be a foundation type, could be turned toward any kind of activity, though not, he admits, with such single and direct effectiveness as the less evenly balanced temperament; the existence of even the fanatic is defensible on the plea of his forcefulness. Emerald possesses this foundation type of character. It is just for this reason that, although we cannot assign him to fitter employment, we are in a way dissatisfied with his being a soldier. We feel that his equilibrium must be disturbed somewhat when his activities are confined to a single outlet of forces. We are so sensitive to the exquisiteness of his temperament that we would not have it narrowed to the terms of any profession. But he cannot be a beautiful schoolboy always. Perhaps it is just because we think at deepest that it is enough for Emerald Uthwart to be simply a beautiful schoolboy, that we are dissatisfied when we know that he is to be a soldier. We feel it in somehow vulgarizing that it should be necessary to assign a beautiful object of art to practical use, or to devote a beautiful man to any conventional employment. Not in doing, but in being, does Emerald vindicate his right to a place in the world's economy. The creation of the æsthetic critic,—in less technical terms, of the student of the beautiful, for its own sweet sake,—Emerald Uthwart has made himself, like the young Spartan of Plato, a perfect work of art, with a coolness as of Grecian marbles, united with the virility of ruddy English flesh and blood. Pater's argument is always from the truth of art to the

truths of life; if beauty is beauty's own excuse, let Emerald Uthwart be beautiful, not for his own sake, or for others, for the sake of art alone.

The beautiful embodied in warm flesh and brain and soul, the human work of art, has certain characteristics that belong to the inspired book or statue or picture. Emerald is as unconscious of his own worth as if he were really a piece of consummate sculpturing; in fact he is but the pure-veined marble for the personality of a great place to shape to its own ideal. There is a certain influence of works of art that Pater is fond of thinking about; the sudden wonderful stimulus of some contemporary work of art upon the undeveloped perceptions of the young mind. The fact that the undefined poetry of existence, which the boy feels dimly yet deeply, can be spoken or written or painted by some gifted one in his own country and time, stirs the lad suddenly with the new idea that embodied poetry is possible for him, also. The influence of Uthwart upon Stokes is exactly the influence of Ronsard's *Odes* upon Gaston de Latour, of Apuleius' *Golden Book* on Marius and Flavian. Uthwart is a schoolboy like Stokes himself, therefore the fairness of young Greek manhood is no mere literary myth, but is embodied before the boy student; thence the sudden focusing of vagrant genius, the sudden quickening to life of scholar Stokes's dusty Latin and Greek.

For the concrete thinker, nothing is so powerful as a personality. No book could have inspired Stokes as did the simple, unconscious boy friend beside him. Not because of any inspiring accomplishments of Emerald's in Grecian studies, for Stokes is his superior in purely academic promise, but because Emerald is himself a real young Greek, does he vivify Hellenic thought for Stokes's study. In like manner, in the most virile and original of all Pater's productions, Denys L'Auxerrois, by the mere charm of his alien Greek personality in the dimness of the cloister, gives inspired facility to the cramped fingers of the monkish illuminator, although in his own hand lies no craftsman skill. Emerald and Denys form a most interesting comparison; the first, a real Greek boy, moving radiantly amid the sombre surroundings of an English school; the second, a real Greek god, with his mysterious, often baleful inspiration,—a pitiful Dionysus hunted to death amid the narrow wintry streets of the old mediæval town.

But why did these two Greeks have to die? Why could not two such beautiful beings go on and live and grow? With such fine-strung sympathy with Hellenic thought, capable of embodying the very spirit of its ideal for

manhood, of its worship, in two vigorous personalities, Pater was also sensitive to the pagan sense of unseen foes that dog the footsteps of even the noblest and fairest. There are passages of Greek literature directly comparable to the closing pages of Emerald's life for the sense they give one of wanton malignity in the unknown powers that are stronger than man. It is with an almost intolerable revulsion of feeling that we read of Emerald's bewildered wanderings after his disgrace. He had been the incarnation of sanity, and now, in his ragged uniform, as he gropes dully for the unmarked grave of his comrade, weeping like a child—he who as a child had not known tears—he seems helpless beyond any conceivable power to help. It is all so undeserved, so tragic, that one cannot conquer a sense of a superfluous cruelty in his fate. But serenity comes again, as he lies once more among the rose-scents of home, and he dies with the simple bravery of an old Greek.

The coffin lid bore no inscription—was it that the man underneath, under the flowers, was too beautiful, not vulgar enough, for a name?

Emerald Uthwart as the personification of beautiful boyhood, does not stand alone among Pater's created characters. He is but one of a fascinating group of lads who all possess certain kindred characteristics. Excepting Marius alone, Emerald is the most subtly beautiful of all, perhaps even possessing the charm of physical vigor that Marius has not. Portraits by a lover of beauty, Pater's youths are all fair to look upon, with the beauty of clear color, close-knit muscles, and perfect physical health. Young aristocrats every one, the comeliness of generations of refined living is always seen in their high-bred boyish faces. They all have a grace of manner that is but the necessitated expression of their culture of soul. Not one of these gentle gentlemen could commit a faulty gesture, or speak an ungracious word. All alike possess the charm of the ascetic; self-restraint of body toward the end of the physical health that is every man's proper right; self-training of brain and senses toward keen and true conceptions of the fleeting impressions around one; self-discipline of soul toward a musical harmony of spirit, spirit habitually true in dealings with itself and with the requirements of the outer life.

Pater seems to have loved boys above all other beautiful objects in the world he conceived as so abundantly fair. To his keen artist vision, a wholesome, earnest-minded youth possessed pre-eminently the beauty of the norm, was a sort of canon of human character, corresponding to a sculp-

tured canon of the human physique. An artist is a man who perceives truly what is normal in the finest sense, and Pater's youths, both in happy gift of character and in comeliness of living, succeed in getting out of life its normal value, its proper enjoyment.

Pater liked to watch boys, too, because by gift of nature they possessed the attitude toward life that it should be every man's constant effort to attain and to keep. Boys, in their young, unsated eagerness, are natural Epicureans; have naturally the impressible eye and ear, which catch the moment's fair fleeting impression in its full vividness. "Carpe diem"—pluck to-day like a flower—was the Epicurean gospel that Pater lived. No one more fitted to pluck the short day's pleasure than the alert, sensitive boy. To keep this youthful impressibility still unblurred when youth is gone, should be the object of life, to the beauty lover. It is to the great enrichment of English criticism, that to Pater himself, years brought no dimness of perception, but only more truth of vision from added culture.

But there is more still in Pater's fondness for youths. An æsthetic critic, a man who devoted all the riches of his character to the just perceiving of beauty, Pater saw in the fair soul and body of a boy the most perfect embodiment of all the subtle beauty of a beautiful world. The physical eye, says the critic and Epicurean, is the surest organ of knowledge; therefore, beauty is most cogent to our senses when embodied in a warm, active personality. All beauty, then, visible, intellectual, spiritual, is seen incarnate in a beautiful and earnest-eyed boy.

One thing is true of all Pater's youths: you feel the doom of early death about them from the first, and always with a sense within you of impotent rebellion against their fate, which no serenity of temper in the author can quite destroy. Why are all this goodly band of youths—Watteau, Denys, Duke Carl, Sebastian, Emerald, Marius—appointed to die in their middle twenties?

Consistently Epicurean in attitude as Pater was, the eternal flux was the aspect of life that most impressed him. True, then, to individual sense of truth, he would like to arrest and portray some picturesque minute of existence, would like to make eternal the poised motion of a youthful life, just as Myron caught and rendered into immortal marble the mobile muscles of the Discobolus. Thus the youth must die, the story must end, we must remember the boy, in the full swing of young energies, with eyes still undimmed and ears still pure of hearing.

By still another necessity, the boy must die, if the artist is to be true to his perceived truth; if Emerald is embodied beauty, must he not embody beauty's piteous evanescence? Death, death, mysterious and fateful, was always lurking in the serene picture of Pater's world. What is all this vigorous asceticism for, except that his youths may win the most possible out of existence, before they die, as they must, *atatis flore*, in the blossom-time of life? The germinal *carpe diem* may develop into one of several working creeds, according to the nobility of the believer, and Pater and Emerald Uthwart made mortal life as perfect a thing as it could be made and still be merely mortal. But the pathos of the destruction of all this manly beauty, so nobly striven for,—Emerald's future? Pater does not commit himself; the only reference to immortality is in the quoted words of another; Pater's own thoughts are:

"'What will it matter a hundred years hence?' they used to ask by way of simple comfort in boyish troubles at school, overwhelming at the moment. Was that in truth part of a certain revelation of the inmost truth of things to 'babes' such as we have heard of? What did it matter—the gifts, the good fortune, its terrible withdrawal, the long agony? Emerald Uthwart would have been all but a centenarian to-day."

Were not this so delicately put, it would shock with its lack of feeling, after the insufferable pathos of Emerald's death. Pater's—the Epicurean's, the pagan's—"Weep not," contains small comfort in spite of all its serene, pagan bravery.

"Emerald Uthwart died on such a day," submissively, peacefully as any martyr,—with deep unspeakable wistfulness after the earth-home he must leave so early—left the warm roses of the dear old Chase for the chill unknown; in his quiet humility, asking no comfort of the future, ignorant of the God to whom he had offered his life as sacrifice undefiled.

Another man, a nobler, died at Oxford one July morning in the year 1894—serenely, submissively as he had lived. He who has touched the tragedy of homesickness so that it becomes the very wistfulness of the dying for the dear familiar earth, did he feel a mortal yearning for the finite littleness of home, of Oxford, of England? Did he enter the unknown humbly, to find there a home ruddy-warm with love? High priest of beauty, who had served so faithfully amid the temple's dimness and chill, did he find, dying, that the God of beauty has a warm and human face?

Winifred M. Kirkland.

PUNCHINELLO.

A MONOLOGUE.

Sit there, where I may stand with the sky before me, with the feeling of the sun in my veins. How still the day is, how breathing! I am living a wonderful life! Did you ever realize your uselessness, your insignificance? Yes? Often? I wonder then you are not mad! Indeed, you are always wise. I will sit down.

How kind Heaven is to some! How kind it has been to you! No, rather, how kind it has been to me to grant me the power to see you, to contemplate you! The rest does not matter; a hundred times I have told myself, the rest does not matter.

This is not the first time I have brought you to the top of the hill; not the first time I have spoken to you as I am speaking now; not the first time the same perplexity has come into your eyes, the same pressure to your lips. You can be gentle, you can be pitying, but you cannot be kind. I do not blame you, but, indeed, I deserve more; my devotion, my admiration, my friendship, deserve more; and you give to me what you give to them all. You turn to me, you smile at me, as you would turn to, as you would smile at, any of them; you say of me as you would say of them all, "Tom Jones? Oh, yes, I know him well." And I am adoring you in my heart; I am always thinking of you—idealizing you—loving you to an extent their little natures cannot understand; and your return to me is a smile, a merry greeting, a passing careless word. Now, when I speak to you, your answer is a perplexed, half-pitying look, a kindly concealed, an almost painful inevitability of indifference—but there, I am a fool! Yes, I acknowledge that I am a fool.

It is impossible! impossible! I will not believe it can be so. How torturing is our imagination! What would you do? What would you say? if you were really here and I had dared to speak.

Lee Fanshawe, '99.

SONG AGAINST SINGING.

O foolish heart, that praisest
In compass of a song
The heart toward which thou raisest
What doth to it belong.
To spend thine utmost fire
Would stint the angel choir
And seraphim would tire
Amid their tireless throng.

For words without a measure
Demand a bateless breath,
And at the heart of pleasure
Lies that which no man saith;
And all thy skill in loving
Can stay not love from roving,
And all thy way of proving
Thy lifelong love—is death.

Georgiana Goddard King, '96.

'TWIXT SIGHT AND THINGS UNSEEN.

I have never been able to discover why the feminine mind finds such an attraction in the very youthful photographs of the objects of its affection; but it is an indisputable fact that this attraction does exist, and that it operates with a force directly proportionate to the tenderness of age displayed in the picture. My opportunities for personal observation of this peculiarity have of course been limited, as my charms are not of the kind usually described as all-conquering, and I have never been troubled with such persecutions as have made the lives of many of my friends a burden, according to their accounts; but still even my small experience in affairs of the sort was sufficient to enable me to foresee as soon as the inarticulately rapturous stage of my engagement to Mabel began to wear off, that I must brace myself against a demand for my photograph in swaddling clothes.

However, to my surprise, the crisis passed, and I began to think that Mabel was even more of a prize than I had dreamed. To be sure, she had her little faults, but who has not? I have never been blind to my own, and I was quite prepared to accept the smiles that some of my fanciful aspirations brought down on me from my very practical little sweetheart as wholesome correctives to what has always been called my Quixotic idealism. Mabel's imperious rejection of many of my plans for our future life and her half-scornful tolerance of others might have made me a little sore if she had been less utterly charming; but what man can stand up for honest poverty and the satisfaction, beyond all riches, of refusing to sell himself, when a curly-haired materialist in a tailor-made gown has made up her mind to convert him to the doctrine of expediency? It was in the sixth week of our engagement that I succumbed and promised to write to Doddridge an acceptance of the appointment he had offered me. I knew what I was expected to do in return for it and so did Mabel, but then, as she said, "Everyone does those things nowadays." I am not very sure of myself, even to-day, for it is never easy to play the man in a really hard position, and I am ready to acknowledge that even the small achievement of an honest life, which I may call mine, has not been due entirely to myself—as I say, I am not very sure of myself, but I do not think I should have

yielded, even then, to Mabel's prettily impatient reasoning, if she had not ended by saying, with an adorable shyness and a sudden pinkness in her cheeks, "Do tell him yes, Dick, and then—we can be married in the fall."

So I promised, and when Mabel had given me my reward very sweetly, and was busily making me an extra cup of tea, "as a treat because I was good," she told me with a laughing toss of her conquering curls, I tried to convince myself that I had been very foolish to think so much of my clean hands and so little of the opportunity I had almost thrown away. Mabel was right, of course; I had been making a Pharisee of myself, and it was a good thing that she had the common sense to stop me. I watched her now, as she came rustling daintily across the floor toward me, smiling divinely across the steaming cup and the silver sugar bowl, and as she perched on the sofa's broad arm and leaned over to drop the white lumps into my tea with her fingers, I wondered for the hundredth time how this spoiled darling had ever been able to think of giving herself to a struggling young lawyer whom her blunt-spoken father had roughly characterized as "too damned thin-skinned ever to earn his salt." In sudden scorn of my own foolish scruples, I asked myself, who was I, after all, to be too good to work for my wife the way that other men work for theirs?

"You see, Dick, dear," Mabel was saying, as she rocked herself lightly backward and forward on her perch, "I love your high-mindedness about those things, but you are really just a little too particular. No man with any ambition can afford to throw away a chance like that; and even if you're not ambitious for yourself, I am ambitious for you. I want to see you a great success in life and to be proud of you, and I am sure you will be all I hope for. You are so much cleverer than these other men, and you only need to see the uselessness of such strait-laced ways in business to distance them all. Look at Jamie Hamilton; he hasn't half your brains, Dick, and yet see how rapidly he has gone up since he found out how to make himself useful to Mr. Doddridge and his friends. Why, he'll be a rich man in ten years!"

Now, James Hamilton was not where I was concerned the best example she could have chosen to clinch her argument. All that she had said was true, but my mind went back to the time when Jim and I were chums at college, and to the long talks we used to have then, sitting smoking by our study fire far into the small hours. What high ideals we had, and how full we were of magnificent scorn for everything small and mean! How

sure we were that we would never listen to the ignoble pleadings of self-interest when a principle was at stake! What wonderful things we were going to do with our lives, Jim and I! And now the papers called him a rising young lawyer, and pretty soon they would call me a rising young lawyer too, if I made this deal with Doddridge, and the thing that really hurt me was the knowledge that he too had done the thing for Mabel's sake. Poor Jim! He too had had his dream of marrying in the fall.

It was just here, when I was gradually working around to the conviction that I had been a Puritanical ass and that Mabel was the embodiment of practical reason, that she interrupted my meditations to ask me if I had a photograph of myself taken when I was a baby.

I must own that it was a shock, but after a moment for the readjustment of my ideas, I called up again the ancient subterfuge that had always extricated me safely from embarrassment on the few occasions when I had been called upon to answer such a demand. I told her that I would try to resurrect such a picture as she desired if she would in her turn give me one of herself at the same tender age. Heretofore this device had always saved the day; all my earlier flames had, for reasons of their own, firmly refused to let me behold their counterfeit presentments in infancy, and so I had never been taken at my word; but this time the ruse failed. Mabel would be delighted to exchange. Then I tried to beg off, and even descended to entreaty. Finally—last refuge with me, and sign of desperation like a rat's at bay—I attempted to be jocose, and laugh her out of it.

"My dear girl," I began airily, "what on earth can you want with the thing? Babies' pictures are usually ridiculous and always ugly, and why anyone should want to immortalize the days when the best of us is more like a squirming white bolster with a megaphone attachment than anything else—"

"Does that mean that you don't want the picture I offered you?" interrupted Mabel with freezing dignity; and then there was nothing to do but assure her that I was counting the moments until the precious relic should come into my possession. I managed to show enough ardor to placate her offended dignity and even to induce her to let me have the picture at once. During her absence in search of it I tried to decide what was the proper emotion to display on receiving it, and what the appropriate remark to make; but when at last I held it in my hands, I must have displayed only the liveliest surprise, and my only remark was a gasp of bewilderment, for

there were two Mabels on the yellowed card, two Mabels of perhaps four years of age, with round white caps tied under their plump chins, and small fat hands tightly clasped together in a sort of dignified apprehension of what the camera might do to them. My own particular Mabel was by this time shaking with laughter at my blank countenance, but she managed to gurgle from the depths of her handkerchief, "You poor dear! No, you aren't seeing double; I forgot you did not know I was twins." And then she sobered enough to tell me, with a pretty air of gravity that well became her, that she had lost a twin sister when she was six years old. "And of course they all say that she was so much more promising as a child than I was," Mabel pouted. "That is always the way. But she really was more sweet-tempered than I, and she let me tyrannize over her, as I remember, dreadfully—poor little thing! She had a conscience, too, even when we were such mites as that; and you know I was never troubled with one"—she was laughing again by this time. "After all, the family may be right; perhaps it is a good thing for me that she didn't live to cast me into the shade."

Pointing to one of the small girls in the picture I said, "This one is Mabel, and this one—"

"Is Marion; her name was Marion. But how did you know? We were as like as two peas, and no one else has ever guessed."

"Oh, I can tell," I said, as I bowed myself out with the card in my pocket.

That night I sat down to write my letter to Doddridge, but it was harder than I had thought it would be, and I sat trifling with my pen and wondering whether I was a fool or not, until I made it harder than ever. In my indecision I began to turn over in my hands the picture Mabel had given me, while I tried to formulate a letter, the mere writing of which would not brand me forever in my own sight; and as I played with words and phrases in my mind, and twirled the photograph in my fingers, I seemed to see the difference that had already struck me in the two baby faces come out more strongly. Perhaps I had been brooding so long over fine moral shades that I unconsciously magnified the slight contrast into a matter of such importance; perhaps Mabel's half-jesting words had sunk deeper than I had realized. Be that as it may, I found myself seeking and finding in the face of the child Marion something that made the letter to Doddridge even harder to write under the young pictured eyes.

I dropped the photograph into my desk drawer and took up my pen, then I laid the pen down again and swore. After repeating this performance until the waste-paper basket was full of crumpled drafts of half-finished letters, and my stock of profanity showed signs of running low, I gave up the attempt until morning and brought out the photograph once more. The difference was still there more striking than ever, and, recalling Mabel's words of the afternoon, I began to wonder what sort of woman this little Marion would have been if she had lived. The fire burned low in the grate, the candles on the top of my desk sputtered and went out one by one, and at last the light of my faithful student's lamp began to pale in the slowly widening whiteness of the dawn, and still I sat in my chair, with my head sunk on my breast, thinking.

The next day I went about my work like a man in a dream. In the long hours of that strange night I had taken a resolution for which I knew I should have to pay dearly, but, though I foresaw to the full all its consequences, my feeling was not altogether that of apprehension. I had finally resolved to have nothing to do with Doddridge and his dirty work, and though this decision was likely to cost me not only my chances of worldly success but my chances of marrying Mabel either in the fall or at any other time, still I was conscious of a desire almost amounting to anxiety to face the thing out at once and have it over.

I had it over. When I came down the front steps of her father's house that afternoon everything was over. After a stormy half hour of tears, entreaties, and protestations that I didn't love her or I couldn't make her so unhappy, the little lady had flung my ring back and left me. So there was to be no wedding in the fall unless Jim tried his chances again.

But, as I walked down the street in the thickening dusk and watched the bright-white arc lights along the curb and the yellow glow from the windows spring out suddenly in the darkness, I found, strange as it may seem, that I was not all cast down. Now there was something in me that rose above all my loyalty to my lost love, and told me that I was free—free from something that had threatened me with a bondage worse than I knew. My mind flew back, like a spring released, to thoughts of the old days of pure-hearted if Quixotic aspirations, and with those memories came the thought of Jim, and then, unlike the typical rejected lover, instead of going off to mourn in solitude I took a cab to Jim's office and carried him off to dine with me. He was surprised at my coming, for we had seen little

of each other of late, owing in part to the feelings we both had for Mabel, but owing still more to a sense of estrangement that had begun when Jim first connected himself with the Doddridge crowd. The fault of the estrangement indeed had been largely mine, and to-night, as we sat opposite each other at the little shining table and talked as we had not talked since old times, I felt myself flush with shame to think how, in my self-righteousness, I had condemned Jim for taking part in something to which I myself should now have stood committed had it not been for the pictured eyes of a child whom I had never seen.

When we separated that night Jim knew about my parting with Mabel, and as I walked back to my rooms through the deserted midnight streets, I felt sure that some day he would ask her again, and that this time she would say yes.

That night, as I sat staring into the fire with wide wakeful eyes, I dreamed a dream. Some one came rustling daintily across the floor to me; it was Mabel and yet not Mabel. The slight, graceful figure and the small head with its crown of curls were Mabel's own, but the eyes and the woman's soul behind them belonged not to her but to someone who had brought back my manhood to me with a look, and whom for the first time I now called—Marion.

Jim did try his chances again, and not in vain. I was his best man in the fall, and marred the perfection of the wedding ceremony by giving the maid of honor the wrong arm when we walked down the aisle. Mabel, with a new sisterly air that was almost too charming to be amusing, took me to task for this piece of awkwardness. What could I say? That all through the ceremony I had seemed to feel a light hand on my arm, and to hear in the stillness of my soul a voice that promised to be the guardian angel of my life forever, and that I could not have taken pretty Miss Webster on the arm where Marion should have leaned? Impossible to say that, clearly, so I apologized humbly, and took Miss Webster into the wedding breakfast in perfectly orthodox fashion. Then, after helping to put the proper amount of rice inside Mabel's parasol, down the back of Jim's neck, and in all the other conventional places, and seeing Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton go off in a shower of maternal tears and old shoes, I came home contentedly enough to these old lonely rooms.

They are lonely still, the very loneliest she ever saw, Mabel calls them, when she and Jim dine here with me sometimes. She flutters about them

in her rich dress, and she always laughingly asks me when I mean to burn a faded photograph of two children which hangs above my desk, while Jim, grown portly and prosperous looking and a trifle puffy under the eyes, looks a little wistfully at the oars crossed above the high mantelpiece and the other trophies of our college days. They link us ever more closely now, those days before we learned the world's hard lessons, for Jim and I are chums still, though he is a partner in the rich firm of Doddridge & Hamilton, and I am just a poor devil who has only too well confirmed the opinion Mabel's father had of him when he was younger.

Then they go away together, my friend and his wife, always a little conscience-struck at leaving me to my solitude. If I should tell them that it is peopled with dreams, would they be any the wiser? Here in this old room I live out my life with her who has been my soul's comrade since first I saw her childish eyes. On the stone above her little grave her name is choked out with moss, and even to her mother the child who died so long ago is barely a memory now; but in my heart she lives. It was Marion's eyes that saved me to myself in the first great temptation of my young manhood, and it is to her, as I have learned to know her, that I look for my justification against the world's harsh verdict of "failure." It is to her that I have told my strength and my weakness, and from the thought of her I have won power to hold the ideals of my youth. I have been a dreamer all my life, they say; but dreams and realities are relative terms after all.

To-day at the club I was watching Jim from behind my paper. In every line of him "success" is written, and yet I saw that his face had a look of weary restlessness and that his eyes were very tired. "Poor Jim!" I sighed behind my paper. Then hearing something like an echo of my sigh, I looked up again and saw that Jim had been watching me in a mirror; his look said, "Poor Dick!"

That is the situation, and you may, as you are minded, smile at him or at me.

Cora Hardy, '99.

ANACREONTIC, 21.

The earth ever drinking,
Is drunk by the trees;
The sea drinks the zephyr,
The sun drinks the seas;
The morn drinks the sunshine:
Then, friends, why do ye,
When I would be drinking,
Thus quarrel with me?

Clara Hitchcock Seymour, 1900.

“THE YOUNG WOMAN’S GUIDE TO EXCELLENCE.”

In this day and generation woman, her rights, her privileges, her psychology, her problem, occupies already so large a space in the somewhat crowded world of literature that anyone undertaking to introduce a new writer on the woman question must necessarily assume his task with some diffidence. In attempting to bring before the world the writings of the talented author, Mr. William A. Alcott, I have, however, felt myself justified by two considerations. In the first place, no thoughtful reader can fail to have been struck by the vagueness, the deplorable lack of system and coherence displayed by the ordinary writer on “woman.” He is ready enough to tell what woman is, usually to add what she ought to be, but the essential matter, the method by which the proper estate of the sex and of the individual is to be reached, remains generally untouched. Mr. Alcott, on the contrary, is nothing if not direct. Having established an exact end, excellence, he devotes the whole substance of his long and carefully considered work to a lucid yet ample description of the means to that end.

This is in itself no slight advantage in such a work. A second consideration relates both to subject and to audience. The usual discussion of woman deals with the sex *en masse*, and addresses itself to all such of the human race as can find nothing better to do than to hearken. Not so, Mr. Alcott. He confines his subject-matter to that portion of womankind which he also designates as his chosen audience, to “those persons of the female sex to whom the term young is usually applied . . . and to those in general who are single”—to “young women” precisely. The gain effected by such narrowing and defining of the boundaries of discussion cannot fail to appear to any reader of this admirable work.

In *The Young Woman’s Guide to Excellence* (Boston: Strong & Brodhead, 1849), Mr. Alcott addresses himself especially, as has been said, to the young of the female sex. But he seems also to have reference in part, as he says did the wise King Solomon, whom, I may add, he greets in passing with that tribute of unaffected admiration which always comes so graciously from one great soul to another—to have reference then to “the fathers and mothers, the grandfathers and grandmothers, and all the

other relatives of Israel." Thus he maintains for his work a general interest even while addressing himself directly to a comparatively small audience.

The ideal of the young woman is to be excellence, not happiness; but for the cheering of the hedonistically inclined our author hastens to add that excellence invariably brings happiness, thus affording a simple solution of the much-exaggerated difficulty in eating one's cake and having it too. The way to this goal of excellence lies through the recognition and fulfillment of certain duties and virtues which are pointed out with a rigid yet kindly insistence.

In really moving terms Mr. Alcott brings home to each her own particular responsibility, makes plain her sphere of duty and influence. Most affecting is his recital, in illustration of the breadth of influence possessed by even the humblest, of the history of an "excellent female," a domestic in Boston. Her employer is the "distinguished teacher of a private female seminary." "Suppose," Mr. Alcott proceeds, "he has instructed in his comparatively excellent way two hundred females. Suppose again one-half of the females he has instructed should in their turn each form as much character as he has already done—and he is yet but a middle-aged man; and suppose half the disciples of each of these pupils in their turn should do the same and thus on, till the year of our Lord 2000 only, which is, as we have reason to believe, but a little way toward the end of the world. Suppose one hundred only of each two hundred should live to have influence and seventy-five of them as the mothers of families of the usual size, and twenty-five only as teachers. There will then be five generations in a hundred and sixty years, and the number of children which will come under the influence of this line or succession of mothers and teachers will be no less than ninety million, or a number equal to six times the present population of the United States." In an age of statistics, figures such as these cannot fail of their effect. It may be asked, however, at what point did the influence of the domestic bear directly upon the two hundred females. The answer is, of course, that by ministering to the bodily needs of the teacher she put him in a position to minister to the mental needs of his pupils, or, as Mr. Alcott more elegantly phrases it, "Is it too much even to affirm that unless the part she acted had been performed by her or someone else the school could not have gone on?"

Self-education Mr. Alcott finds essential, no matter what system of outward education has been applied. Thus, and thus only, can the young

woman comprehend her own character, and perceive that though connected, as Mr. Alcott remarks, "by ties of consanguinity to the worm," she is also capable of an upward flight toward "those regions which Gabriel once traversed." She must know, still further, the relation of body to mind, and of mind to body—of body and mind to spirit, and of spirit to body and mind. The fact that his pupil will then be in a position to instruct all philosophers and psychologists, living and dead, does not seem to arouse in Mr. Alcott any undue elation.

The remarks on the appetites and passions will be of especial interest to all students because of the anecdote told concerning a certain teacher in Boston whose general course of discipline was "quite mild," but who sometimes became "so much affected in his temper by high-seasoned or overstimulating dinners as to be petulant and passionate, even to blows, immediately afterward." It would seem to the advantage of everyone about to pass through the perils of examinations to see to it that her professors are supplied with cooling fruits and pacifying drinks for some time before and after the unhappy occasion.

Great stress is laid on the need for self-command. Here again the attraction of a pleasant incident charmingly narrated gives point to the author's injunctions. The story is that of a Mrs. Merrill, residing in Nelson County, Kentucky, some years ago, whose house was attacked by savages. Instead of giving way to any exhibition of female sensibility, she proceeded at once to the defence of home and family. The Indians hewed away a part of the door, and one by one crawled in. The rest of the tale is best told in the author's own graphic words. "This slow mode of entrance gave time to Mrs. M. to despatch them with an axe and drag them in, so that before those without were aware of the fate of those inside, she had, with a little assistance from her husband, formed quite a pile of dead bodies within and around the door. . . . The remainder of the party, now very much reduced in number, became quite discouraged, and thought it was best to retire." Females, he concludes, should be fitted for all emergencies.

Against detraction and slander, Mr. Alcott finds, the proper precaution is self-knowledge. "Burns, the poet, sought some power who would bestow on us the gift to 'see ourselves as others see us.' Poor Burns, this was as high as he could be expected to go." But the excellent female must go much higher. And assistance in her soaring flight may be gained by "reference to the works of Mrs. Opie—to our own hearts—to the Bible."

Before concluding this hasty sketch a word must be said in regard to Mr. Alcott's style. It is, of course, scarcely gracious to offer any criticism on the form of a work intended to edify and instruct the mind rather than to delight the æsthetic sense. But in Mr. Alcott's case the temptation to dwell upon certain graces of manner is beyond resistance. The general effect is one of refined and elegant simplicity, warmed and colored by touches of true genius. By the artless use of the interjection *ay*, for example, an occasional vivacity is given. The author's chivalrous grace again is shown by the fact that, although in speaking of mankind in general he relates it to the "brotherhood of worms," when referring exclusively to what he politely terms "the other sex," the *brotherhood* becomes a *sisterhood*. Such little touches as these give affability and sweetness to a style usually serious, even pedagogical.

My purpose here has not been to enter into any formal or elaborate analysis of Mr. Alcott's system, still less to pass judgment upon his scholarship or style. These can be comprehended only through a diligent perusal of the original, which, like all works valuable for both form and content, loses nothing, even gains by a second reading, or a third, or a fourth, however far the reader's generous enthusiasm may carry him. The aim of this hurried and imperfect paper will have been accomplished if it has served, by dwelling upon some of the most striking features of the theory and by exhibiting some of the most lustrous bits of polished workmanship, to draw attention to a genius at once so commanding and so neglected. No claim is made to have preserved the ground plan or followed the ramifications, but the perspective, at least, has not been knowingly falsified.

In conclusion, the reader's attention is called to the other works of this valuable author—to quote the list only in part, *The Young Man's Guide*, *The Young Husband*, the *Young Wife*, etc., etc. Also a little volume to which he himself calls attention, *The House I Live In*—all of which may be obtained from the same publishers. But even if these are inaccessible, the young female who has conscientiously read and studied the *Young Woman's Guide* cannot end far short of excellence.

Lillie Deming Loshe, '99.

SOFT GOING.

I.

Smooth lies the road and stretches far,
With shelter from the broad sun's blaze,
And at the last is lost in haze;
No least small stone my steps to mar;
I shall go softly all my days.
Go softly by the quiet ways
Where slow cool streams and sloping meadows are;
Toward western light and golden evening star,
Go softly all my days.

No stubborn heights before me lie
That I with groaning must ascend,
Like others that beside me bend,
Nor need I care to question why
I should go softly to the end.
Go softly where the sweet birds send
Clear notes among the flowers that never die;
What need to speak of blood and sweat while I
Go softly to the end?

II.

Ah by what tempest am I caught?

What blasts, what bitter blasts are these,

That wrap my robe about my knees

And blind my eyes from seeing aught?

Where is my careless ancient ease?

Where is the road through sun-struck trees

Whereon to walk with quiet steps I thought?

Alas, alas, how dearly have I bought

My careless ancient ease!

Lo, from the dark beside me rise

Strange hands of them that take my part:

My terror sinks beneath their art

To guide the feet, to clear the eyes:

Where is the hardness of my heart?

Where is the path on which the start

Recked not of outstretched hands, of suppliant cries?

I too go humbly, and in shame despise

The hardness of my heart.

Content Shepard Nichols, '99.

THE KING OF FRANCE.

On the northern coast of Devonshire, sheltering under a steep cliff and clinging to the banks of a little stream that there enters the sea, is the village of Lynmouth. Above it, on the summit of the cliff, are the hotels and cottages of Lynton. Back of it stretch the heather-covered moors, rolling a limitless expanse to the horizon, and on either side the line of painted cliffs, red, yellow, gray and purple, breaks into fantastic headlands. From these cliffs one looks across the changing waters of Bristol Channel to the blue bluffs of the Welsh coast. There are few more beautiful spots in England, and yet every year hundreds of tourists come to these two villages with no knowledge of their natural charms and with no anticipation of pleasure from them. Their only interest is in a little valley some ten miles away, a mere depression among the hills, with no apparent landmark save a few scattered stones that trace the foundations of the old stone huts that once occupied the spot. But this is the Doone Valley, and readers from all parts of the globe make reverential pilgrimages to it that they may see the home of Lorna Doone and the scenes of Jan Ridd's exploits. They make their way along the little water course, past the Watersmeet, through the valley of the Badgeworthy Water, past the Waterslide and Lorna's Bower, and up into the Doone Valley itself. With a springing turf beneath their feet, and the babbling water beside them and the low clear sky above them, they have a pleasant walk. The memory of the moors stays with them always. But of what they came to see there is little. Instead of the "fence of sheer rock" and the "three rough arches, jagged, black and terrible," they find nothing but the rounded hills of the moorland, and instead of the awful, impassable Waterslide nothing but a thin sheet of water slipping gently over mossy stones, as do hundreds of brooks in New England pastures. At first, perhaps, they are disappointed, but as time goes on they find that merely to have breathed that atmosphere and to have traced out the faint shadows of reality have given a new zest and a new life to their enjoyment of the book.

About thirty miles from Philadelphia, in Chester County, is the American Doone Valley, a place as worthy of pilgrimage as that of Eng-

land. It is the village of Kennett Square, which gave name to Bayard Taylor's most famous novel, and which was besides the birthplace and the home of Bayard Taylor, and is now his burial place.

In the novel of *Kennett* Bayard Taylor did for this part of the country precisely what Blackmore did for Devonshire. He embodied in permanent literary form the scenery and traditions of Chester County. "The lovely pastoral landscapes which I know by heart," he wrote in his prologue, "have been copied field for field and tree for tree." And, in the same prologue, which is addressed to his friends and neighbors of Kennett, he continued, "Many of you will have no difficulty in detecting the originals of Sandy Flash and Deb. Smith; a few will remember the noble horse which performed the service I have ascribed to Roger, and the descendants of a certain family will not have forgotten some of the pranks of Joe and Jake Fairthorn. Many more than these particulars are drawn from actual sources." In the same way Blackmore, in his preface, writes that he "knows that any son of Exmoor, chancing on this volume, cannot fail to bring to mind the nurse tales of his childhood—the savage deeds of the outlaw Doones in the depth of Bagworthy Forest, the beauty of the hapless maid brought up in the midst of them, the plain John Ridd's Herculean power, and (memory's too congenial food) the exploits of Tom Faggus."

It is a curious coincidence that two writers so widely separated should have written at almost the same time two books of so like a nature. *Kennett* was published in 1866, *Lorna Doone* in 1870. Each book is the tale of a pure and ideal love. As Jan Ridd worked for Lorna Doone, so did Gilbert Potter for Martha Deane, and the one maid was as fair and sweet, as true and brave, as the other. Across the warp of this love story in either book is spun the woof of the dark deeds of highwaymen. As the Doones and the reckless Tom Faggus appear and disappear in the pages of Blackmore's book, so does Sandy Flash in Bayard Taylor's; and through both books is the same strong feeling for the country, the same loving and detailed presentation, in the one case of the moorlands and streams and lonely cottages of Devonshire, in the other of the comfortable farmhouses, streams and rolling hills of Pennsylvania.

There is this difference. In Blackmore's work we have everything transformed and magnified by his imagination, and the country itself is but a suggestion of the enchanted country of the book. Step by step we can follow the adventures of Jan Ridd, but all on a slighter scale. In

Bayard Taylor's book, on the contrary, we have everything without exaggeration or distortion, as he himself said, "field for field, and tree for tree." One can still follow the steps of his hero, treading the same roads, up the same hills, down the same dales, with farmhouse, forest and distant view even as he described them. The Unicorn Tavern, the Anvil and the Red Lion are still standing. So, too, is the home of Martha Deane, a vine-covered house at the east end of Unionville; and the house of Gilbert Potter, two miles south of Kennett, while north of Kennett Square, "in the hollow into which the road dips on leaving the village," is the Fairthorn farm, in reality the farm that belonged to Bayard Taylor's grandfather. The Street road still leads across the Brandywine and past the battlefield toward West Chester, and the State road, on the west, runs on to Toughkenamon and Avondale, the scene of the fox hunt.

It is a country full of memories. Not only do scenes from the novel of *Kennett* come back at every step, along with bits from poems and shorter stories (for Bayard Taylor loved his home and often reverted to it in his writing), but also places that are familiar to us through his life. It was the battlefield of the Brandywine that inspired his first poem. It was along these roads that he tramped the weary miles to Philadelphia, time and time again, when he was trying to sell his first book, *Ximena*. At Unionville he went to school; at West Chester he worked as a printer's apprentice. Finally, when he had won fame and fortune for himself, it was to Kennett Square that he turned for a home. On high ground, a mile north of the village, he built for himself Cedarcroft, a great house with a lofty tower. He selected as the site a place long familiar to him, for directly across the road from Cedarcroft, at the end of a lane of cedars, is the old two-story stone house where he spent his childhood, and back of Cedarcroft are the great forest trees where he used to play.

A few miles northeast of Kennett, at Longwood, is the Friends' Meeting House, which Bayard Taylor attended with his sweetheart, Mary Agnew. She is but a faint, sweet memory, a spirit that touches with gracious influence all the early part of his life. She remains always his sweetheart, for although he was married to her, she died within a few months. She was buried in the cemetery at Longwood. There beside her, years afterward, Bayard Taylor himself was laid, and his grave was marked with a Greek altar, bearing the inscription, "He, being dead, yet speaketh."

If the Lorna Doone country is worth the long journey from London,

as many Americans think, this region of Kennett is surely worth the shorter trip from Philadelphia. It is to the full as rich in associations. The country itself is, perhaps, less beautiful, certainly less strange to American eyes. Yet it is not without its charm. The old stone farmhouses, with their broad, sheltering barns near by, nestle under the hills or, straggling along the crest of the rise, merge their irregular roof lines in the hill's long slope. They seem to belong to the land, to be a part of the earth's natural growth, rather than fabrications by man. They are shut in by trees and vines. Hedges cross the country and line the roadways. Here and there the old forest trees still stand, and all about is the rich coloring of the fertile, well-watered farm land. It is like the Midland counties of England, and yet, as is always the case, even with the most English parts of America, it is subtly different in atmosphere and suggestion.

Kennett Square is within reach of Bryn Mawr. I have been told that it is within easy reach, but, having spent two months in unsuccessful efforts to get there, I purposely omit the adjective. Yet I believe that, under ordinary circumstances, one might truthfully go the one step farther and say within easy reach.

It is, of course, possible to go into Philadelphia and take the train out to Kennett Square, but as much that is of interest lies in the surrounding country and not in the village itself, it seems better to make the trip on a bicycle. That was my plan. Accordingly, early in February, I bought a bicycle map and studied out the roads. From Bryn Mawr one can take the train to West Chester. Riding a few miles south from there, one reaches the Street road, which runs southwest, past the battlefield of the Brandywine, to the Red Lion. Branching off there toward the right, the Doe Run road leads to Unionville. Thence retracing one's way a short distance and turning to the south, one comes to Taggart's Cross Roads and then due south to Kennett Square. From there one can ride southwest to Avondale or go on to Kennett, but in either case the start for home is made from Kennett Square along the State road, which passes through Longwood. There one turns north and rides across the Pierce Farm Park to the Street road and so back to West Chester.

Never were plans better perfected than these. The spring was slow in coming, the rain and the snow surprisingly persistent. But there were occasional fair days which were scrupulously used in practice and preparation for this one long ride. We went back and forth on Montgomery Avenue and

the Lancaster Pike. Once even we went so far afield as Paoli, and there, on a cross road, a mile from the pike, we found the birthplace of Anthony Wayne. The two-story-and-a-half stone house, shaded by evergreens and commanding a fine distant view of valley and hills, is still in perfect preservation. It makes a fit companion piece for the beautiful old church at St. Davids, in the churchyard of which is the monument to Anthony Wayne.

While searching for Anthony Wayne's birthplace we were told of the Paoli Monument, at Malvern, which marks the place where fifty Americans were *massacred*, as our informant said. And again, in the course of our investigation, we heard of an old tavern at Newtown Square, kept once by Benjamin West's father, and the neighboring Seventh-Day Baptist churchyard, in which some of West's family are buried, and Anthony Wayne's mother and four of her children. It lies out on Bryn Mawr Avenue, not far away. But these were all aside from the main point.

Time after time we made our plans and were disappointed by the weather. Finally we caught the tail of a flying sunshiny day and started out at noon. We were too late for the West Chester trains, but we caught a train to Paoli and dreamed that by fast riding we could make up for the additional distance. We were warned that the roads were bad, so we kept on the pike to Malvern and then turned off towards West Chester. In answer to our inquiries we received many conflicting statements. Some said the road was good, others that it was impassable, and one man who, as we afterward found, knew whereof he spoke, told us curtly, "Part's good and part's bad; part's macadam and part aint." This was very true, but the "part aint" was much the more considerable.

We waded through mud knee deep. We crawled along the banks and carried our wheels. We lifted them over fences and trundled them through fields. We pushed through briars and underbrush. The branches rattled across the spokes and caught in the pedals and stopped us. A stiff breeze blew in our faces, but we still toiled painfully on by crooked and devious paths. Where the road should have been was a swamp, a morass, an all but bottomless ditch. We passed a deserted buggy sunk axle deep and dripping mud from every spoke. At last we reached West Chester just in time to catch a train for Bryn Mawr and get back to dinner.

From our personal observation we are of the opinion that nothing less than two months of bright sunshiny weather can make that road passable, and we are told that the roads beyond West Chester in the direction

of Kennett are in even worse condition. This we believe to be an exaggeration, for it is impossible for a road to be in a worse condition and still be a road. But the people who live there tell us that in dry weather the riding is very good, and the fact remains that all these roads are marked on the map with heavy red lines as cycling roads. As an old lady said to us in passing, "The roads are like a landlord's house, good when the sun shines." This being so, there may be truth in the statement that Kennett is within easy reach of Bryn Mawr. We did not find it so, although we had faith and a proper spirit. We longed to make our pilgrimage to Kennett as we had to the Doone Valley, yet, when all was done, we could say little more than,

"The King of France with twenty thousand men
Marched up the hill and then marched down again,"

for that was the story of our journey, and the nearest parallel to our adventures.

Carrie A. Harper.

SAPPHO, 1.

Aphrodite, subtle of mind, immortal,
Child of Zeus, and weaver of wiles, I pray thee,
Do not thou with pains and distress subduing,
Gracious one, tame me!

But come hither if thou didst ever, praying,
Heed of old my voice though afar, and heeding
Left thy father's mansion, a golden dwelling,—
Yea, and thou camest,

Having yoked thy chariot while there drew thee
Sparrows fair and fleet round the dark earth flapping,
Swift flapping, wings from the heaven downward
Through the mid ether.

Onward, earthward, came they and fast arriving
Thy immortal countenance smiling asked me—
Blessed One—what evil has come upon me,
Why do I call thee?

What thing now beyond all things I desire,
Raging in my heart, and “who now persuading,
Wouldst thou lead to love thee?” (to love me, saying)
“Sappho, who wrongs thee?

Even though she flies, she shall swiftly follow,
She who would not take of thy gifts shall give them,
She who would not love thee, shall quickly love thee,
Yea, though she would not!”

Come to me and coming do thou release me,
Loose my care grown grievous, and even all things,
Whatsoever my heart doth desire, accomplish.
Be thou mine ally.

G. C. L., '97.

THE PROMPTER'S BOX.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

MARGARET.— <i>Society's favorite.</i>	} <i>Room-mates.</i>
FRANCES.— <i>A scoffer.</i>	

MARTHA,	} <i>The Anti-Man League.</i>
KATHARINE,	
MARIAN,	
ADELAIDE,	

SCENE:

The study of Margaret and Frances in Pembroke West. On one side of the room a bright fire shows the dull blue wall and the mantelpiece, lined with old blue plates and pewter tankards. Two candles in a sconce on the opposite side of room cast a flickering light on the dark bookcase with its brightly-bound books, on the blue hangings before the windows, and finally on the inevitable tea-table, with its brass kettle and big blue cups.

TIME: *Eight o'clock on the evening of a college reception.*

(Enter Frances, in a brown corduroy suit, which, though showing the effect of many walks and two basket-ball seasons, does not detract from the dignity of this tall graceful blonde.)

FRANCES.—Margaret!

MARGARET (*within*).—Well? Where have you been? Have you had anything to eat?

FRANCES.—O yes! We got tea at the Red Rose. We've been way round West Conshohocken in four hours.

MARGARET.—You crazy girl! Just you two? Well, I'm thankful you've come. *(Enter Margaret from right-hand bedroom in an ostensibly new white gown, her dark hair coiffured to perfection, and her eyes sparkling with satisfaction, as she realizes that she has never looked better in her life.)*

FRANCES.—Vision of loveliness! Come over to the fire so that I can get a good look at you.

MARGARET.—Please don't be silly, but hook my dress. I have to receive, you know, and it's late now.

FRANCES.—There isn't any hurry. You've all the evening to impress *οι πολλοί* in. Impress me for a few minutes. (*She begins to hook Margaret's dress.*)

MARGARET.—I haven't any time to waste. Do hurry. You'll never get there if you dress yourself at this rate.

FRANCES.—Do you insinuate that in fifteen minutes I couldn't translate myself from these simple garments to my latest Parisian creation?

MARGARET.—Don't fool. What are you going to wear?

FRANCES.—I'm not going, but if I were I would stun the populace in the gown that I have always worn, for you know I've been to every college reception since I entered.

MARGARET.—You don't really mean you're not going?

FRANCES.—Certainly I do.

(*Knock.*)

BOTH.—Come in!

(*Enter Marian and Adelaide.*)

MARGARET (*appealing to them*).—Now take my side. Isn't it disgraceful for Frances not to go to-night?

FRANCES.—I leave it to you if I haven't a perfect right to sit here in this chair all the evening after having walked all the way round West Conshohocken. Besides, you know, this is my first offence.

MARGARET (*emphatically*).—You shouldn't have taken such a walk to-day.

MARIAN.—But, Margaret, there will be any number of other girls there.

MARGARET.—Of course there will be girls there. But it's the duty of all the attractive girls to go.

MARIAN.—Oh, I don't see that there's any duty about it. I always go because I like to.

ADELAIDE.—I'm going, but I certainly do hope I'll be able to escape the girls who have men.

MARGARET.—That's just the point!

FRANCES (*laughing*).—Now she's off!

(*Knock and enter Martha and Katharine.*)

You're just in time to hear Margaret on social duties. Do sit down, for it's likely to be a lengthy tirade.

MARGARET (*standing in front of them all, pulling on her long gloves with jerks*).—Not at all. I'm going right away. But I must say this before I go. It's precisely this attitude of yours that brings so much criticism on college girls from outsiders. None of you invite men, and you avoid meeting the men who do come. Sometimes you talk to the faculty. Usually you go around by dozens and do nothing but eat. You ought to feel some responsibility for all college functions. You could just as well as not invite men, and even if you won't do that, at least you might be willing to meet other people's friends. It's frightfully narrow to leave out the social side in your education. Unless you meet men now, when you go into society you'll be hopelessly *gauche*. Personally, I enjoy meeting new men, and if I weren't going to receive I would have asked several to-night. But if you will be so obstinate I cannot waste any more time on you. Now you will all come, won't you? (*Turning to Frances.*) I suppose you really are too tired, Frances. I'll bring you some ice cream just as soon as I can. (*Taking her roses from the box on the window seat she goes toward the door.*) I'm just in the mood for meeting men. Well, good-bye. Is my dress all right?

ADELAIDE.—Yes, it's lovely.

(*Exit Margaret.*)

FRANCES (*penitently*).—I'm hopelessly crushed. Margaret's right after all. I am *gauche*. But to-night I'm too weary. Now, you all go and do the society act for me.

MARTHA.—All right. We'll go and make Margaret have the time of her life. She said she wanted to meet men, and to-night we'll make it easy for her.

KATHARINE (*dubiously*).—But we don't want to meet them ourselves.

MARTHA.—We won't have to. We'll make every girl with a man introduce him to Margaret and then leave him for a tête-à-tête with her.

FRANCES.—I have an idea. We'll form an anti-man league. I'll be the president and stay at home so as to be out of all danger. You all go and watch the fun, reporting to me at intervals. Anyone who meets a man has to bring me some ice cream.

ADELAIDE.—Of course you won't see us till it's all over. Poor thing, you'll be lonely and starved.

FRANCES.—I'm not so sure.

KATHARINE.—Come. Let's begin the fun.

(Exeunt all but Frances.)

(Frances, rising, takes off her coat and throws it on to the window seat. She walks to her desk and picks up a letter which has come in the evening mail. Going back to a big chair before the fire she opens her note, and, after reading it, hastily throws it into the fire. She is still watching the little blaze when a knock comes at the door.)

(Enter Adelaide.)

ADELAIDE.—Succumbed so soon. *(She hands ice cream to Frances, with a low bow.)*

FRANCES *(laughing)*.—I wondered how long you'd hold out.

ADELAIDE.—Really, I couldn't help being caught. My eyes were glued upon Margaret in the midst of her court. Our scheme is working finely. Men three deep and not a girl in sight! Before I knew it someone touched my arm and I was left stranded with somebody's Mr. Nobody. Oh it was a dreadful experience! I must have talked to him five minutes before I could escape and procure the forfeit.

FRANCES *(who has been eating all this time)*.—I wish I had some more.

ADELAIDE.—You should be there to see the fun.

FRANCES.—It would be almost worth the trouble of dressing to see Margaret. But then I might have to resign my position as president of the Anti-man.

(A violent knock at the door and in bursts Katharine with more ice cream.)

KATHARINE *(dramatically holding the plate at arm's length)*.—"Men to the right of me, men to the left of me, faculty front of me"—how could I help it? I never saw so many men here before.

FRANCES *(beaming)*.—Thanks for the ice cream. I shall be well supplied before the evening's over. Adelaide was caught too.

KATHARINE.—I'm glad I wasn't the first. What could I do? I had just escaped one fond friend and was hurrying into East when I bumped square into Molly, who greeted me with, "O do let me present—"

FRANCES.—I hope you didn't show your anti-man spirit too strongly. But how about Margaret? What was she doing when you saw her?

KATHARINE.—Margaret stood there with her ceaseless gabble, a correct imitation of "Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever."

ADELAIDE *(sympathetically)*.—Poor Margaret! She'll be furious when she finds out what we've done. She must suspect now.

KATHARINE.—We must keep up the game at any rate. The league will languish with only two supporters.

FRANCES (*laughing as the other two go toward the door*).—Farewell! I'll get up an appetite while you're away.

(*Ereunt Adelaide and Katharine.*)

(*Frances sinks back in her chair and doesn't move for several minutes. Suddenly she starts up.*)

FRANCES.—Every time I'm left alone I lose my temper. Even my fifteen-mile walk didn't cool my wrath. That's a nice kind of a friend to have. (*She goes to her desk, looks among a pile of opened letters, and takes up one. Then she goes back and sits on the floor so that the light of the fire falls on the letter. She reads aloud:*)

“DEAR FRANCES :—So sorry I can't accept *your* invitation for to-night, but, as luck will have it, I got another first.” (Horrid thing! He certainly knows me well enough to tell me where he's going.) “Next time write a little earlier, so that I can think you really want me.” (Conceited puppy! How does he know there'll be any next time?) “I'll explain more fully to you when I see you.

“Always sincerely your friend,

“JACK WILLIAMS.”

(*Sarcastically*) I'm so glad he considers himself my friend. (*She throws the letter into the fire.*) There! I refuse to think of you once more to-night. (*Leaning against the big chair by the fireplace.*) I wish some of the girls would come.

(*She sits looking into the fire with dreamy eyes for some minutes. Suddenly there is a loud rustling down the hall, followed by a resounding knock, which arouses her from her reverie. The door bursts open and in the doorway is a tableau—Marian, Martha and Adelaide, standing each with a plate of ice cream in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other.*)

FRANCES (*laughing heartily*).—More ice cream. Think of my doctor's bill!

MARIAN, MARTHA and ADELAIDE (*in chorus*).—From the vanquished come the spoils. (*Each lays her plate of ice cream at Frances's feet.*)

MARIAN.—But you'd have been caught too, Frances, if you'd been there.

FRANCES (*aside*).—I came very near being caught here all by myself. (*Aloud.*) Is Margaret still enjoying herself?

MARTHA.—From all appearances she's getting a little weary.

ADELAIDE.—When I last saw her, her smile was on the verge of the Cheshire.

MARTHA.—Her agony's nearly over. It must be quite eleven.

(*Knock. Enter Katharine, excited.*)

KATHARINE.—The Anti-man is extinct. We've all met stupid bores, and, added to this, Margaret has been sitting for the last half hour in a corner with the one man I wanted to meet.

FRANCES (*groaning*).—I suppose I shall hear of him all night.

KATHARINE.—Almost everyone's gone, so she'll be here soon.

ADELAIDE.—Let's prepare to give her a royal welcome.

MARGARET (*without, weakly*).—Please open the door. My hands are full.

(*Katharine extricates herself from the little group around the fire and opens the door. Margaret is discovered standing in the doorway, weary and disconsolate, holding in one hand her faded red roses and in the other a plate, on which is a very little melting ice cream.*)

MARGARET (*with a sigh*).—I'm so glad to get away.

FRANCES.—Did you have a good time? I hear you were the success of the evening.

MARGARET.—I never met so many men here before. (*Innocently.*) And a great many of them were so uninteresting. I really couldn't leave to get you any ice cream before. This was the very last bit there was. Do you like chocolate?

FRANCES.—I like anything. It does look a little tired, I must confess, but, owing to the efforts of the Anti-Man League, I've been well supplied. (*Pointing to the array of empty plates on the mantel.*)

MARGARET (*bewildered*).—What do you mean?

MARTHA.—The Anti-Man was formed to give you a good time—not that you wouldn't have had it any way. Frances is the president.

ADELAIDE (*chiming in*).—The object of the league was to make you meet as many men as possible, but whenever one of us met a man she had to bring the president some ice cream, which accounts for the fact that you and Frances were both so well supplied with what you wanted.

MARGARET (*pointing to Frances with scorn*).—And after all that, you

have the face to eat the ice cream I brought you. (*Suddenly, aside.*) But I'll get even with you now.

FRANCES (*eating calmly and unaware of what is before her*).—My dinner at the Red Rose Inn was only tea.

MARGARET (*magnanimously*).—However, I'll forgive you, for the last half hour more than made up for the rest of the evening.

KATHARINE (*with a deep sigh*).—That man!

MARGARET (*wickedly*).—I was nearly exhausted when Pauline brought up a Mr. Williams. By the way, Frances, he said he'd met you somewhere.

FRANCES.—Not Jack Williams?

MARGARET (*with a well-concealed intention of teasing*).—Do you think I asked him his first name? But, fortunately for your curiosity, it seems to me I did hear Pauline call him Jack.

FRANCES (*aside*).—What a fool I am! Now I understand the letter.

MARGARET (*smiling knowingly*).—I did have such a good time with him. He's the sort of man who talks to you as if he were entirely absorbed in you.

FRANCES (*writhing*).—Really?

MARGARET (*rubbing it in*).—It's so nice to feel that you've done the college some good. Do you know, Mr. Williams told me that he had never before realized how charming college girls could be.

KATHARINE.—I watched with interest the effect of your fascinations. (*Turning to Frances, who is now standing in the shadow by the mantle-piece, her head thrown back against the wall.*) You look tired to death. We ought to go and let you get to bed.

FRANCES (*indifferently*).—I'm not tired.

MARGARET.—Yes, you are, even if it isn't polite in me to say so.

KATHARINE.—Good-night, all. (*Exit.*)

MARIAN (*rising*).—Come, Adelaide. (*To Frances.*) I hope you'll enjoy the story of the conquest. Good-night.

ALL.—Good-night.

(*Exeunt Marian and Adelaide.*)

MARTHA.—Well, I must go too. Do make Frances go to bed, Margaret. Shall we go in on the nine-eleven?

MARGARET.—Yes, that suits me. Good-night.

(*Exit Martha.*)

(*Margaret throws herself wearily into the armchair before the fire,*

while Frances stands in the shadow as before, her hands limp at her side. For a few minutes neither speaks. Then something in the very silence compels Margaret to look at Frances, whose expression makes her relent.)

MARGARET.—Mr. Williams seems to take a great interest in you, Frances.

FRANCES (*impulsively*).—You don't know how you hurt, Margaret. I asked Jack to come and he declined, saying simply that he had a previous invitation. I was too stupid to see that Pauline might have asked him *here*. Then, too, I was hurt because he didn't say what his engagement was. I know I'm foolish, but I did care and so I stayed at home.

MARGARET (*going toward her penitently; draws her forward so that both stand in the bright firelight*).—After all, we talked mostly of you—that's why I enjoyed it so much—and he certainly implied that he came only to see you. He was terribly disappointed when I told him that you were too tired to come.

(*Curtain.*)

*Louise Congdon, 1900;
Dorothea Farquhar, 1900.*

COLLEGIANA.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENTS ASSOCIATION.

EARLY in the fall the Elector gave a short talk to the freshman class, explaining the organization and aims of the association. In November Miss Helena S. Dndley, '89, who is head worker at the Boston Settlement, spoke in the Chapel on *How to Meet the Needs of a Working-Class District*. The only active work done by the chapter during the winter has been among the children who come to the Philadelphia Settlement on Saturday mornings; but it is hoped that another year we may be able to provide entertainment for some of the Friday evening parties. Twenty-five dollars was raised by a performance of "A Scrap of Paper" and sent to Miss Davies, the head worker in Philadelphia, for Christmas festivities. In February Dr. William Allan Neilson, at the request of the chapter, spoke in the Chapel on *Settlements*. During the winter three sub-chapters have been formed: one at the Bryn Mawr School in Baltimore, one at Miss Shipley's school, and one at Miss Baldwin's school.

S. C. S., '99.

* * *

GRADUATE CLUB.

TEA has been poured in the Graduate Club rooms, as in past years, every afternoon during the winter and spring from half past four to half past five o'clock. Delegates have been sent to the Conference of Graduate Clubs. Informal meetings have been held at irregular intervals, and for the first time the members of the faculty have been invited to them. There have been lectures by representatives of the different departments. The speakers at these meetings have been as follows:

Dr. MARY GWINN on *Emerson and Walt Whitman according to John J. Chapman*.
 Dr. JOHN HOMER HUDDILSTON on *Development of Archæology since Winckelmann*.
 Dr. CHARLES MCLEAN ANDREWS on *The Theory of the Village Community*.
 Dr. ALBERT HAAS on *The Spirit of Romanticism*.

The formal meetings of the club have been addressed by:

Mr. GEORGE BREED ZUG on *The High Renaissance*.
 Mr. ISRAEL ZANGWILL on *Fiction the Highest Form of Truth*.
 Professor NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER on *Academic Study*.
 Professor ROLLIN SALISBURY on *Northern Greenland*.

PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB.

THE Philosophical Club is deeply indebted to its speakers for the year 1898-9. The first meeting was addressed by Mr. JOHN DAVIDSON, of New York, on *Four Great Religious Poems: Job, Oedipus, Tyrrannus, The Divine Comedy and Faust*. Dr. CHARLES M. BAKEWELL, of Bryn Mawr College, spoke, the following month, on *The Philosophy of Nietzsche*, and the composite mind of the club leaned toward revolutionary ideals until Mr. H. D. SEDGWICK, of New York, brought it back to convention by discussing *The Function of Literature* in its relation to modern times and modern man. Mr. GARDINER, of Smith, presented *Some Aspects of Personality*. Mr. WILLIAM SALTER's address on *Walt Whitman* received true American appreciation, appreciation that is but due our American poet.

The club looks forward with pleasure to the possibility of hearing Mr. Royce and Mr. Münsterberg, of Harvard, and, perhaps, before the year is over, it may have the privilege of listening to Mr. William James.

M. P., '99.

* * *

DE REBUS CLUB.

THE committee of the De Rebus Club, under the direction of Sylvia C. Scudder, '99, has been carrying on its work this year as heretofore. Speakers have been secured to address the college on subjects of varied interest,—these, however, dealing mainly with political and social questions. The committee gave teas for some of the lecturers. Up to the present date the college has been addressed by the following speakers, under the auspices of the club:

Miss UME TSUDA on *Women in Japan*.

Mr. J. W. MARTIN on *Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity—New Style*.

Mr. DAVID WILLARD on *Boy Prisoners in the Tombs and Work in the East Side, New York*.

Mr. LAWRENCE HUNT, and "A CITIZEN," on *The George Junior Republic*.

Dr. CHARLES M. ANDREWS on *The Question of the Philippines*.

Mr. WILLIAM H. TOLMAN on *Studies in Social and Industrial Betterment*.

Addresses of equal interest are promised for the rest of the year.

C. H. S., 1900.

* * *

DEBATING CLUB.

THE Fortnightly Debating Club was organized in the spring of 1898 by a few members of the Class of 1901, but held no formal meetings until the following autumn. Its object is to cultivate the habit of quick logical thinking and speaking, to make the members familiar with parliamentary law, and in every way to encourage and promote a greater interest in the social, political, and economic problems of the day. Of the many interesting subjects of debate that these problems offer, the following are a few of those chosen by the club:

Resolved, That the United States shall annex the Philippines.

Resolved, That it is for the advancement of civilization that Russia and not England shall control China.

Resolved, That immigration to the United States be further restricted by law.

The club is composed of members of the Class of 1901, although any student in college is eligible for associate membership. The formal meetings are held twice a month on Tuesday evening, and on the alternate Tuesdays are informal debates, at which subjects and speakers for the evening are chosen by lot.

M. P., 1901.

* * *

MUSIC COMMITTEE.

THE five concerts given in 1898-99, while more varied in character than those of former years, have not fallen below them in musical excellence. The Kneisel Quartet, beginning and ending the series, was as usual enthusiastically received. The second concert was noteworthy for the interesting musical adaptation of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, and Miss Adèle Aus der Ohe's piano recital gave evidence of this artist's masterful technique, her strength and delicacy of expression.

Perhaps the most delightful of the concerts was Mr. Bispham's song recital, at which the whole cycle of Schubert's Müller-Lieder was sung. This recital, by drawing many outsiders, helped more than any other to reduce the deficit which the Music Committee has to record. Next year, by more thorough advertising, the Music Committee hopes that a greater number of outsiders may become interested in the concerts, and that by their help financial success will be insured. Until the number of music lovers within the college increases, the concerts must depend partly on outside support; but it is to be greatly desired that more of the students may appreciate the value of these concerts, in order that music at Bryn Mawr may finally be established on a self-supporting basis.

L. C. R., 1900.

* * *

CHRISTIAN UNION.

THE membership of the Christian Union has increased this year from 124, where it stood at the close of last year, to 135. The loss suffered in the departure of '98 we hope will be made up by the growing strength of the Class of 1902. The work of the Union has changed only in details from the work of former years. It received the freshmen with the usual very pleasant reception during the first week of college. Since then the Philanthropic Committee has busied itself with work in the hospital and with classes for the maids. The Bible study work has been this year arranged according to college classes instead of halls; there have been five classes, four for the undergraduates and one for the graduates.

The Missionary Committee sends money as usual to a foreign missionary. The Mission Study Class, under the leadership of Margaret Shearman, '94, has increased greatly in membership, and has followed the courses with interest.

The Union has been addressed this year by Mr. John R. Mott, by Miss Sanford, of the Deaconess House in Philadelphia, and by Miss Ruth Rouse.

C. S. N., '99.

SUNDAY EVENING MEETING.

THE Sunday Evening Meetings continue to hold the interest of the students, and to afford them an opportunity for the honest and reverent interchange of thought. To those who attend regularly they become increasingly helpful, and it is only to be regretted that a larger proportion of the students do not attend and take an active part in them. It is a good sign for the preservation of the peculiar spirit of Bryn Mawr that, as the college grows, this institution, now in its eighth year, still commands the enthusiasm and loyalty of the students.

J. M. T., 1900.

* * *

GLEE CLUB.

THE Glee Club has been doing excellent work this winter, under the leadership of Constance Rulison, 1900, and the direction of Mr. Selden Miller, of Philadelphia. The regular mid-winter concert was given by the Glee and Banjo Clubs on the evening before the Junior Promenade, and was even more of a social event than usual, as many of the guests were present. Perhaps one of the most attractive numbers on the program was the rendering by both clubs of the "Creole Love Song," in which mandolins, guitars, banjos, piano and flute made a most effective accompaniment for the voices. Such was the success of the concert that the club was stimulated to continue serious work and plan for a formal entertainment, to be given some time in May, in addition to the usual spring-time singing out of doors.

M. M., 1900.

* * *

GYMNASIUM.

WITH the coming in of a new management the order of gymnastic work was somewhat changed. The fact that there are two directors instead of one, as formerly, insures closer attention to the work and at the same time greater variety in the drills. The annual record-marking was held on March 14, with very satisfactory results. With only two exceptions, all former records were equaled or broken. The pool has lost none of its former popularity; on the contrary the growing interest was shown this year in a swimming contest.

J. K., 1900.

* * *

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

DURING the last year the athletic interest of the college has, on the whole, been growing more general. The enthusiasm for basket ball has been greater than ever before. In the match games 1901 carried off the silver lantern, thus depriving '97 of the distinction of being the only freshmen to hold the championship. Besides the annual class games, the first undergraduate-alumnæ game

was played on Commencement Day. Although the Alumnae team was beaten, it is hoped that the score will not discourage these games in the future. With the aid of cold weather and liberal contributions to the fund, it was proved that the athletic field makes a good skating pond. Thus skating has come to be a most popular sport, and helps to fill up the gap between tennis in the fall and basket ball in the spring. Another evidence of the broader interest in athletics has been the organization of a golf club.

K. W., 1900.

* * *

NEW SCHOLARSHIP.

THE sum of \$10,000 has been bequeathed to the college by the late Miss Maria Hopper for the purpose of forming a scholarship. The money has not yet been handed over to the trustees by the executors, but will probably be devoted to the purpose of an undergraduate scholarship.

* * *

LOW BUILDINGS.

DURING the summer of 1898 an apartment house for the accommodation of members of the faculty and staff was erected on the lower end of the college grounds near the corner of the Gulf road and Roberts road. The money necessary for the building and furnishing was lent by friends of the college in \$1,000 subscriptions, and the building now belongs to the association formed by the subscribers. It is hoped that in time the profits of the house will enable the funds to be repaid, so that ultimately the building will become the property of the college.

The house is a long, low, frame building, designed by Messrs. Cope and Stewardson, the architects of Denbigh Hall and Pembroke Hall, and is in keeping in its style with Clynnoe, the house most lately built upon the college grounds. The architects have been very successful in combining a good outside effect with a convenient interior.

The central part of the building contains fifteen single suites, a coffee room in which meals are served, manager's rooms, kitchens, etc. There is a supply of bath rooms sufficient to allow one to every two or three suites. The wings of the building contain four flats, each flat comprising two sitting rooms, two or three bed rooms, a dining room, bath room, pantry, servants' room, etc. Each ground floor flat and one first floor flat has a kitchen. The occupants of the flats may, if they wish, have their meals cooked in the main kitchen and served in their own rooms. Meals can also be served in the suites if the tenants desire.

The building is heated by furnaces, but each study or sitting room has an open fireplace. The rooms are well supplied with closets, some arranged for coal or wood. Gas is laid on throughout the building, each suite or flat having a separate meter.

The level ground in front of the building is being laid out as a tennis court and croquet ground, and a brick terrace is designed to run along the side facing Roberts

road. The coffee room and the sitting rooms of the flats open by French windows onto porches or loggias, which will be delightful when covered with honeysuckles and roses. The building will be open all summer, and will form a pleasant abiding place for any of the alumnae or their friends who wish to stay in Bryn Mawr after the hails have closed.

While there are still unoccupied rooms in the building, friends of the students have been enjoying the comforts of this great improvement on the ordinary hotel or boarding house.

* * *

HANDBOOK of Courses Open to Women in British, Continental and Canadian Universities.

In 1896 the Graduate Club of Bryn Mawr College appointed a committee to investigate the attitude of foreign universities towards the higher education of women. As a result, it published, in 1896, the "Handbook of Courses Open to Women in British, Continental and Canadian Universities," and, in 1897, a "Supplement" to the handbook. Dr. Maddison is now preparing a new edition of the handbook which, it is hoped, will appear in April or May in time to assist women who are intending to study abroad in the summer or autumn in the choice of a university or college which will give them the opportunities they desire.

There are now few universities which rigorously close their doors to women, so that the handbook is practically a complete list of foreign universities, and is the only book of the kind published in English. The handbook gives a concise account of the organization of each university or college, the degrees it confers, its curriculum, its requirements for entrance, and the points in which these differ for women and for men, the dates of the beginnings and endings of the semesters or terms, the fees, the officials to whom inquiries may be addressed, and a list of professors and lecturers with the subjects they teach.

* * *

GIFTS.

THE past year has not been a fortunate one for the college in respect to gifts. There are only three to record. Early in the autumn four casts of the "*bambini*" were given to the college by a friend of Miss Bertha Phillips. They have been hung on the north wall of the chapel, and on the south wall facing them, over the platform, have been hung the two casts of choristers formerly in Room D.

On February 7 Mr. James Wood presented to the college, in the presence of the trustees, a large silk flag, which he had promised to give on the conclusion of the war with Spain.

A donation of \$25 towards the Spanish garden has been received from the Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell.

LECTURES given before the college in 1898-99:

Dr. WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM. *The Origins of Old English Towns and Their Institutions.*

Mr. JAMES WOOD. *Our Flag and What It Stands For.*

Dr. ALBERT HAAS. *M. Rod as Critic and Novelist.*

M. EDOUARD ROD. *Contemporary French Dramatic Poetry. Cyrano de Bergerac. Personal Literature in France. (Le Moi dans la Littérature française.) The French Novel. (Caractères généraux du Roman français.)*

* * *

GRADUATE CLUB.

President—EMILY FOGG.

Vice-President—FLORENCE LEFTWICH, '95.

Secretary—CHARLOTTE S. MURDOCH.

Treasurer—ANNA P. HAZEN.

Executive Committee— { MARGARET B. MACDONALD.
MABEL L. LARK.
CATHARINE SAUNDERS.

DE REBUS CLUB.

Chairman—SYLVIA C. SCUDDER, '99.

PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB.

President—MADELINE PALMER, '99.

Vice-President—ALLETTA LOUISE VAN REYPEN, 1900.

Secretary—GRACE LATTIMER JONES, 1900.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

President—EDITH CAMPBELL CRANE, 1900.

Vice-President—CONTENT SHEPARD NICHOLS, '99.

Treasurer—SUSAN JANNEY DEWEES, 1900.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President—KATE WILLIAMS, 1900.

Secretary—ELIZA DEAN, 1900.

Treasurer—ELIZABETH WALES EMMONS, 1901.

Out-Door Manager—KATHARINE SAYLES BARTON, 1900.

In-Door Manager—JOHANNA KROEBER, 1900.

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION.

President—CORNELIA VAN WYCK HALSEY, 1900.

Secretary—MARION WRIGHT, 1901.

Treasurer—MARY SOUTHGATE, 1901.

Assistant Treasurer—ELISE GIGNOUX, 1902.

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.

EXECUTIVE BOARD.

President—EVELYN WALKER, '99.*Vice-President*—MARY EMMA GUFFEY, '99.

MARION EDWARDS PARK, '98.

EDNA FISCHER, 1900.

LUCY CONSTANCE RULISON, 1900.

BERTHA POOLE CHASE, '99.

(Resigned March, 1899.)

Secretary—LOUISE CONGDON, 1900.*Treasurer*—JESSIE M. TATLOCK, 1900.

* * *

APPPOINTMENTS and changes in the Faculty and teaching staff of Bryn Mawr College for the year 1899-1900:

Dr. Herbert Weir Smyth, Professor of Greek, has been granted leave of absence for the year 1899-1900, to hold the Professorship of the Greek Language and Literature at the American School of Classical Studies in Athens.

Dr. Edgar Buckingham has resigned the Associate Professorship of Physics and Physical Chemistry.

Dr. Gordon J. Laing has resigned the Lectureship in Latin.

Dr. John Homer Huddilston has resigned the Lectureship in Archaeology.

Dr. Joseph Clark Hoppin has been appointed Associate in Classical Art and Archaeology. Dr. Hoppin is an A. B. of Harvard University, 1893, and a Ph. D. of the University of Munich, 1896. He attended the American School of Classical Studies in Athens during the winter semesters of 1893-94, and of 1895-96, and throughout both semesters of 1896-97. He was at the University of Berlin in the summer semester of 1893-94, at the University of Munich in 1894-95, and in the summer semester of 1895-96. He was Lecturer on Greek Vases in the American School at Athens in 1897-98 and Instructor in Greek Art, Wellesley College, 1898-99.

* * *

FELLOWS FOR ACADEMIC YEAR, 1899-1900.

Fellow in Greek.—Lida Shaw King.

A. B., Vassar College, 1890; A. M., Brown University, 1894; Fellow, Vassar College, 1894-95; Graduate student, Harvard University, 1897-98; Teacher of Latin and Greek at Vassar College, 1894-97; Teacher of Latin at the Packer Institute, 1898-99.

Fellow in Latin.—Hattie Josephine Griffin.

A. B., University of Wisconsin, 1898; Graduate student, University of Wisconsin, 1898-99; Alumnae Fellow in Latin, University of Wisconsin, 1898-99.

Fellow in English.—Laurette Eustis Potts.

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1897; Sorbonne and College de France, 1896-97; Graduate student in English, Bryn Mawr College, 1897-98; Reader in English, Bryn Mawr College, 1897-99.

Fellow in Mathematics.—Annie Lyndesay Wilkinson.

A. B., Vassar College, 1897, and A. M., 1898; Graduate student in German and Mathematics, Bryn Mawr College, 1898-99.

Fellow in Biology.—Elizabeth Williams Towle.

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1898; Graduate scholar in Physics and Biology, Bryn Mawr College, 1898-99.

Fellow in Teutonic Languages.—Sophie Yhlen Olsen.

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1898; Graduate scholar in English and Teutonic Philology, Bryn Mawr College, 1898-99.

Still to be decided:

Fellow in Romance Languages.

Fellow in History.

Fellow in Philosophy.

Fellow in Chemistry.

Fellow in Physics.

* * *

GRADUATE SCHOLARS, 1899-1900.

Content Shepard Nichols. Group: Latin and French. (A. B., 1899.)

Mary Bidwell Breed.

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1894, and A. M., 1895. Holder of the Bryn Mawr European Fellowship, Graduate Student in Chemistry, and Assistant in the Chemical Laboratory, Bryn Mawr College, 1894-95; Student in Chemistry, University of Heidelberg, 1895-96; Professor of Science, Pennsylvania College for Women, 1897-99.

Sara Henry Stites. Group: History and Political Science. (A. B., 1899.)

Winifred M. Kirkland.

A. B., Vassar College, 1897; Teacher of English and Latin at the Misses Shipley's School, Bryn Mawr, Pa., 1897-99; Graduate student in English, Bryn Mawr College, 1898-99.

Lonise D. Cummings.

A. B., University of Toronto, 1895; Fellow, University of Pennsylvania, 1896-97; Graduate student, University of Chicago, 1897-98; Fellow in Mathematics, Bryn Mawr College, 1898-99.

Caroline B. Bourland.

A. B., Smith College, 1893; Teacher of French and German in Mrs. Starratt's School, Oak Park, Ill., 1895-96, and in the High School, Peoria, 1896-97; Student, Sorbonne and College de France, 1897-98; Fellow in Romance Languages, Bryn Mawr College, 1898-99.

Amelia Catherine Smith.

Student, University of Pennsylvania, 1895-99; Wood's Holl, 1897; B. S., University of Pennsylvania, 1899.

May Terry Elmore.

A. B., Elmira College, 1892; Teacher of English and History in the Park Place School, Elmira, 1895-98; Graduate student in English, Bryn Mawr College, 1898-99.

The Mrs. George W. Childs Prize Essayist for this year is: Content Nichols.

"LEVIORE PLECTRO."

*"born to be
An hour or half's delight."*

TARDY SPRING.

The skies are pearl, and all the earth
That yesterday was touched with green
To-day is dull with chill and dearth:
My dandelions lose their sheen;

And this poor face, which once at morn
Was soft and warm and pulsing red
Looks from the glass so wan and worn.
I wonder where the life has fled?

If turf must spring, and orchards bud,
And birds sing all the long warm night,
Will something stir again my blood
And shall I know the old delight?

G. G. K., '96.

—

SIMONIDES AMORGINUS.

(2)

We should not sadly think of him that's
dead—
If think at all—more than a single day.

(3)

A long time truly have we to be dead,
We live but few years and those evilly.
C. H. S., 1900.

THE ORACLE.

A daisy's magic leaves, in heart-sick
jest,
I counted off; it said you loved me best.
With weary scorn I cast the thing aside;
Alas! I knew the magic blossom lied.

C. H., '99.

—

A GARLAND OF POSIES.

I.

AN EXPOSITION.

There's nothing simpler 'neath the sun,
And nothing more amusing,
Than disconcerting everyone;
They talk so of the things you've done,
They find you so confusing.

It may be nothing but your hat,
It may be your convictions,
Or else it may be only that
They cannot tell what you are at,—
(The sharpest of inflictions).

A flickering of candle light
Will rouse their expectation;
A small green bronze will stun them
quite;
A harmless old Velasquez fright
Will make your reputation!

II.

SUPPOSE!

I'm so delightful as I am,
 The motley throngs adore me;
 (An audience improves a sham,
 And empty houses bore me,—
 Me and my pose!)

Indeed, so charming do they deem
 My unexplained erratics,
 That oftentimes they really seem
 Enamored of dramatics;
 (Thus Culture grows.)

An awful thought: If I have so
 Enforced appreciation,
 There'll be no audience—no show—
 Naught, naught but imitation!
 (*Mon dieu!* Suppose!)

III.

A TRISTE POSITION.

Once, every morn when I arose,
 I brushed my hair and donneu my Pose,
 And sallied forth with hidden doubt,
 To meet the World, and face it out.

But now I weary of the stare
 That greets my manners and my hair;
 Besides, the World has grown so bold,
 I find my Pose is worn and old.

The Populace is not impressed,—
 I grow most tired of the jest;
 And yet how shall I echange? For see,—
 I'm quite afraid my Pose is me!

E. T. D., 1901.

TRIOLET.

I flunked my exam,
 As I found to my sorrow.
 They told me "Don't eram,"
 So I flunked my exam.
 Such advice is a sham;
 I won't take it to-morrow.
 I flunked my exam,
 As I found to my sorrow.

C. H. S., 1900.

—

PANTOUM.

The sun's behind a cloud,
 The wind is in the trees,
 The tree tops low are bowed:
 The world is ill at ease.

The wind is in the trees,
 Strange sounds go hurrying past.
 The world is ill at ease,
 Dark clouds are gathering fast.

Strange sounds go hurrying past;
 All's ominous unrest.
 Dark clouds are gathering fast,
 The grass-blades bend oppressed.

All's ominous unrest,
 The birds fly past in dread,
 The grass-blades bend oppressed:
 All happiness is fled.

The birds fly past in dread,
 The tree tops low are bowed;
 All happiness is fled,
 The sun's behind a cloud.

G. P. L., '98.

FAILURE.

On the limitless ocean of accomplish-
ment,
As a derelict, idly drifting, life is spent.
C. A. H.

—

ROSALYS.

My love stood where green leaves en-
twine,
And held along her arms my roses red
and fine,
And laughed, "Some day
These will be mine
To give away,"
And held their fragrance, strong like
wine,
To my dry lips;
Then dragged their dewy life along her
finger-tips,
And warmed to see their red,
And glanced above their leaves, and,
glancing, fled,

And paused—"Who catches this, finds
love;
Who this, a heart; who this, and this,
what best"—
And flung my roses round me, all in
jest.
I meet you, Rosalys;
I would lose c'en the bliss
Of your heart's love to-day, for one vain
kiss.

E. L. F., '99.

—

Tolls the bell of midnight,
Falls the winter's breath,
Bursts the glow of starlight,
Reigns the calm of death.
Gleam the snow's pure masses,
Rests a peace sublime—
Sweeps the wind, and passes.
What is life? and time?

E. L. F., '99.

* * *

He thought he saw the Eddystone
That pierced the gloom of night;
He looked again and found it was
Merely the Lantern's light—
"To think so small a thing," he said,
"Should be so very bright!"

C. H. S., 1900.

* * *

TWO OLD PICTURES.

'Twas a curio shop where first they met
'Mid antiquities strange and rare;
On the self-same shelf together set,
(By an odd mistake that I quite forget)
They fell in love, and are loving yet—
A bitter love, and a long regret,
And a highly artistic pair.

Sundered for aye by a cruel fate,
 And a whim, and a dash of paint!
 He came four hundred years too late,
 (Though quite of respectably ancient date)
 Alas, what chance could ever mate
 A Watteau beau of powdered pate
 And a Fra Angelico saint?

They never dared confess it quite,
 For they felt their own bad taste;
 So she, in a blaze of gilded light,
 Bravely ogling her mournful plight,
 Went off with a proud pre-Raphaelite,
 And the Watteau beau, as was only right,
 A Watteau boudoir graced.

Poor little victims of art! They met,
 And found each other fair.
 On the same dark shelf together set,
 (By a strange mischance that I quite forget)
 They fell in love, and are loving yet;
 A bitter love, and a long regret.
 And a truly artistic pair.

E. T. D., 1901.

—*Reprinted from the Fortnightly Philistine.*

* * *

THE RUBAIYAT OF AN UNDERGRADUATE.

(With Acknowledgments to O. K.)

Wake! for that Bell whose clangor thrice accurst
 The silken bonds of happy slumber burst,
 Hath passed adown the corridor, and now
 Up in the high third story yells its worst.

Before that clangor in the distance died
 Methought a Voice without my Keyhole cried.
 "It's eight-fifteen by Taylor, if you want
 A bite of Breakfast you will have to slide."

But as I hastened, those who dressed before
Those portals shouted, "Closed is now the Door;
You'd better eat a cracker in your room,
For out of here till lunch you'll get no more."

Whether in Pembroke East or Merion,
Whether the cup with tea or coffee run,
The boiling water trickles drop by drop,
The jam-spread crackers vanish one by one.

Each year a hundred Freshmen brings, you say,
Yes, but where goes the Fresh of yesterday?
And this same summer month that brings the Preps
Shall take the Seniors and the Grads away.

Some for the pleasures of this world and some
Sigh for High Marks and Fellowships to come;
Ah, take the Pass and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the Grind who sits there grim and glum.

Think in this ornate Caravanserai,
Whose portals own the prancing Lions' sway,
How maiden after maiden with her tabs
Has crammed a frantic hour—and saved the Day.

I sometimes think that never smiles a Prof
So sweet as when he neatly has chopped off
Some shrinking Victim's head, and her worst breaks
Held up that a whole class may jeer and scoff.

Myself when young did painfully frequent
Teachers and school and heard great argument
About things and about—until, at length,
With Joy exceeding from that door I went.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And here came I, trusting to make it grow,
And this was all the help vouchsafed to me—
"Your Mind is undeveloped: you may go."

I sent my room-mate to that dreadful Door
Which throngs of Maidens trembling stand before,
To find my Marks, but she returned to me
And answered, "Wait a Month, or two, or more."

Yesterday this day's terror did bring nigh
 To-morrow's silence, Flunk, or Triumph cry.
 Drink! for you know not why you came nor how!
 Drink! for you know not when you go nor why.

Ah, my beloved, fill the Cup that cheers,
 But not inebriates—away with fears—
 To-morrow? Why, to-morrow I may be
 With those who flunked and fled in other years!

Odd, is it not? that of the many who
 Before us passed that Tribulation through,
 Not one returns to counsel us, lest we
 That Primrose path of Cutting should tread too.

Yon rising Moon surveys the Scene again—
 How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
 How oft hereafter rising look for us
 On this same Campus—and for one in vain.

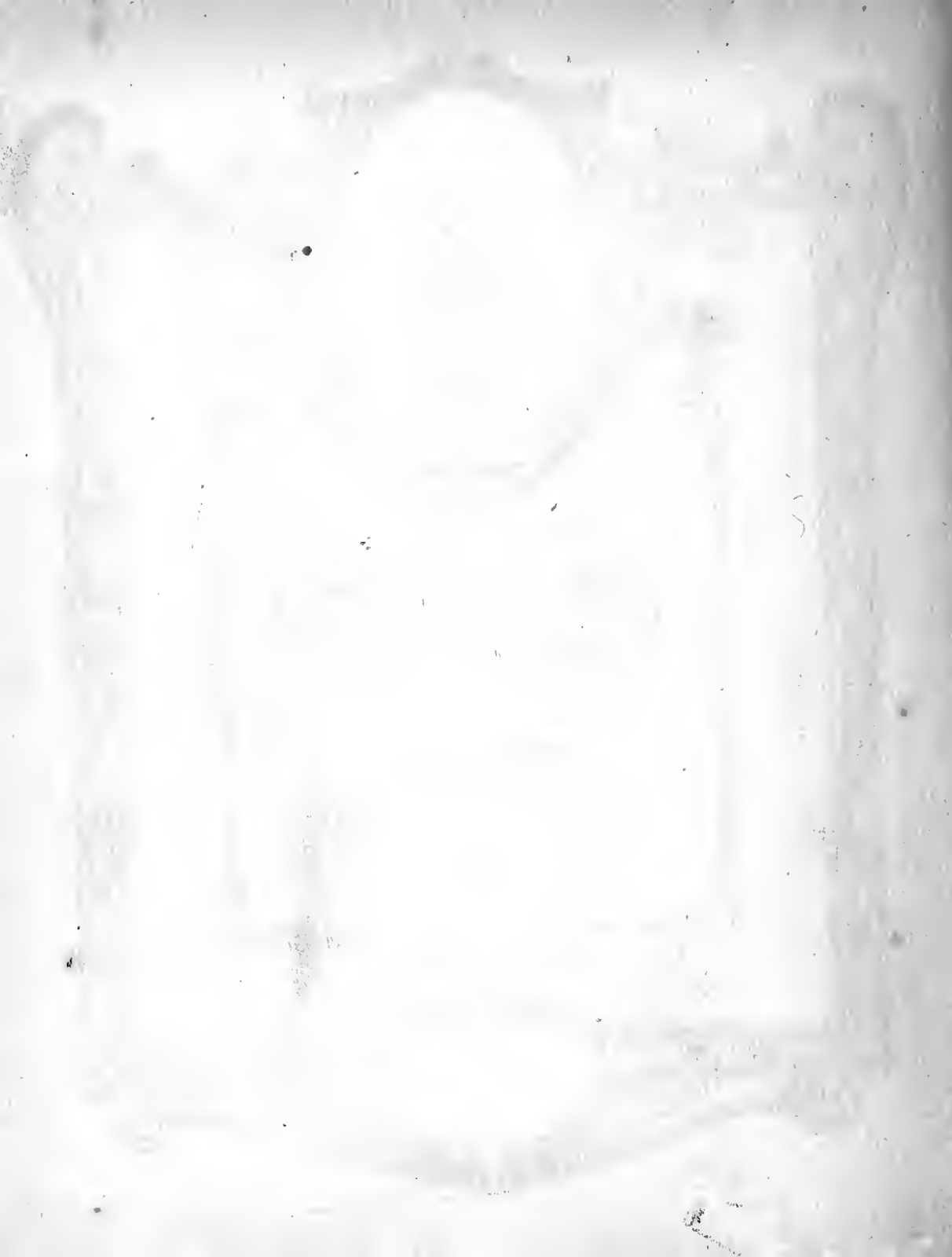
And when like her, O comrade, you look up
 Among the Guests who Tea regardless sup,
 And in your wistful gazing reach the spot
 Where I made One—turn down an empty Cup.

L. D. L., '99.

—*Reprinted from the Fortnightly Philistine.*

90







· THE · LANTERN ·

· DRYN MAWR ·



1901

THE LANTERN

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

1901

AVIL PRINTING COMPANY
MARKET AND FORTIETH STREETS
PHILADELPHIA

EDITORIAL BOARD.

ELIZABETH TERESA DALY, 1901,
Editor-in-Chief.

EDITH HOOPER,
Graduate.

CORINNE SICKEL, 1901,

FLORENCE WILCOX CLARKE, 1902,

GRACE DOUGLAS, 1902.

BUSINESS BOARD.

HARRIET JEAN CRAWFORD, 1902,
Business Manager.

FLORENCE TROTTER WATTSON, 1903,
Assistant Business Manager.

LOUISE SCHOFF, 1902,
Treasurer.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Frontispiece : Portrait of Dr. Mary Gwinn.	
Editorial	7
Mind Over Matter <i>Lee Fanshawe, '99</i>	10
The Hour of Miracle <i>Mabel Parker Clark Huddleston, '90</i>	22
Richard Yea and Nay	23
News from Miletus <i>Amelia Elizabeth White, 1901</i>	28
Some Book Advertisements of the Past . <i>Elizabeth Teresa Daly, 1901</i>	31
Colonus <i>Elizabeth Mary Perkins, 1900</i>	38
"Processus Talentorum" : An Emendation <i>E. S. H.</i>	41
Kewa <i>Florence Wilcox Clark</i>	44
Study <i>Elizabeth F. McKean, 1901</i>	49
Jag Alskar Norden <i>Corinne Sickel, 1901</i>	52
Luigi <i>Katharine Florence Lord</i>	54
Sonnet <i>Elizabeth F. McKean, 1901</i>	58
Vestigiis Veritatis <i>Grace Douglas, 1902</i>	59
A Psychological Experiment <i>Mary Rutter Towle, '99</i>	66
Collegiana	70
"Leviore Plectro"	85



DOCTOR MARY GWINN
CLIP OF CHURCH, ERYL MAWR COLLECTION

THE LANTERN

No. 10

BRYN MAWR

JUNE, 1901

EDITORIAL.

ULTRA-CONSERVATISM, which necessarily includes a certain amount of intolerance, is conceded to be one of the faults of early youth, and of advanced age. Bryn Mawr College is now only in her sixteenth year; therefore, when the uninitiate charge her, as they do, with ultra-conservatism, the failing need only be excused as incident to the hastiness and pride of the young. However, few of us would care to follow such a line of defence; on the contrary, we should be much more inclined to deny the accusation flatly and absolutely, scorning to grant any concessions or enter into any arguments. Afterwards, we might privately admit its justice, and take some pains to review the grounds and reasons for it.

That it has often been made is well known to us all. We have heard it repeatedly, with regret, or defiance, or even indifference, according to our various temperaments. Indifference, however, in such a case would be more likely to result from a too slight realization of the importance of the charge than a lack of interest in the College.

In as small and quiet a world as this at Bryn Mawr, where, in spite of notable events, life flows along on the whole very smoothly, conservatism does not become apparent to any great degree until after it has been growing for a long time, is rather deeply rooted, and has already exercised on the community a secret power for good or evil. I am persuaded that conservatism in itself is far from an unfortunate element in a woman's college; that its refining influence is needed to protect the community from much that seems objectionable, and that is always loudly objected to by the outside world. A touch of conservatism is surely beneficial in maintaining the dignity and aloofness which is apparently our only weapon of defence against the attacks of two persevering enemies of ours—the comic para-

grapher and the cynic of the past generation. The world in general has not been willing as yet to take us quite seriously. If we desire it to do so, our attitude for years to come must, of necessity, be one self-consciously and strictly conservative.

If this is what the critics mean by the accusations of ultra-conservatism which they bring against us, we can surely have no cause for doubts or self-questionings. No one whose opinion is valuable to us could want such an attitude replaced by a more radical one, which might, no doubt, lead us into greater prominence and closer contact with our fellow-institutions, but which would infallibly destroy the reserve which the College has always maintained. Bryn Mawr is charged, however, with allowing her attitude to change from self-containment to arrogance, from dignity to narrow and conceited rebellion against change or innovation of every sort. A good-humored and candid satire on us has been expressed by Mr. Frank Stockton in *The Squirrel Inn*:

"When you can get it," said Lodloe, "there's nothing like blooded service."

"But you do not want too much blood," said Mrs. Cristie. "I wish she had not studied at Bryn Mawr, for I think she pities me for having graduated at Vassar."

This little thrust, which must come home to us all, is so gently administered that it pleases rather than hurts us; indeed, touches our vanity. Other critics, however, are not so kindly. One in particular, who can have had no possible grudge against Bryn Mawr, lately quoted Montaigne to me as having thus hit us off to a nicety:

"To go preach to the first passer-by, to become tutor to the ignorance of the first I meet, is a thing I abhor."

The satirist added that in case of our adopting this extract as a motto, we at Bryn Mawr must add to it the same philosopher's salutary query of "*Que sçais-je?*"

None of us are prepared to confess that we have meant to make Bryn Mawr College subject, even jestingly, to such criticism as this. It is, at least, by our well-meant efforts to glorify her in the eyes of the world, that we have made our error, and placed her amenity and open-mindedness in question. One is glad to think that the former and present students of the College have taken her cause upon themselves, and tried to further it according to their lights; but it is undeniable that in doing so they make mistakes.

On occasions, they even lose sight of their end, and fall into a spirit of intolerance and narrowness which manifests itself sometimes absurdly, sometimes annoyingly. The sceptical and inimical reception which the student body as a whole gives to any intimation of change has already become a source of half-deprecatory amusement not only to the partial onlooker, but to the students themselves.

Such opposition, though disagreeable enough, is hardly dangerous, from the fact that it is usually meaningless and inconsistent. It has become a sort of accepted ceremony to be gone through with more or less difficulty and loss of time; a venture is proposed or announced; it is received with scoffs; this attitude changes to cold and doubtful attention. "Will such a departure ruin the dignity of the College? Is precedent to be infringed, tradition disturbed? Are our conceded and established rights to be taken from us?" are some of the questions which arise inevitably at the crucial moment of proposed alteration in the social or academic college world. At last, after an amount of discussion and dissension sufficient to daunt stout hearts, the student body resigns itself, and yields to the necessity for change.

Let us, by all means, maintain tradition and preserve our rights intact. This is the very time when we must be most careful to establish precedent as firmly as possible, for Bryn Mawr is a young college, and the future will class us, who are undergraduates to-day, among the founders of her traditions. We shall not, however, gain our ends by showing ourselves irrational, or by deluding each other into the belief that the circumstances which exist here to-day are those which shall, fifty years hence, still exist. At Bryn Mawr, as elsewhere, the times are changing fast, and any opposition to such transformation as the years bring must either be futile and gratuitous, or destructive to the highest interests of the College. Ultra-conservatism is as out of place here now as sheer radicalism would be; and no mistake could be greater than to suppose that a strenuous avoidance of the latter makes the former praiseworthy. Perhaps one of the weightiest problems with which the student body has to deal at present is that of striking a mean between these two extremes, and arriving at a mediocrity essentially golden.

MIND OVER MATTER.

NOTE.—The author wishes to say that she can give no explanation of the mysterious sound described, nor is she satisfied with any explanation that so far has been offered her. That which she feels most nearly approaches the truth was given by a man interested in psychical research, who said that the following was not the only instance of which he had heard. In every case the sound had come to one, who, accustomed to the noises of a city, had been removed without transition to the absolute quiet of isolated country life. The sound he supposes to be the creation of an overwrought and sensitive mind.

I.

"Hush! Did you hear it? The same noise again."

"And where, now?"

"Hush, hush! There—out in the woodbrush, behind the fence, there." She stood, her arm extended, half drawn, half pointing; her eyes strained and large with expectancy and fear.

"Nonsense, Alice! I warned you it would happen. It is all, I am sure, the effect of that opal you wear. I hate its red eye; it has the evil gleam of a murderous animal's. Once riding alone and unarmed past some furzebrush, I caught in its tangle the glare of such an eye. It was horrible! I shall never forget it. I shudder now when I think of it, and of the hunted feeling with which, expecting each moment to be torn from behind, I urged the poor horse along."

"Hush! Do be still! There! Oh, Sam, can't you hear?"

"No, I hear nothing. I am tired watching and listening. It is worse than hard working."

"Hush, hush! You talk so much. It will come again and you will not hear."

"Alice, where did you get your frock?"

"I bought it of Isaac the last time he passed."

"Let me see, that must have been last October."

"No, November."

"Jolly pretty color! I like red. And your black bows, too, with just that touch of white at your throat! How do you manage it, Alice?"

"I saved money from the eggs."

"No, I mean how do you manage always to look so well?"

"I dress plainly and I stand straight."

"So does Sally Mearns."

"Well, I take trouble to select my colors."

"So does May Breck."

She laughed quickly, unamused. "Well—there! Did you hear?"

"No."

"Oh, Sam, why can't you keep quiet!"

"Alice, do you really believe there is something supernatural making all the noises you hear around?" From where he sat in the quiet shadow of the porch, he turned on her a steady, severe, questioning glance. She stood, slim and tall and keenly alert, beside the low porch steps. Before her, beyond a lawn dim with twilight, a woods rose black against a sunset sky, and threw a deep shadow upon low, skirting shrubs. Out of the midst of these shrubs a tall sentinel-tree, partly uprooted by a winter storm, rose, black and menacing above the forest. "Do you really believe this?"

"And if I do?"

"I should have thought you a more sensible girl, Alice. Less nervous."

"And if I am not?"

"Still you are Alice."

"All night, last night, I heard it. I lay awake and thought you would never move. At last I had to waken you."

"And I heard nothing."

"That is the awful part of it! It seems to be only for me to hear!"

"Alice, dear, be more sensible."

"But you do not hear it! You do not hear it! And you talk to one who does. I could not live now if I were left alone! I should die if you left me; and I have thought, what if this thing affected me so that I should think I was alone?"

"Dear girl, be strong. If this is something unnatural which is afflicting you, you only can fight it; you only can resist it."

"Sam, I could almost wish sometimes you were not a pastor, leading a flock."

"I have tried not to seem so to you. I have tried to make you believe I am only following my gospel of good works."

"And you afflict me with it!"

"Alice, you are not well, you are nervous and tired."

"If only you would hear it! If only you would understand! Then there might be some rest; then I might be strong."

"I did not realize, dear, the thing had taken such hold of your imagination. I have been unkind. When did you hear it first?"

"Yesterday, at twelve."

"When I was away."

"Ah, do not remind me of it!"

"And again?"

"Last night when I was just beginning to sleep."

"Not before?"

"No."

"And always from the same place?"

"Yes."

"And it kept up all night?"

"Every time I began to sleep; and at last continuously, till I had to waken you."

"You saw me go all through the brush this morning, you saw I found not even a trace of anything."

"I never dreamed you would."

"Alice, this is folly."

"What difference does that make to me? I could not feel more agonized. I tell you if this thing keeps up, and you do not hear, I shall go mad."

"We must leave here."

"No, no, I cannot! It would be the same for me here, anywhere. There! Listen! Did you hear?"

"Yes, I think I did."

She flashed upon him a quick, reproachful glance, and instantly looked away at the bushes. "You are trifling with me."

"Oh, no, I heard it."

"What did it sound like?"

"Oh, a sort of crackling in the bushes."

"A crackling in the bushes!"

"Alice, your ears will grow big."

"You are pleased to be witty."

"I forget how very serious the matter is. Come here to me, dear, and

give up listening. What is a noise even if it be unearthly? Think, for two days I have seen you only to be told to listen."

She went to him with a silent, graceful step. Reaching him she let her cold hands drop into his uplifted ones, then she turned slightly round and faced the sky again. "It is terrible," she said, "when a thing like this comes into the life of a woman like me."

"Oh, my darling, think no more about it!" He stood up to draw her tense form close to him.

"It is no good, Sam, it is no good. I may hear the noise again any moment. I cannot forget. I cannot enjoy things any more. I cannot enjoy you; I cannot enjoy my life. Even if it were possible that all this fear should pass, nothing could ever be the same again."

"Alice, you forget what you are saying!"

"Not that I should love you less, that could not be; but—if you would only hear!"

"Very well, be quiet, then. Let us listen."

"It is still now. I can feel it will not sound. Not yet; it is waiting to surprise me, to chill my blood again."

In the tension of relief which came to her in this pause, she grasped his arms tightly, with despairing, steady hands. "Oh, my dear, my dear! If I could cry! If I could be weak! But I feel only a tight terror. Yet this dead stillness brings a respite. Sam, now tell me to be strong, now tell me how I can bear it."

"Think of me, dear, think of me as being a living presence near you; not only that, but a spirit in sympathy with you, a spirit which struggles with you and for you, which will struggle against itself to secure your happiness and peace."

"And if this spirit does not, cannot understand me or be near me?"

"Remember that against any emergency we have our own strength, which if well exerted, and exerted with undaunted determination, must triumph against everything, except God, so far as we ourselves are concerned. Or casting this aside, surely to know that I, another human being, who at least loves you, am with you, must ease your terror of loneliness; and that is something— You start! You are trembling!"

"It has come again."

"Alice, this must stop. You must control yourself."

"Stop my ears, then. No, drug me; let my mind rest, too."

"We must leave here."

"You would conquer by fleeing, I cannot."

"You prefer to stay and hear these awful sounds?"

"I must."

He turned away from her to the wall, in silent agony, for he believed she was mad. Then the thought that she would rush from him toward the brush made him grasp her firmly by the hand.

Instantly, she read his thought, and turned upon him, saying nothing, but reproaching him with a long look, steady with the clearness of intelligence.

He stooped and kissed her. Terrible as he now realized her agony must be, she was still with him; there was relief in that thought. But what, then, were these noises a sane mind heard?

She was resting; standing against him, weak as from great physical exertion, every muscle relaxed. That the sounds were still could be read in the quieted vigilance of her eyes. And as they walked to a chair, and she sank slowly into it, they could almost hear the stillness throbbing in their ears.

He stood for a moment above her, then, catching once the sound of her breath escaped in a quick, uncontrollable sob, and seeing her sit quite limp, her head bowed forward so that he looked down on her dark hair where it waved back from her forehead, and feeling how very far her spirit was from him, he knelt beside her, so bringing her face before his own. "Alice, forget it, and think of me."

"What else," she replied, "could I think of, had not God forsaken me?"

"You must share my strength, we will fight the thing together."

"Then you believe I hear it?"

"Yes."

"And that it is not human?"

"It is very strange I cannot hear. Come, don't think of it. We will walk up and down the piazza; or, better, a little way down the lane. S'pose we go and look in on Mrs. Hicks?"

He led her to the country road, running by the side of their small frame house. For three years, ever since they had come to work among the western poor, this house with its three floor rooms, its garret and shed, had been their home. An oak forest faced the front where the piazza was and reached along the side opposite the road; behind, stretching out to the horizon, lay

a long, gently sloping field, now yellow with tall grain. Across the road the woods cut away diagonally, leaving an expanse of grazing fields, and over the slope of the near hill, the glimpse of a house roof and blue smoke. Along the road cutting through the forest lay spread the huts of the beings for whom they had sacrificed themselves—ragged, half-fed, half-ferocious woodsmen. East, toward the fields, lay civilization, ranches, and a small, well-managed western town. The house and barn, themselves, stood low and white in their clearing, separated from the road, the woods, the fields, by a small, white-washed pale-fence.

It was August, the sun had just set behind the trees, the breeze was still, and the whole stretch of world dusky. They took the direction past the fields, she going before him along the narrow foot-path. Her graceful, swaying walk; her dark, shadowy, lithe figure; her trailing skirts, catching now and again at some bramble, or weed, or stick, her head bent listlessly downward, made a picture in which his soul delighted.

Suddenly, just where the last glimpse of the roof of their house might, had it been day, have disappeared behind the hillslope, he saw her turn with a start, her eyes again strained and keen, listening. "We must go back again soon," she said, "I cannot stay long."

"Why, Alice?"

"Oh, it is best."

"Alice, If I help you, you must hide nothing from me."

"Very well, I heard it again."

"And it told you to come back?"

"It might sound while I am gone, and there would be no one there to hear."

II.

"Morning had but just dawned when Sam came from beneath one of the two long windows opening on the porch and stood by the steps gazing toward the brush.

He had left her in a deep, dead sleep, but just come upon her as if mercifully to blot out her sufferings in oblivion.

He shuddered as he remembered the night; the long silent walk home past the moonlit fields; the deep blackness of the woods growing, as they had appeared over the brow of the hill, ever darker and taller against heaven

till they had hidden the moon. Then had come her smothered shriek; the agonized terror in her eyes strained before her into the darkness; the sudden dart forward; the clutch of his arm as if to restrain herself when she had felt his detaining hand; the breathless listening as to a note varying in its volume. What he had feared was now a real torture. She would, at such times, leave him for the brush. The thought had given him no rest. Throughout the night he had lain sleepless beside her, ready at her slightest movement to grasp her hand. He had persuaded her, through pure childish remembrance of a superstition, to lay aside her opal ring, and as often as he had opened his eyes he had seen it lying on the bureau top, a glittering eye in the moonlight. As often, too, as he had opened his eyes, he had seen her sitting upright before him, rigid against the pale light in the window; and he had known she was listening to or waiting for the unaccountable sounds, and that her hands were clenched in the effort to restrain herself. He felt she had known he feared for her, and that, in her weakness, she had not resented it. Twice she had spoken to him: Once, "We should have come home earlier last night;" and, again, "Why don't you sleep?" Then he had known he must not sleep, but sleep had come to him and he had forgotten. With his first waking thought he had been grappled by fear. Almost paralyzed with the nameless dread, he had tottered to his feet to see her standing before him in her long gown, her hand on the bed-foot, her face drawn with intense, almost pitiable yearning, looking not out of the window, but at him; instinctively he had known she had been away, that for once she had conquered, and returned to him. After this she had slept. He was betrayed into thinking that if this should last, it were better she was dead.

Alice dead!

As he lifted his face, deliberate and strong, yet trembling now almost convulsively, and received in his eyes the white light of the morning sky, he saw in a mental picture the woman for whom he was preferring death.

He valued her life not because she was beautiful, though at first he had sought her on this account; nor because she possessed all the grace and refinement of youth. He had grown to love her only by slow degrees, because, shielding herself from the betrayal of her worth, she had been a trifle masterful and proud.

So he had watched her in every phase of her beautiful girl's life, and idealized her; the very consciousness of her nearness, her laugh coming to him from behind some shrub, or from some hidden path in her father's

garden; her voice speaking to some one above him and penetrating to him as he waited in the hall; the momentary glimpse of her unconscious dark head in the window; the singling out of the plumes of her hat at the far end of a crowded room, suggestive as it had been of the loveliness her presence brought, had aroused in him a kind of æsthetic passion. And all her loveliness was only the outcome of something far more beautiful in her character, her freedom from small deceit, her quick yet never misplaced sympathy, her keen appreciation. At last, when his heart had been strung between the sacrifice he believed to be his duty, and the desire for this woman who was his love, there had been revealed to him, through no action on her part, but through his sudden grasp of the depth of her character, the knowledge that if she loved him, in following him she could offer him no sacrifice.

Alice was different from the other women he had known; she was more than any strong, intelligent, serious girl; yet there was something else besides, some indefinable reserve, too subtly feminine to be called strength, too self-sufficient to be called admirable, which made her, to those she had chosen to love, possessed of a lasting charm that shut away forever the thought of the love of any other woman.

And this Alice, this strong spirit, whose mind had made his own so gentle, was sleeping exhausted from the excess of an emotion whose meaning he trembled to understand.

As he thought again of her suffering and of her endurance, he acknowledged what before he had tried to crush down in his consciousness; the strain had told on him. Her moods had cut deep into his sympathy; her terror had been real to his imagination. He had parted with too much of his strength to one whom he loved so well that he could not be unmoved by her sufferings.

In the open air, he had thought as he had left her, he could wrestle better with himself and regain that calmness of strength which had been her support. Yet here there was no relief; each instant he looked upon the brush and its one menacing tree with more distinctly felt hatred; the cry which was a real horror to her was now a dreaded horror to him. The weakness of the fear of the brush had come.

He was suffering, he told himself, from a moment of depression, moments which will afflict all at times. He dreaded lest she, who must win

even at his expense, were to come upon him and guess his weakness, and her support gone, lose what she had gained.

Again he pictured her, who, exhausted, was so ill able to fight against impending madness, waking alone to hear the noise, while he, his nerves unstrung, his face quivering, stood here, fearing each straining moment to hear the voice from the brush, unfit to help her.

He was not a man who prayed for himself in words, yet now, it may be because of his weakness, he lifted his face and spoke aloud: "God, God! have I not from the first moment of my understanding struggled in myself, and with the world, for Thee as I have interpreted Thee; true to the instincts Thou hast given me? For her sake, for the sake of the work which I will do for Thee, grant me but one moment's strength in which to control myself."

At this instant as, pausing in his vehemence, his lips would have set themselves, the brush before him grew upon his sight with a reality excluding all other things, and impressed itself upon his mind with a fierce horror of loathing; his jaw dropped with an uncanny fear; and out of the stillness that rushed in upon him, some awful voice took form and sounded round him, beating against the air, and throbbing in his ears, not loud, but filling up all space, dying to the utmost faintness, and swelling again to a kind of muffled shriek. It thrilled through every nerve, and wrought him to a frenzy. His mind strained to outstrip time in its desire to reach the moment when the sound would cease and bring him rest. Yet he must listen; and he felt creeping over him an impelling desire to rush into the very heart of the sound, as a frenzied animal would rush into a blinding flame.

III.

"Sam" (his wife, fresh and smiling, dressed in her white morning gown, had come through one of the long windows and was speaking behind him), "Sam, I believe we shall conquer."

She saw only his tall back, and uplifted, silencing arm.

She moved nearer and looked at his face. "Sam," her voice was hoarse, "you have heard it!"

Only the uplifted arm.

"Sam," her words parched her throat, "you are hearing it!"

Still only his uplifted arm.

She sank on the steps before him, all power to hope gone from her. Much as in her secret self she had gloried in her strength and charm, in her promise of a full life and the possibility of making that life great, she knew that compared to this man, strong in purpose, and endurance and faith, who through her had fallen a prey to her delusion, she was worth nothing.

IV.

Watching his drawn face, and knowing what he was suffering, powerless to strengthen or encourage him, thinking only of restraining him in some manner, she knew not how, if he attempted to make for the brush, she sat for a time silent at his feet. Could she have heard the sounds their terror would have been nothing to her compared to the anguish with which she read his doom.

At last she rose and laid her hand on his tense arm: "Sam, breakfast must be ready."

His eyes flickered a moment toward her, and returned to their strained gaze.

"You must eat, dear, for you have a long journey before you. You remember you promised to see sick Mirza to-day." She paused; then, "Think of our long ride through the woods, and past the fields, so yellow and rustling now. And the breeze—feel what a cool, sweet-smelling breeze! And yet, I almost long for the ride home with the sunset behind us, and the twilight reflected here and there in the curving meadow streams." Only silence. After a moment she burst forth: "For my sake, Sam! for my sake! for my sake!"

A bitter smile passed across his face; it spoke of the hopelessness of any respite. He bowed his head a little, but he said nothing.

"You saw" (she spoke distinctly, slowly; she doubted if he could hear or understand her), "you saw how I suffered; you saw what the awfulness of this thing was to me. If you hear it now, I cannot; and Sam, even if the sound should wake in my ears again, I should not fear it. Fight! Resist! It will be the same with you."

It was well spoken, but unjust. He had given her help when his strength was vigorous and fresh; she could offer him only the stoicism of experience,

the half-triumph of exhaustion; her gain had come to her in the moments when the sound was still; for him there were no such moments.

Something must be done. She must get help.

"Come with me a moment. You shall come back again." She stood before him, and laid her hand on his sleeve.

He gently put her from him. And when a moment later she spoke to him again, she saw he did not hear her; that his eyes were becoming wild with their crazed suffering; that he was, as she in her worst moments had only feared to be, alone with the brush.

She sprang in through the open window, across the pretty living-room, and into the kitchen beyond. "Manda," she called to the chore girl at the stove, "run for neighbor Hicks! Tell him to come quickly and bring another man."

Her last word was stopped by an indrawn breath. Through the open window, filling the room, and rebounding from each corner, came to her the noise, low, penetrating, uncanny, dreadful.

When, breathless, she came back to the place where she had left her husband, she was too late. Already he had crossed the turf, and was making toward the brush.

"Sam! Sam!" she shrieked, following him, a white flash across the lawn. "Not that way! Not that way! As you value your life, as you value mine. Across the road, quick! Into the field and over the hill!"

He did not hear her; he was mad; her stratagem was useless.

She felt, if she could but reach him in time, she would hang upon him, and drag him down; she would fight with her teeth, her hands; she would pit all the energy and force in her body against his; she would kill herself in her struggle, she would kill him, before she would see him enter the brush.

But she did not overtake him. She saw him reach the fence and bound over it; she heard the snap and crackle of dried twigs as he landed on them; she saw him stumbling on in his frenzy through the brush; and then her heart stood still.

Distinct above the swelling, unearthly cry, came a nearer sound, and one pregnant of real danger; a great sawing creak and groan, the swish of a heavy body falling through the air, and immediately the crash against the earth; then everything was still.

She looked. The huge sentinel-tree had fallen, and pinned her husband crushed to the ground.

In an instant she was across the fence and beside him. At first she strained at the tree, but her strength was nothing, and her delirium passing, she saw from his still form he was free from suffering.

Suddenly as she stood, impotent to act, above him, she heard the crackle of wood leaves under swiftly approaching steps. She peered through the trees and saw running toward the road the figure of a young woodsman. His rags were streaming behind him with the swiftness of his flight, and he ran as one pursued. Still she hailed him as he passed.

He turned wild eyes upon her and, never slacking his mad pace, gasped: "Run! Run! Yonner be some dead thing shriekin'!"

For long minutes she stood her watch; then she heard her name called in a strong voice. Turning she saw on the lawn Neighbor Hicks and one of his men; when he had come wonderingly toward her and had sprung across the low fence, she only pointed mutely to the form at her feet.

She did not hear his voice for a moment; then he spoke to his man: "Go roun'," he said, "and ease her up on that side. It'll be best to take her off the long way. Mandy," he called to the girl, who stood panting and terrified at the fence, "go fetch Barnes. Tell him to drop the plow, and come straight." Then he turned gently to her, "You'd better go in an' rest."

"I must stay. You need my help." Her voice was strong but closed, for she had turned the last page in her life's history.

As she stood among the brush, her eyes piercing to its depths, she knew the voice would never sound for her again. Her triumph had come. She had conquered, but at what a price! Before her, now, there was no hour in this life, nor yet in any other life that might be hers, when she must not struggle for his rest in that eternity, be it of change or peace, of striving or attainment, of desire or gratification, to which his soul and hers were heirs.

Lee Fanshawe, '99.

THE HOUR OF MIRACLE.

When I do speak of April, thou dost praise
The flush of May, sweet with unchilling rain,
When winds to soothe the frailest flowers are fain,
And white, unfaded petals strew the ways;
Thou lovest Spring's rejoicing, I the day
When Earth, but hardly free from wintry pain—
Thrilled with a first faint hope to bloom again—
Hearkens the confident birds, in brooding haze.
Joyful their lot, who sat, new-garlanded,
High at the feast for coming of the Queen
Back to Admetus from the hands of death;
Yet better, being her servant, to have seen
Her eyes first open, dark with lingering dread,
And, in the silence, caught her earliest breath.

Mabel Parker Clark Huddleston, '90.

RICHARD YEA AND NAY.

Among the many reviews that have come out lately of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's book, *Richard Yea and Nay*, the account given by Mr. Frederick Harrison is the most enthusiastic and complete. He opens by saying, "At last we have a fine writer of romance—of historical romance in the old meaning of that somewhat languishing form of art." To say that Mr. Hewlett is a fine writer of historical romance must put him, in many minds, in the group with Scott. Those of us who have never outgrown an early love for Scott's novels are especially interested in seeing what the modern historical novel is as distinguished from the old, and for many the comparison between the two becomes inevitable. The purpose of this review is to collect suggestions of grounds for comparison and to elaborate the distinctions as far as possible. It is well to find in the new novel the elements which may fill the place left open by the growing neglect of Scott, and the remaining lovers of Scott will be glad to know what will please them in the new romance.

In *Richard Yea and Nay* we are back again in the times of *Ivanhoe* and *The Talisman*. We can feel the charm of the Middle Ages upon us, with its fighting, its passion and its poetry. The power and pageantry of the Crusades is again before us; not in detailed descriptions, but in the spirit of the times, which is unmistakably pervasive. Historic personages are brought back from Scott's pages and set forth in true mediæval colors. Delight is to be gained from the troubadour element, the spirit from the south of France, which lends an even more romantic cast to the situation. The whole is given an added historical flavor by the introduction of the Abbot Milo, the chronicler, who is purported to have furnished the incidents and description; we can really feel that we are in a picturesque historical atmosphere.

There is no lack of interest in the story; from the beginning we are plunged into a multitude of events. There is activity on every side, but the course of action is perfectly clear. The plot develops itself with sequence, order and decided climax; it is distinctly unusual, but in only one place need it offend historical taste; that is, in the substitution of Jehane for

Blondin in Richard's release. While the plot itself is extremely improbable, it is so well worked out that it holds our interest completely and we do not stop to think of its improbability; we are as reluctant to put down the book unfinished as if we were children in the midst of *Ivanhoe*.

Scott's narrative in his best novels is hardly slow, but *Richard Yea and Nay* stops for nothing. It moves straight on; one does not need to skip pages of antiquarian description; the descriptions, here, are of the shortest, tersest kind; no one action is long continued, nor is any speech prosy or drawn out. There is the greatest condensation, many incidents being covered in a few pages. When the book ends we realize that there has been stirring action and excitement, but we question whether there is any one incident that will remain for long in the memory; much is crowded in, the incidents are not sufficiently dwelt upon, and the descriptions are not detailed—only a vivid flash is received in passing. Scott did not err in this respect, and, as a result, he has given us never-to-be-forgotten scenes. The talent for putting before us an historical picture so that we get a detailed knowledge of customs and events was indeed Scott's greatest gift.

Mr. Hewlett thinks his incidents subordinate to his characters, and he follows the more modern tendency of paying great attention to character drawing and development. He has done what Scott did not dare to do—he has introduced Richard Cœur de Lion as his main figure. Scott preferred to keep his historical characters in the background, rather than to give them central interest; he may very well have realized that his heroes were failures, and have had too much regard for the characters of history to introduce them unsuccessfully. It was a bold experiment to take for a central figure so prominent an historical personage as Richard, but Mr. Hewlett has been wonderfully successful; he has given us an extremely interesting hero, drawn with historical accurateness. Here we have the description of him:

“He was at once bold and sleek, eager and cold as ice—an odd combination, but not more odd than the blend of Norman dog and Angevin cat which had made him so. Furtive, he was not yet seeming to crouch for a spring; not savage, yet primed for savagery; not cruel, yet quick on the affront, and on the watch for it. He was neither a rogue nor a madman; and yet he was as cunning as the one and as heedless as the other, if that is a possible thing. He was arrogant, but his smile veiled the fault; you saw it best in a sleepy look he had. His blemishes were many, his weaknesses, two. He trusted

to his own force too much and despised everybody else in the world. Not that he thought them knaves; he was certain they were fools."

Nor is Richard the only character that stands out prominently. We have a glorious mediæval woman in Jehane, full of power and passion. It would be absurd to contrast her with any heroine of Scott, for not one can be found who is as striking; there is no real strength in them. Jehane is unusual, her beauty and magnanimity are always felt, and a large part of the interest centers in her. The minor characters are well drawn; we have a very good idea of the tyrant Henry, and the treacherous John, Bérengère and the unfortunate Madame Alois. The main point, however, of Mr. Hewlett's excellence is in the drawing of Richard and Jehane; and he has based the success of his story on the interest taken in these two principal figures.

Mr. Hewlett's characters are all tense and serious. They are usually under some strong emotion or passing through a crisis, and never show laughable foibles or relax in any way. Scott's very charming humorous touches are in direct contrast, for he has given us many glimpses of amusing figures among his minor characters. Mr. Hewlett, by permitting no relaxation of this kind, of course attains the result of a more exciting, high-strung story.

Mr. Hewlett uses a different method also in drawing his characters, and it is a very modern method. Wherever he can, he uses the epigram. This quick and condensed style keeps the interest as keenly aroused in descriptions of characters as in the rapid narrative. Richard's double nature affords an excellent chance for this epigrammatic turn, and Mr. Hewlett has made the most of it, but use of the epigram can be carried too far. He becomes almost eccentric in his originality; we cannot help feeling that he is taking some satisfaction in his own cleverness; we feel that the ingenious conceit of the double Angevin nature is too often held up for admiration.

Mr. Hewlett also strives for the original and unusual in his physical descriptions of people and in touches of nature. They are never long and are often pleasing, but they do not entirely delight, for they verge too closely on the eccentric and extreme, for instance:

"The country took on tints of Jehane, her shape, her fine nobility. The thrust hills of the Vexin were her breasts; the woods being hot gold, her russet hair; in still green water he read the secrets of her eyes; in the milk of October dawns her calm brows had been dipped."

Mr. Hewlett's style is in its whole cast picturesque and entertaining. It is full of the most unusual metaphors and similes, which have force and vigor and are very descriptive, but when an expression like the following occurs, "He began jerking about like the lid of a boiling pot," the absurdity of the extreme must be felt. Such expressions often serve as short cuts in style. The sentences are never long and are heaped one upon the other; they are clear, and the thought in them moves rapidly. If a little of the self-conscious striving for effect were cut out, the style could be called decidedly good English. The words are unusual in themselves and in most cases they add a desired antique cast to the story, but, as Mr. Harrison points out, there are expressions which give the idea of an approach to slang, even though they may be taken from early chronicles and mediæval literature. However, they generally have an English ring, and we accept them as a probable vocabulary, while we are startled by their strangeness.

It is hardly necessary to point out that this eccentricity and this self-consciousness are very unlike the style of Scott, who constructs a vocabulary of chivalry, so to speak, which, though a little stilted, never seems strange. His sentences run on with perfect ease in rather long periods; he gains his point in descriptions by length and detail, not by vigorous dashes and epigrammatic touches. We feel that he is interested in his subject and in describing it carefully to the reader, not in showing his own ingenuity; he has an antiquarian's and a story-teller's interest in the times; Mr. Hewlett, on the other hand, often gives the impression of being interested in how forcibly he himself can tell his story. In him the modern self-consciousness is extremely evident.

Where Mr. Hewlett proves himself to be distinctly a writer of the present day is in his decided tendency toward realism, even to sensuous realism. We have been accustomed in Scott to an atmosphere of chivalry, in which there is no sordidness of detail. This has been outgrown now. Mr. Hewlett has depicted for us in almost unnecessarily disgusting minuteness the horrors of the siege, and a more disagreeable description than that of the Tower of Flies cannot be imagined. He stops at nothing; he gives every detail that he thinks will add to the strikingness and vividness of the picture.

As he is concerned with the Middle Ages and its passion, he puts in any touch of sensuality which he feels will add to our conception of the emotions he wishes to depict. The result is that one gets very powerful pictures. Jehane stands before us in all her beauty; we realize the depth of her love

and Richard's, and again we realize the extent of her sacrifice in the end. The force of Richard's double nature could not have been shown without a detailed description of his passion. The modern public wishes to be thrilled; the rather tame emotions Scott describes would never satisfy it. Scott has always avoided the passion which in Mr. Hewlett becomes almost sensuousness; he is excellent food for children, Mr. Hewlett certainly is not. Scott has given us a simple, delightful narrative with incidents well drawn and healthy normal sentiments.

The intelligent public now wants its stories more condensed, its characters stronger. It has to be more excited, it demands the thrill. Mr. Hewlett's descriptions and style unite in making his story nervous, terse and vigorous. The eccentricities are original, and the self-consciousness is more or less to be expected. It is very good historical romance, and the modern people who find Scott prosy and lacking in genius may very probably welcome an historical novel when it comes in as interesting a form as *Richard Yea and Nay*.

NEWS FROM MILETUS.

On Ampelos, in Samos, two shepherds sat by a fountain. Apple-trees shaded the chill water, and grass and soft parsley grew all about it. Resting there, they watched their sheep grazing on the slope, and talked idly as shepherds will.

BUCOLION.—Tell me, dear Philedes, whose are these sheep; for I cannot think they are all thine?

PHILEDES.—Those feeding yonder among the tamarisks are the flock of Lycopas. He has but lately returned from Miletus, with a broken crown, and I must drive his ewes until his black-browed wife has cured him.

BUCOLION.—But, Philedes, were you not with him in the city?

PHILEDES.—By the Delphian, so I was! But I came home eight days ago, like a wise man, and missed the storm and the cracking of heads.

BUCOLION.—There will be cracking of heads yonder, this same hour. Your black ram and my bell-wether are sharpening their horns.

PHILEDES.—Off, Melanthus! Off, thou son of Erebus! Would thou wert within reach of my staff!

BUCOLION.—Nay, the danger is past. Cease throwing apples, and tell me of the storm and all the news of Miletus.

PHILEDES.—As for the storm, it arose suddenly after they had embarked, and Lycopas fell over a bench, and blood flowed. You should have heard the clamor of the women when they brought him to the house!

BUCOLION.—Did the yellow-robed Myrrha weep over him?

PHILEDES.—Never was seen so loving a wife. I almost doubted I had ever heard her flout him.

BUCOLION.—No doubt he will live to be flouted again. What of the Ionians?

PHILEDES.—Oh, they are busy from dawn till evening. May Plutus and Posidon favor them, for they are wise and they do not forget pleasure and song!

BUCOLION.—Can you not sing me one of their songs, Philedes? I should like above all things to hear a delicate strain. It is a month since the sweet-voiced Molpus sang in this place.

PHILEDES.—You shall hear one, Bucolion, that Sicilian Theocritus made for Theugenis, Nikias' wife. I remember it well, for it goes to the tune of *Stout Heart, Why Should I Weep?* and every one in Miletus is humming it.

BUCOLION.—Is that the Theugenis whose mother Leuce was of our island?

PHILEDES.—It is she. You shall hear the name of our hill in the song.

BUCOLION.—Sing, then, Philedes.

PHILEDES.—He sent the song with a distaff of carved ivory:

*"Distaff, lover of all workers in wool, gift of Athene bright,
Gift for women with thoughts ever at home, thriftily bound and plight.

Come thou boldly with me unto the famed city of Neleus' hands,
Where, 'neath Ampelos high, Cypris's pale reed-colored altar stands.

Swift winds, blowing us on, long have I called down from the skies above,
So that I may rejoice seeing my friend, greeted by him with love.

Sacred Nikias he, child of the kind, sweet-speaking Graces fair;
Distaff, there shalt thou go, ivory-wrought, fashioned with artful care.

And to Nikias' wife shalt thou be brought and in her hands be laid;
Woven garments for men then by those hands shall with thy help be made.

Robes, too, many a one, women's attire, rippling as water clear;
In sooth, mothers of lambs would, if they knew, twice in the self-same year

Give their soft-growing wool, under the shears, pasturing here and there,
For deft Theugenis' sake, temperate soul'd, she of the ankles fair.

Not to languid abodes should'st thou be sent, nor to an idle dame;
For thy country is mine, whither of old men of true valor came.

There did Archias rear Sicily's heart, leaving Ephyre's bay,
But henceforth shalt thou share fortunes with one banishing ills away;

He is skillful in all merciful spells, cure for diseases sad;
In Ionia thou shalt with this man dwell in Miletus glad.

*Theocriti: Idyll XXII (XXVIII). Bucolicorum Græcorum Theocriti Bionis Moschi-Reliquæ.
(Lipsiæ in aedibus B. G. Teubneri.)

Then shall Theugenis sit twirling the best distaff in all the land.
Let her think of her guest, patron of song, holding thee in her hand!

And who sees thee will say, sweetly and well, this that my singing ends:
'Lo! All honor is here! Great is the grace, small though the gifts of friends!'"

BUCOLION.—Verily, Philedes, you have a golden voice, and you are thrice happy in possessing it; and Nikias is happy in having such a wife and such a friend. Did you see this Theugenis?

PHILEDES.—No, by chance I did not see her, but I saw two wonderful goats, whose hair trailed on the ground, and which, they say, come from the land of the Golden Fleece.

BUCOLION.—But do you believe that, Philedes?

PHILEDES.—Truly, I think such marvels could not come from any other country.

BUCOLION.—Would I had seen them!

PHILEDES.—Look, shepherd, our flocks are wandering down the hill, and we must follow.

BUCOLION.—Let us move homeward, then; for the sun is sloping westward; and on the way I will sing you a song I have made to slender Pan and the little dancing Satyrs.

Amelia Elizabeth White, '01.

SOME BOOK ADVERTISEMENTS OF THE PAST.

They tell us that the noble art of advertising has reached so high a point of excellence in these superexcellent days that it cannot possibly be improved upon, either as regards attractiveness or ingenuity. Painters of considerable note do not refuse to further with their skill the success of this necessary branch of art; poetical people seem quite willing to lend their muse for the same service; and the happy thoughts of modern wits are probably more remunerative on billboards than in any other situation. It is comprehensible, therefore, that with these assistances, and with its growing importance in several lines of trade, advertising should have risen to a position of prominence and esteem among the other fine arts.

Yet, in spite of the magnificence of the poster, which includes a whole school of decoration in itself; in spite of the talents and perseverance of that other poster, whose business in life it is to adorn wastes and barren places with signs of modern progress; and in spite of the æsthetic interest which the poster industry has given to various prosaic commodities, it occurs to one that all branches of the advertising art are not marked by an equal degree of merit. For example, play bills are no longer as alluring as they used to be; and, above all, contemporary book advertisements are very inferior to those which precede them by two hundred and fifty years.

Nowadays, a book advertisement usually consists of half a dozen unconvincing newspaper paragraphs, reviewers' hackneyed phrases of indiscriminate praise; or there is an illustration from the book, accompanied by an unblushing remark on the part of the publisher as to the superiority of the work over any other that the century has produced. Perhaps the author's portrait appears, with a few observations on his or her surprising youth or age, prominence or previous obscurity. If a facsimile of the cover is added, the advertisement is considered complete and unusually lengthy, but concerning the literary contents of the book nothing is remarked; that is left for the reviewer, and does not enter into the province of the modern publisher at all.

How differently they did such things in those old pleasant days! Then advertising was not lurid; indeed, they did not understand the science of

“booming” in the least; but their book advertisements eclipse ours in more ways than one, and put us quite to shame. To be sure, it takes some time to read them; perhaps we are too busy nowadays to stop and spend as much time over an advertisement as we sometimes waste over a whole book; but the notice once read, it must have been utterly impossible not to invest in a copy of the work immediately. Take as an instance the following advertisement, bound in with some dramas of the Restoration, in a publication of 1765:

“THE COMPLETE LONDON JESTER, or *Wit's Companion*; Containing all the Fun and all the Humour, all the Learning and all the Judgment, which have flowed from the two Universities, from the two Theatres, from White's Chocolate House, from the Bedford Coffee House, or from the Spouting-Clubs and Choice Spirits Clubs in London and Westminster. Including all the fashionable

Jests	Droll Narrations
Epigrams	Smart Repartees
Merry Tales	New Adventures
Humourous Jokes	Choice Songs
Bon Mots	Conundrums
Irish Bulls	Funny Epitaphs
Comical Humbugs	and Witticisms;

which will expel Care, drown Grief, banish the Spleen, improve the Wit, create Mirth, entertain Company, and give the Reader a light Heart and a cheerful Countenance. The whole teaching the agreeable Art of Story-telling, and furnishing Pieces of Wit for the Amusement and Instruction of both Sexes. A new Edition, being the Third, with a Curious Frontispiece, one shilling sewed.

*Wit! a thousand different Shapes it bears,
And comely in a thousand Shapes appears.—Cowley.
Life's a Jest.—Gay.”*

This description, irresistible as it is, must surely have been compiled by some London journalist out of work, doing odd jobs for a prosperous bookseller of Fleet street or the Strand. The advertiser was evidently very well acquainted with his book, his public and the town, for he juggles together the contents of the first, the tastes of the second, and the attractions of the third, with the ease and practice of long experience. Could either sex refrain from dipping into the humorous pages of the *Wit's Companion*, if only to observe the curiousness of the frontispiece? The advertisement, naïve, yet well studied, presents to the modern reader a vivid picture of those cheerful times, when every one wanted to be a wit, and the Man of Fashion

planned out his scheme of conversation like a game of chess, and got his speeches and his mots by heart.

Another picture of the times appears in the next advertisement, published in the same year. It should be noted, not only by the seeker after the curious in literature, but also by such pessimists as insist that the woman of to-day is a study in degeneration :

"The Young Ladies' Geography; containing accurate descriptions of the several Parts of the known World; their Situation, Boundaries, Chief Towns, Air, Soil, Manners, Customs and Curiosities. . . . To which is prefixed an Introduction to Geography, wherein the Terms made use of in that Science, and the Method of speedily acquiring a thorough knowledge of Maps, are explained in so Concise a Manner as to render the Whole perfectly easy to be attained without the assistance of a teacher.

"To rescue the Fair Sex in general from the Odium which is frequently cast on them, of being wholly unacquainted with that necessary, easy and amusing Science, Geography; to entice them to the study of useful Knowledge, and to furnish them in some Degree with the means of acquiring it, are the principal Intentions of this Work. Hence the Editor presumes he may venture to recommend it as a suitable present, not only to such young Ladies as still remain at their Boarding-School, but also to those who have left it."

Though the advertisement of *The Young Ladies' Geography* is rather a biting comment on the average female education of the eighteenth century, yet, after all, it extends to the wage-earning young woman of to-day a vision of peace and rest. It must have been quite agreeable to live in an age when nothing could possibly be expected of one except good humor, a good appearance, and a little fortune. That intelligence should now be added, and no requirement taken away, seems hard indeed, unless one realizes the justice of paying for every privilege, even that of studying co-educational lesson-books.

There were other works brought out in the year 1765 for the benefit of the Fair Sex, which was sadly limited as to literary resources, in spite of the gallant Mr. Richardson, with his *Sir Charles Grandison* in eight volumes, and his *Clarissa* in seven. The ladies had their books, as one may see from the advertisement of

"The Ladies' Complete Letter-writer; or, the Whole Art of Inditing Letters on every subject, as Daughters, Wives, Mothers, Relations, Friends, Acquaintances, or Mistresses of Families. Being a well-disposed series of Letters, written by Ladies on the most Religious, Moral and Social Duties; interspersed with Relations of the various Events that must interest all the tender and noble Passions without

depraving the Heart. Together with the various forms of writing Messages on cards, and many other important Articles. The whole forming a polite, improving and useful Manual of rational Entertainment. A Work long desired, and the only one particularly formed for the use of Ladies. Dedicated to Her Majesty Queen Charlotte, with a beautiful Frontispiece, 2s. 6d., neatly bound in red.

*What's Female Beauty but an air divine,
Thro' which the Soul's unsully'd Graces shine?
That like a Sun irradiates all between,
The Body Charms, because the Mind is seen."*

Such a work as this must have been truly valuable in the days when the art of letter-writing was of unbounded importance in society and literature, and had been a necessary item in the education of polite people for many years. As far back as 1650 one finds that ladies and gentlemen were torturing their imaginations in the effort to keep up a correspondence which, should it ever by any chance appear in print, might not disgrace their intelligence. It is to be hoped, however, that both correspondents never had the misfortune to apply to the same source of agreeable fancy; and that the perusal of an unusually eloquent epistle never prompted the recipient, prodigal that he was, to trace its origin to the *Complete Letter-Writer*. Such a course must surely have undone all the religious, moral and social lessons received, and, by supplying a fund of irreverent amusement, have infallibly depraved the heart.

In searching among these antique advertisements, one finds that the poor author of those days was attacked by the same difficulties which beset him now; only, at that time, the pirating of books was denounced in politer language, and discouraged by gentler arguments than the exasperated writer cares to employ at present. The following graceful protest appears under an advertisement of several popular comedies by Samuel Foote:

"Some copies of spurious impressions of *The Cozeners* and of the *Maid of Bath* have been printed and circulated. On inspection of the spurious Impressions it appears that all the errors of careless and ignorant transcribers are therein religiously preserved, and all the additions and improvements made by the facetious Writer are omitted. Many instances of this will occur on perusal of these Comedies, in which, besides the restoration of several Passages always spoken on the stage, the Reader will find a whole Scene at the end of the first Act, and another, still more entertaining and popular, at the beginning of the third; both of which are wholly wanting in the spurious Impressions.

"Unauthorized Publications are not only detrimental to private property, but commonly prove injurious to the Publick; for the copies, being obtained by clandestine and indirect means, are, for the most part, as has happened in the present Instance, incorrect and imperfect."

The guilty pirate, stopping at some book-stall to pore over this warning, doubtless trembled with fear and remorse at the mischief his garbled "Impression" has caused. When he thought of the deluded public eagerly devouring his unauthorized edition, with all its errors and ignorances, his very soul must have quaked within him. There seems to be no impending lawsuit to darken the creature's future, no reproaches, no threats are made him; he is treated with cold contempt and lofty scorn. Might not the infuriated publisher of to-day try this means of revenge and self-protection? Or has the world grown so callous to rebuke that moral suasion will no longer answer?

Sensible though Mr. Foote's readers may have been to reproach, they seem to have differed very slightly from our modern public in the coolness and indifference they evince when called upon to admire. The old-time advertisers had to beseech, supplicate and argue, in very much the same indefatigable way that is pursued by contemporary dealers in literature. Modesty, sobriety, almost dignity, are sacrificed; adjectives are manufactured out of hand; sordid details appear intermingled with the sublimest sentiments. Such means as these for catching the public eye were especially popular with publishers of dramatic works; for example, one comes across the following notice in many play books of the eighteenth century:

"In Twelve Volumes, Thirty-six Shillings, Bound, Containing Sixty of the best PLAYS which support the English Stage, With Seventy-two ornamental Engravings, many of them done at Twenty Guineas a Plate, and the Whole at the Expence of Two Thousand Six Hundred and Fifty Pounds,

THE NEW ENGLISH THEATRE;

printed as written by the Author, on fine paper. The Plates to each Play are elegant, and the Vignettes executed by the most Eminent Masters; the Whole being a more highly finished Dramatic Work than Ever Was Attempted.

Printed for T. Lowndes, in *Fleet Street*.

MDCCLXXXI."

Nothing could be more direct and candid, both as to the pecuniary and the literary merits of *The New English Theatre* than this statement of them.

The last sentence, especially, while it is perhaps to be censured by the rigid grammarian, is excellent from a business point of view, and takes long strides in the direction of the advertising phraseology of modern times.

Some of the notices puzzle one terribly, as doubtless many of our modern advertisements will puzzle posterity. Occasionally there seems to be no connection at all between the title of a book and its contents as set forth by the publishers. Take as an instance the following "Useful Hints." It has often disturbed me, and I never hope to have finished theorizing vainly about it:

"USEFUL HINTS

To those who make the tour of France.

In a series of letters written from that kingdom,

by Philip Thicknesse, Esq.

These letters contain some account of the interior police in general, and of Paris in particular. With a considerable number of entertaining anecdotes, relative to the first personages in that part of the continent."

That this work differs from the ordinary type of Tourist's Guide is patent to any faithful student of Baedeker and his peers. One might conclude, from the subjects which Mr. Thicknesse touches on, that the traveler in France, presumably a monied young gentleman with time on his hands, was expected to occupy himself chiefly in breaking the French law, and evading the consequent attacks of its myrmidons. The entertaining anecdotes, besides furnishing topics of polite conversation to the tourist on his return home, were perhaps destined to assist him in passing the time he was likely to spend cooling his heels in a Continental jail. Any other use to which the *Useful Hints* could be put is buried in impenetrable mystery.

One cannot doubt, however, that such puzzles were quite lucid to those fortunate persons who read them as serious advertisements of new books, not as literary curios. Is it conceivable that our modern notices can ever seem so charming as these appear to us? Will people of the future enjoy them, quote them, read them for their intrinsic grace and quaintness, as we enjoy and read and quote the advertisements of other days?

It can hardly be affirmed, I think, after observing these examples chosen at random from old volumes, that the art of advertising was neglected at the middle and end of the eighteenth century. The real literary merit shown in the notices, the care and taste exhibited in their arrangement, the refinements of expression one finds employed in them, all lead to the conclusion that they were the work of experienced writers of no small ability. Whether or not they surpass in interest and merit the cruder efforts of to-day, I leave to the discrimination of book lovers, who alone should pass final judgment on matters which so nearly concern their best and dearest friends.

Elizabeth Teresa Daly, 1901.

COLONUS.

(Being more or less a translation of Œdipus of Colonus, 667-706.)

I.

The streams of bright Cephissus flow
With gentle murmur through this lonely glade,
Where lingered long ago
The exiled Œdipus in weariness.
The meadow here is set with starry gold—
The crocus and narcissus flowers, of old
Sought by the woodland nymphs that bless
The spot, and choose in pleasant shade
The clustered buds to crown their loveliness.

II.

Amid the branching olives gray,
The wine-dark ivy, with its berries bright,
And tender leaves, screens from the garish light
This glen of peace, removed from icy blast.
But cooling breaths the zephyrs bring,
Like winds that in Elysian vales caress
The brow of Helen, dreamer of the past,
Who half forgets the ringing fray
In slumbrous asphodel, the sharp distress
For her sweet sake, and all the wandering.

III.

From deep recesses in the haunted shade
The nightingale's complaining song is rolled—
That shrill-voiced bird with coat of tawny gold,
Who mingles with her gladder note
The bitterness of wrong untold,
And makes the woods resound the shame
Of all her race, the grievous name
Of Itylus—and still the bird-like throat
Swells with the passionate sobs of human pain.
Insatiate of cries, the nightingale
Can never in the lonely coverts cease
The sad reiteration of her tale,
But in these murmuring haunts of sacred peace
She comforted and soothed with mellow strain
The heart of Œdipus, when, sore dismayed,
And worn with agony, he sought relief
And found no echoes of an alien grief
In Philomel's melodious refrain.

Elizabeth Mary Perkins, 1900.

“PROCESSUS TALENTORUM”: AN EMENDATION.

The title of the twenty-fourth play of the Towneley Mysteries is, as it stands, an enigma. It bears no relation to the content of the play, and even the connection of the words is without meaning, for what idea is suggested by “Procession of the Talents”? Mr. A. W. Pollard, in his introduction to the E. E. T. S. edition, has no comment upon the point, nor do other critics appear to have been vexed by the incongruity of this title. Yet there would seem to be a possible emendation, one, moreover, which is suggested by the consideration of the *dramatis personæ* of the pageant.

This play, the twenty-fourth of the Towneley Cycle, follows the play of the “Crucifixion”; it relates in no way to the Parable of the Talents, but presents the disposal of the seamless robe of Christ. It follows the mediæval legend rather than the Gospel account by making Pontius Pilate the final possessor. But it comes into his hands only because the three Torturers have disputed between themselves as to its ownership, and have come to him to settle their quarrel. This Pilate does by proposing to cast dice for it, and the lot falls in favor of the governor himself. The characters are, then, Pilate and the Torturers, and the latter come before him with their dispute. Accordingly, I would suggest that the title was at first “*Processus Tortorum*,” the Procession of the Torturers. *Processus Tortorum* entirely agrees in sense with the plot of the play, which *Processus Talentorum* does not—for there is no authority to support the connection of “talentum” with dice, a connection which has been suggested as the explanation. In the second place, the title suggested agrees with others of the cycle, for those refer constantly to the characters of the particular pageant. Thus we have the “*Processus Prophetarum*,” “*Processus Noe cum Filiis*”; the “*Processus Crucis*” is an exception.

The emendation “*Processus Tortorum*” is then strongly supported by the characters of the play, to which it is undoubtedly a more appropriate heading than “*Processus Talentorum*.” It is not such a simple matter to explain, or rather suggest an explanation, of the supposed substitution of “*Processus Talentorum*” for the earlier title; but it might not impossibly have taken place in the manner to be described.

The unique MS. of the Towneley Cycle is not accessible, and the passage cannot therefore be examined. Nor do I think that any error in preparing the E. E. T. S. edition for the press would be discovered by such a reference. Such a misreading of the MS. on the part of a modern editor is next to incredible; hence we should certainly hold that "*Processus Talentorum*" is the reading of the MS. which has come down to us. I would, however, suggest that an earlier MS. existed, of which our Towneley MS. is a copy, and that there the title of Towneley 24 stood as "*Processus Tortorum*." The mediæval scribe wrote "*Talentorum*" in his copy in place of the correct word.

How, then, could "*Tortorum*" be read so as to render possible the error? It would be comparatively easy to represent graphically, but a verbal description of MS. forms is somewhat difficult. In the first place, however, it will be seen at once that the concluding *-torum* is the same for both words: what has to be explained is how a hurried or careless scribe could mistake "*tor-*" for "*talen-*." The "n," of course, he would not expect to find written; it would be abbreviated in the ordinary way, and represented by a stroke over the e—é. "*Tor,*" then, might be read as "*talé*" somewhat as follows: if the "o" (not rounded as in Roman type) were joined to the next letter carelessly from the lower part of the character, it would look not unlike an "a." Next we must consider the transformation of "r" into "l." The "r" character is one of the most important in palæography, and its forms materially assist in the dating of a MS. There are two forms which appear in MS. after the Conquest (the A. F. forms "r," and a character something like the numeral "*two*"). Again, there is a modification which resembles a straight down stroke, often joined to the preceding and following letters, or with a flourish after it if occurring at the end of a word and possibly of a syllable. If we imagine this "r" carelessly written so as to run above the supposed line, and a little below it, and farther, if the stroke of the "r" passed back to the preceding letter (as is often the case), then the flourish of the "r," surmounted as it would be by the "t" stroke, could be read as an "e" with the abbreviation mark above it, é. In this way I conceive that it would be possible for "*Tortorum*" to be read as "*Talétorum*."

Generally speaking, also, it seems possible that careless work on the part of the first scribe might easily be conjectured if, as is possible, these Latin titles were added as an afterthought; they are not an integral part of the plays. Be this as it may, it is more important to note that the theory sug-

gested in support of "*Processus Tortorum*" requires that the MS. we possess be a copy of an earlier version, of not much earlier date, as the "r" character referred to is not an early form. That more than one copy should exist is rendered probable by the fact that players taking part in these mysteries went occasionally from place to place, and would naturally have a copy with them of that which they intended to represent. Even in their place of origin, copies must have been multiplied to a certain extent. The players no doubt had to be taught their lines, and so had no need of the written word; but more than one monkish instructor would be needed for so many crafts, and certainly more than one copy for their use. In this way almost contemporary copies would be made, just as, for instance, the several copies of Ælfred's translation of the *Cura Pastoralis* were made for the use of the bishops.

It is necessary also to support the assertion that the "r" form on which the argument mainly depends appears early enough to serve in the original of our Towneley MS. The date of the latter is placed at the beginning of the fifteenth century; and one MS. in which this form is conspicuous is the MS. Laud Misc. 581—a MS. of the B. version of "*Piers Ploughman*." The date of the B. version is usually held to be about 1377, and it is not impossible that the "r" character referred to may appear in MSS. of still earlier date. But to a MS. within the limit of not earlier than 1377, it would be possible for our Towneley MS. of the fifteenth century to refer back as a copy; and thus any difficulty on the score of the date of this MS. form is removed.

E. S. H.

KEWA.

A Legend of the Northwest.

NOTE.—Even more rapidly than the race itself, the legends of the North American Indians, with the almost unique exception of those few which Longfellow has preserved in his “Hiawatha,” are dying out, and while a stand, though tardy and ineffective, has at last been made by the government for the forests in which they grew up, nothing is being done to prevent the disappearance of these traditions. The following tale, more fortunate than many of its fellows, perhaps because it is so closely connected with the spot where it occurred, is one of the few which survive:

On the edge of a gr̄eat bluff of red clay which, facing the west, rises steeply from the waters of a northern bay, and extends for a mile or more, a conspicuous feature in the otherwise level landscape before it sinks again to the Tamarack marshes, squatted Ogema the old basket-maker, weaving sweet-grass, and I beside her begging without success for a story. She seemed, indeed, not to hear me, her wrinkled, brown face was so expressionless, as I asked for one after another of the legends which centre about the place. A few I had heard of vaguely—how a great people was supposed to have had its origin here, so that the place was held to be a sort of New World Garden of Eden; and how, much later, a battle had been fought, so fierce that what had been the birthplace of a race became also its grave.

“What of this war?” I entreated again, unheeding her apparent indifference. “Surely in the tale of it is something more than the blood and slaughter of the fight itself; and who is Kewa of whom they tell?”

She braided the grasses a moment longer in silence, then she dropped them, and I saw the fierce light in her eyes as she glanced around to make sure no one else was there to hear, for Ogema would tell her stories only to whom she chose. But we were alone with the sand and the juniper-trees, so without a word of introduction she began; and although I must leave to your imagination her queer, broken speech, pieced out with French Canadian patois, or with a gesture or guttural that did the service of a whole phrase, this is in substance what she told:

"Here, where we are sitting, the tribe of the Foxes once built a strong city, and on this side the water and the bluff guarded it, and on the other side strong palisades and mounds of earth. This tribe had, moreover, rich cornfields extending as far inland as a crow can fly between the rising and the setting of the sun; and as far in the forests as a warrior can travel in two moons might the hunters of the Foxes chase the deer and the caribou without hindrance from any, so great was their power. Now the chief of this tribe had one daughter, Kewa, which means the cry a wild duck gives when, flying eastward, it sees the sun just rising; and she was the most beautiful of all Indian maidens, but withal the most wayward, so that her father could in no way constrain her within the palisades of their city. Alone she would wander beyond the safe cornfields into the forests, laughing at the hares that ran before her and the chipmunks that watched her with round, unwinking eyes from a hollow tree, and fearing not the wolf and bear who also dwelt there; or down on the narrow strip of beach which lies between the bluff and the water she would chase the sandpipers as far as the swamp, where the startled blue herons rose and flapped away, their long legs dragging behind, and the loons answered her mockery.

"Some warriors of the Menominees, who lived westward across the water, where now you can barely see the dark land line, having come over to fish, once saw her from their canoes, and they came quickly to shore, and caught and carried her away by force. In truth, the wayward Kewa struggled little, nor cared that she should be stolen, for she was tired of the palisaded town and the safe cornfields. They took her to their own tribe, and when their chief, taken with her beauty, made her his wife, her lot pleased her, for now she was a great person among the women, who all did her bidding, though they hated her. At the times when they were sitting together, weaving, or grinding corn, she would come among them and boast of the great riches of her father's tribe, of their grain fields, and their store of furs; of their wampum and their axes made of stone and even of yellow metal, and she showed them the rings of copper that gleamed upon her shapely arms. Then the women who had not these things, and were obliged to serve this stranger, grew very envious. When Kewa saw this she, in her turn, became more proud and insolent, and ceased to remember that the chief of the Foxes, lonely, mourned the loss of his beautiful, wayward daughter. The tale of the wealth of the Foxes grew greater with each telling, and the jealous women excited the greed of their husbands so greatly that at length they

planned to attack and plunder the city on the bluff. When Kewa heard this, she laughed so long and mockingly that the loons laughed back in answer, for she knew the strength of her own people, and the weakness of the Menominees.

"But the Menominees also knew this, so they sent the split arrow far and wide throughout the tribes of the Northwest, and after a time Kewa saw, coming from all sides, warriors whose language she had never heard and whose signs she had never seen; but their canoes showed that they had been carried through many miles of forest, from lake to lake and from river to river, on the long journey thither, and that all were armed against the Foxes, and filled with desire for their wealth. Not until she saw them collecting thus, like wild ducks in autumn before the southward flying, so that all the waterways were black with them, did she realize what a destruction she had brought upon her own people. Remorse and forgotten love awoke in her together then, and she thought of her father sitting alone over the fire in the deserted wigwam; but she could do nothing now, for the chief, her husband, had her watched night and day, lest by some sign she should warn the people across the water. She could only sit brooding all day long on what she had done, and listen to the women who came to taunt her, saying: 'What is the strength of the Foxes compared to that which we, the Menominees, have gotten together? Soon their riches will be ours, and we, too, will wear bands of yellow metal on our arms, and wampum in our hair.' Kewa answered them not, but in silence thought of many vain plans for escape.

"Each day the braves increased in number, and each night their revels grew longer and wilder, so that Kewa knew the time for their departure was drawing near, and when, one morning, she saw many dogs of the pack driven together and heard their snarling and howling as they were killed, she understood that on this night would be held the feast of dogs' hearts, and at the setting of the moon they would start. Sitting huddled in a corner of her tent, she watched each movement of her guards; and when, the feasting being at its height, they were drawn away for a moment, she slipped, noiseless as a wild cat, behind them and away to the shore, where she found a canoe, and soon was safely out of the glow of their camp-fires and on the water beyond.

"No one followed her, for when those who should have watched the tent learned of her flight, in fear of their chief's anger they concealed it;

so, unchecked, she followed her course straight westward across the bay, and the moon spread a silver sheen about her and drew a shimmering trail, which grew momentarily longer and longer, back to the camp she had left. Then the light sank away, dark waves beat close around her, and she knew the time for the tribes to start had come. Scarcely half the way was passed, but she could not hasten, for she was very weary, and though her arms continued to rise and fall, and rise and fall again as by a power not their own, yet the stroke of her paddle beside her each time seemed as useless as the floating of a twig backward over the waves. She thought of the countless canoes behind her, each driven through the water by its eight strong men; she thought of the little city with its sleeping people somewhere before her in the darkness, and of herself alone between the husband she was betraying and the father she had deserted; and though she knew well what her fate would be with either, she kept on doggedly, despairingly, she knew not how long. At last, unexpectedly, her paddle scratched on a gravelly bottom, the dark mass of the bluff loomed in front of her, and at its top she could dimly discern the outlines of the palisaded town. Up and down the beach she groped, until she found a well-remembered fissure, which the rains had worn in its face; and here, with the help of a few straggling ground pines, she pulled herself up until she reached the summit. The first faint light which comes before the real dawn was just showing itself in the sky as she turned to look behind her. There below she saw the tribes who had followed her reaching the shore, and darkening the water beyond as a squall of wind does which comes before the gale; and all along the beach they were drawing up their canoes, so close together that not another one could be crowded in between them; but not a voice spoke, not a paddle splashed, not a pebble grated.

"Kewa turned away and crept silently into the silent town, and soon the hush was shattered by the shrill repeated cry: 'To-night we are dying, dying; we are dying, dying, to-night!' So screaming, she ran between the tents of sleeping men and women, who roused to say that it was some woman gone mad over the death of her child, and then slept again. For they, too, had reveled late, and it was, moreover, the season of second summer, when the air is heavy with showers. Her warning still unheeded, she came to the tent of her father. At her entering he rose, and when he saw Kewa, his wayward daughter, who had lived so long among his enemies, he stood

looking on her, with folded arms; but though he said nothing, she crouched and moaned before him.

"Then just at the rising of the sun came a call like that of a wild duck, repeated softly; now on the right, now on the left, now below on the beach, and again back in the cornfields. The sound changed and grew louder, until it swelled into a clamor of hoarse cries—the jeering shriek of the Menominees, the long-drawn wail of the Hurons; strange, unknown yells of those who had come from the far west and north for this hour—all mingled in the horrid tumult of many tribes together on the war-path. Too late the sleeping village roused itself to find its foes about it, and to know that death had indeed come."

Ogema ended her tale, her face lost its expression, and stolid as before she bent over her grass basket; then she dropped it again for a moment, and, clutching my arm with her dark, crooked fingers, bade me listen. As I did so the noise I heard seemed to be no longer the soft lapping of water on the pebbly beach below us, nor the summer wind in the blue-berried junipers, but the voice of a woman that wailed, "To-night we are dying, dying; we are dying, dying to-night!"

Florence Wilcox Clark.

STUDY.

The time had come for concentrated work, and however hard it was that such a time should come with the spring, it was custom, it was necessity at college, and Felice yielded to it. For her, moreover, there was a special need of study, as there had been a special dispensation. At the end of the last term it had been decreed that she alone of all who then took the examination in psychology should repeat it in the spring; and to-morrow was the day appointed for her second trial.

It was very hot; the air was scintillating with sunlight; and yet, in all the heat, the winning glamour of the spring brought every one out from the gray halls that were still winter-clad in ivy. Felice came with the rest, not forgetting her arduous purpose, however. She left pillows and all irrelevant books behind her, and with only text-book and notes in hand, she strolled across the campus seeking some quiet shade. There were many trees in the pleached walk along the western hill, whose shadow was still unclaimed. She lingered a moment there. It was a favorite haunt, for if there were a breeze abroad, it surely played about that hilltop, and all the college lay in view from it. The entrance arch and driveway, the ball-grounds, the tennis courts, the college halls in the background—all were near, yet far enough, so that their happenings might serve only to amuse and not disturb the studious mind. Yes, the pleached walk on the western hill was rightly held a favorite haunt for study—study of the fourth, or third, or second day before an examination; but not for the last.

Groups of students were already collected here and there, working together or talking; but Felice felt quite alone and apart from the rest, because of her special dispensation, and leaving the hill and the view of the fair campus, she went down through the long, unmown grass of the steep slope, down to a hollow, where two or three large trees, and a growth beyond them of smaller bushes, afforded shade and shelter from distraction. Here unseen, and, what was more, unseeing, surely she could give her whole mind to her book better than if she had remained at her desk in the study—a very cell of stuffy furniture and ghostly memories from hours of study passed. Without delay, she threw herself down at full length on the soft

earth, and securing the pages of note-book and text-book with a stone across their tops, she sank her chin in her hands and began to read with resolution to comprehend the matter from the beginning. Unfortunately, there was nothing to comprehend in those first chapters. All was obvious, quite plain, a mere catalogue of physiological facts to be memorized; and it was too soon and too hot for such dry work. Summer afternoons contain an eternity of time. She skipped the first three-fourths of the book, and securing the new page with a stone as before, she rose to her knees for a moment's rest before resuming toil. Violets were growing all about her; she would pick as many as she could without changing her position. It was annoying to have them tempting her away from her work continually—better to pick them at once and put them in her hair, where their influence would be less noticeable. The slight distraction over, she began to read, and from the new beginning interest no longer flagged. She read for a long time undisturbed, becoming more and more absorbed in the theory of the will and the emotions. Pages were turned without note being taken of their number, or heed of the little ants crawling over them; and when she paused again it was not for some idle distraction of watching a robin in his meditations, but for sheer perplexity of thought, and vexation at the plausible theory which was leading her on to the irresistible conclusion that the mind is hopelessly chained to the material body, if not, indeed, material itself. With reference to the future examination, the diversion of picking violets could not have been more irrelevant than the present one into which poor Felice fell—of dreaming about her work instead of learning it. But she had forgotten the special dispensation awaiting her, and, closing her book, she deliberately arranged herself in a more happy position for thought. Her arms were tired and stiff from the weight so long resting on them, and with a feeling of most grateful release she let them fall as though they were not hers to hold. Laying her cheek against a mossy root, whose softness had long fascinated her fingers, she sank down into the arms of Mother Earth and closed her eyes. She slept before she knew of sleep's coming, and waked again to have forgotten dreary work. The sleep was worth the moment of its lasting. A light gayety and freshness seemed to have come over her. The air was like wine, and without a look or a thought behind she left the shade and ran lightly over the grass to the hilltop. Happy with unreasoning happiness, she was going she knew not where, nor why! At the top of the slope she turned with the shadow of a thought and glanced

behind her. There, in the hollow under the tree, her books were scattered in the grass; and beside them lay some one sleeping—yes, her own form, still sleeping. But the momentary thrill of alarm and strangeness vanished quickly from the free spirit, and she laughed at the memory of her day's occupation. "I am free, free, now; there is no special dispensation to-morrow for me," she thought, and laughed again. "She is free, too; she will sleep forever if I do not return to her, and the heavy books may rest there." She turned away and wandered on from hill to hill, rejoicing in the freedom of the free wind which bloweth whither it listeth, and all through the long hours of afternoon there was no abatement in her joy. But when the sun began to fall straight down the sky, amid all the beautiful radiance of closing day, the free spirit felt a sense of trouble, and returned swiftly, passing unseen and almost unheeding across the gay campus to the western hilltop. There she paused again, reluctant to descend into the hollow. The red sun began to sink beyond the dim horizon-line, and each disappearing ray of his bright face seemed a warning that when the last ray was gone she could no more return, even if she would, to that sleeping form. And if she would not, could not—what then might become of her in the dark night, "imprisoned in the viewless wind"? Apart from the mortal frame, perhaps she could not live to see that sun again. But long before the last ray's warning, she had flown down the hillside, and returned to sleep within the sleeping form.

When she wakened at last the afterglow was almost gone, and the tinkle of a bell, tuned to sweetness by the distance, recalled her from the vague memory of dreams to more terrestrial things. With a laugh and a sigh she gathered up her books and papers, and pulled the violets from her hair, thinking as she climbed the hill and glanced at the lonely clock in the tower: "So much for my resolution to study; it was a psychological dream at least." But as she went, she pulled up a handful of the dewy grass and pressed it against her cheek with a feeling of exceeding gladness in the material life and touch. Again, as she crossed the now deserted campus, and even as she entered the dining-hall, the feeling of being a little ghostly, a little strangely apart from the rest, came over her, although she had almost forgotten the "special dispensation."

Elizabeth F. McKean, 1901.

JAG ALSKAR NORDEN.

I love the North, where the bold rocks rise
Up from the shore, where the sea-mews play,
Swinging high up in the cold, gray skies,
To the horizon far away;
Far from the South, where the summer lies.

I love the North, for its frosty air
Is wine in the early morn.
The hunter chases the game to its lair
As he sounds his bugle horn;
I love—I love the North, for there
The heart of the hunter is free from care.

I love the North when the warm winds sigh
Through many a wild and rocky cave,
In the summer night, when the moon hangs high,
And all is gloomy and sombre, save
For the lavish tints of the opal sky,
Where the amber stars, imbedded, lie.

I love the North, with its breath that chills
And blights in the silent night;
The wind that blows with a blast that kills,
Where the frost has mantled a thousand hills,
And the pines are gleaming white.

Land of the burning midnight sun,
With sea and sky aflame;
When his toilsome race is nearly run,
And the Norseman comes back again,
With dreams of glory and dreams of fame
All shattered— and hope undone;
Will you bid the Vikings of old stand forth
To welcome the wandering son of the North?

Corinne Sickel, 1901.

LUIGI.

"Due lire, cinquanta centesimi." Luigi had learned enough about American money to know what the half dollar represented to him.

It was more than he had had before at any one time since he had landed in New York; for in this country, where he had expected to make his fortune, he had not yet found regular work, although he earned at odd jobs ten, fifteen, sometimes even twenty-five cents. And with this he had been entirely content. In his simple mind there was no care for the future, and if he had a dime before dinner he was satisfied until supper-time, when he sought employment again and earned enough to buy that meal.

Now it was afternoon; he had fifty cents, and all the world before him. What should he do with it? Luigi was a shy lad, for whom the dance-hall had no attraction; he was a child of nature; to save his money until to-morrow did not occur to him.

He lounged along Broadway—on the sunny side—a little uncomfortable among the spruce, hurrying crowds, and wondering vaguely where they were all going so fast. Turning out of the busy thoroughfare, he went across town several blocks; a newsboy jostled him rudely with a smart speech, whose tone at least Luigi understood; a porter, carrying a heavy box, swore roundly at him for being in the way; a trim business man pushed by him; all were rushing along, bent on some definite object; only Luigi drifted. He went under the stern, massive arch of the Tombs, quickening his steps a little through its gloomy shadow; and past the great blank wall, unpierced by any window, which sends a shudder even to innocent hearts. Once, in Venice, Luigi had been locked up all night, and his gondola, his beloved gondola, kept from him two weeks for some slight infringement of rule. He could not think of it even now without rage, and he had felt a quiver of anger and fear, when he found this bridge of sighs in free America. Shrinking into himself he hurried by, and was soon in a more cheerful atmosphere, east of the Bowery. Here were the narrow, ill-paved streets, the dirt and squalor; the half-naked children and bareheaded women, the merry, chattering groups sitting on the pavement. Here was a little Italy.

"Due lire, cinquanta centesimi." He fingered it lovingly in his pocket, already feeling the warm tingle of the red wine, the soothing fumes of the black cigar he would buy. Suddenly a sign, rudely painted on a door, caught his eye—"Marionnetti Italiani." It was the last drop—his cup was full.

Two hours later he sat in the theatre, the big black cigar in his mouth, the bottle of red wine under his coat. It was warm and cozy there; he drew in the smoke of the cigar and puffed it out slowly, and took large gulps of the red wine that made his blood glow. Kindly faces laughed all about him, giving him a pleasing sense of companionship; a sonorous voice declaimed rhythmic lines; the Marionettes strode backward and forward, and he knew that soon they would clash in deadly contest. Every sense was satisfied and Luigi was happy.

Above him in a tiny loggia were three girls, one a child with a little, pinched face, and dark eyes, half hidden by elfish black hair, out of which she smiled at Luigi, when he looked up. "Bel ragazzo!" said one of the older girls, leering at him; but he did not notice her. He looked again at the little girl who was watching the Marionettes with feverish interest, while her sister surveyed the house. They were the only women in the place, except some ladies with a fashionable party at the back of the room, who had come in just ahead of Luigi. He did not admire them, but they were curious; the furs around their necks looked as if they might be warm and soft to the touch. As he passed them, there came before him a picture of the English Garden, at home in Venice. It was a subtle odor of violets which brought the picture, though Luigi did not know it.

There were many things here of which Luigi had no perception. He did not see that the room was small and low, that it was thick with smoke and reeking of unwashed humanity; he did not know that most of the countenances about him were low and cunning, nor that his own was open and childlike; and that it was because of this that the white faces in the furs had looked kindly at him, and the child in the loggia had given him her bright smile. All unreasoning creatures know instinctively those who are sympathetic to them, and Luigi liked the child. He thought, too, of a little sister at home; how *she* loved the Marionettes, and how many times they had sat hand in hand in the little Venetian theatre. But this was a disturbing thought, tending to homesickness, and he shook it off; for he was, unconsciously, a wise youth, and avoided everything painful.

Looking around, he saw that no one had a longer or blacker cigar than his, and that few had as big a bottle of wine; many, indeed, had only a glassful, brought them by the too-friendly girl who helped to tend the bar outside; and he could see the iron rods above the stage shake, and he knew that the next act was about to begin.

There was a rattle and clang of metal, and a warrior, full-armed, sprang upon the boards. For a moment his legs swung helplessly to and fro, like a pendulum set violently going by a rude hand, then, getting the right motion, he strode across the stage. At the other side he turned, faced the audience, made a square gesture with his sword, and commenced. To Luigi the man was not mechanical, but alive, inspiring.

The speech was long, grandiose, heroic. It told of his prowess, of his deeds of valor, what he had done and what he would do, especially upon the person of his arch enemy, who was heard clanking ominously in the opposite wing. The enemy—the literally heavy villain—half as large again as the hero, now entered and spoke in turn, describing the hero as beneath contempt, but nevertheless announcing his intention of engaging him in mortal combat. Both clanked out and others entered. After many negotiations, many long speeches, in the course of which the ancestry and previous history of each was fully recounted, the battle was arranged, and the champions faced each other.

With defiant words and geometrical flourishes of their weapons, they prepared to close. Each swung back a pace and leaped at his adversary. And it was then that a dreadful thing happened. Something went wrong above; the little hero, in the act of thrusting, caught the sword behind his right ear, which he seemed to be trying furiously to cut off; while the huge champion, having pulled down a gas-fixtue as he sprang, turned and attacked vindictively the back scene, tearing to shreds the moated castle pictured upon it.

The audience hummed with excitement. Great efforts of some kind were being made above. A huge hand reached down and tried to turn the Marionettes, but could not move them. The hero kept on hewing at his ear, and the champion demolished the unoffending curtain; and the sonorous lines went on without interruption.

By this time the audience was in an uproar; the bartender, a huge man, with bare arms, stood helpless in the aisle, a bottle in each hand; the visitors at the back laughed; the child in the loggia shrieked wildly.

Luigi, in the front row, could endure it no longer; he sprang to the stage, caught the sword from the hero's ear, turned the champion on his iron pivot, and leaped aside to avoid their clash. He was back in his seat in time to see the champion go down with the hero's foot on his neck. He had been unconscious of the roar of applause at his act, and now was somewhat annoyed at the swarm of men who surrounded him, offering him wine and small black rolls.

A shrill voice attracted his attention; he looked up. The elfish child was leaning out of the loggia, gesticulating and pouring down floods of voluble Italian. He could not hear what she said, but he smiled and waved his hand to her a little sheepishly. He felt too many eyes upon him; he had to offer the men around him some of his wine; they did not interest him, and he did not wish to share it with them. The child beckoned him to come up into the loggia, but he shook his head; he knew it cost more up there; she searched in her pocket, and showed him four pieces of pink paper; there were only three people in the loggia. The men about urged him to go; she was the daughter of the manager, they said. He was glad of the escape, and bounded up the narrow stairs. Pushing past the older girls he sat down by the child. "My name is Fiametta," she said. Again they heard the clanking that announced the entrance of the Marionettes, and again Luigi was happy.

Katharine Florence Lord.

SONNET.

BRYN MAWR.

Not as some traveler from a distant land,
Returning to the quiet valley's peace,
Draws round about him there a distant band
To win, from wonders of his tale, increase
In knowledge of the world's fair wilderness—
Not so, Bryn Mawr, in quiet of the vale,
Hidden from sight of learning's strain and stress,
Dost thou reveal to us the marvelous tale.

Nay, rather, thou, our footsteps vague attending,
Wouldst lead us from the valley's grassy sod,
O'er rocky steps, by various ways, ascending
The mount of Knowledge reared by men to God;
And to us, following every loftier rise,
Reveal a wider world and deeper skies.

Elizabeth F. McKean, 1901.

VESTIGII VERITATIS.

SCENE: *The shores of a Canadian lake. It is evening, and a September sunset is shining through the trees and touching the surface of the lake with crimson. Birches stand, cool and silvery, among the pines; a few maples are already touched with scarlet. There is a frosty chill in the air and some belated wood birds are rapidly flying homeward.*

A canoe slips noiselessly up to the rude landing, and a man and girl disembark. He is of the wiry, athletic type, with a thin, brown face, sensitive, but lacking imagination. His eyes are a trustful and trustable brown, childish in their candor, and without much humor in their depths. A man of action, not words, one would say; of serious purpose, not given to flippancy, eminently dependable, but perhaps a trifle too phlegmatic. The girl is small and nervous, of uncertain age—perhaps twenty-three, perhaps less. She is dressed with innate consciousness of what will suit herself and harmonize with her surroundings; negligently, as befits a camping expedition, yet with an effect not unstudied. She appears eminently sophisticated, and her candid air is not convincing. Her eyes are intelligent, humorous, completely unreadable. Just at present she seems less serenely balanced than usual. She watches the man furtively as he pulls up the canoe and unloads the rods, fishing-baskets, camera, and so forth, with which it is burdened.

HE.—Hold this rod a moment while I turn the canoe over, will you, please?

SHE.—Now you've everything all ready for the night, haven't you? Well, don't let's go back to camp for a few moments—let's wait a second—don't you want to?

HE (*prosaically*).—We shall be late for supper as it is.

SHE (*impatiently*).—Suppose we are! Don't be horrid our last afternoon. Come, sit here, and look at that glorious light. Do you realize that our summer is over?

HE (*sitting down, not beside her, but on the upturned canoe*).—Looks cold, doesn't it? (*After a pause, during which she flashes one scornful glance in his direction.*) Are you sorry it is all over?

SHE.—How can you ask? It has been heavenly! I hate the thought of leaving all this (*with a gesture toward the sunset*) for town.

HE.—You love it because it is unusual. You'd soon tire of it, as of everything.

SHE.—How unjust! I don't tire of everything.

HE.—No? Well, perhaps "tire" isn't the word. At any rate you—pass on. Oh, I know how it is with you—you needn't speak. Given everything one wants, it soon palls.

SHE (*quaintly*).—But I haven't everything I want—both my shoe-strings are broken. (*Then seriously.*) And there are some things that would never pall.

HE.—This, for instance?

SHE (*teasingly*).—This—and you, perhaps.

HE (*glancing at her quickly*).—Please don't. It's—well, unnecessary, to say the least.

SHE (*repenting*).—Let's "reminisce," then. Do you remember the day we paddled up to Stony River?

HE.—And tipped over in the windstorm coming back.

SHE.—And you pulled me out and said: "Thank God you're safe, Edith—but where is my tobacco?"

HE.—Oh! you little—I never did.

SHE.—Don't "go a-deny-ing of it, Betsy"—it's the painful truth. I remember, if you don't. Do you remember the day we fished for trout up on Grand Maneau ridge?

HE.—Bully good fun, too. And you stepped on a snake coming down, do you remember?

SHE (*flushing a little*).—Yes—and do you happen to recall what happened then?

HE (*looking at her, a little surprised; then slowly*).—Ye-e-s. I killed the snake.

SHE (*insistently*).—Yes—but—

HE (*shortly*).—I remember. (*After a pause.*) We'd better start, don't you think so? They will wonder what has become of us. (*He rises.*)

SHE (*hurriedly*).—Oh, yes! We'd better—how dark it's growing! You—you don't suppose there are any *snakes*, do you?

HE (*dropping the camera with a crash*).—Edith, why do you say such things?

SHE (*slowly*).—I don't know—to see what will happen, perhaps.

HE (*shortly*).—Haven't you yet discovered that I have some self-control?

SHE (*whimsically*).—But something *did* happen—that time.

HE.—Edith, I think you must have Indian blood in your veins.

SHE.—Perhaps I have. I do like to see people wriggle—just a little.

HE.—Well, I'm just a mere man, I suppose, and I don't understand the amusement of torture.

SHE (*softly*).—Do you care so much?

HE (*looking at her for a moment, then coldly*).—Will you take the trail, Edith, or shall I go ahead?

SHE (*eagerly*).—Forgive me—won't you?

HE (*gently*).—Nothing to forgive, dear. It's not your fault, I suppose.

SHE.—Yes, it is my fault! No—it isn't—that is, I don't know—

HE (*keenly*).—Edith, what is it?

SHE (*forlornly*).—Oh, nothing. That is, I can't explain—you'd not understand.

HE (*hastily putting down the rugs, rods, and so forth, which he has gathered up, and going over to her*).—Why, little girl, what is the matter? Edith, do you mean—

SHE (*jumping up*).—No, don't! You don't know me! You think you do, and you love the me you think you know. It's not the real me at all. The real me is cruel, and conceited and altogether different. You don't know how horrid I am. Now, when I said that about the snakes—I just did it to hurt you—to feel my power by hurting you, just because I knew I *could*; because I am vain—utterly. I'm not worthy of your love.

HE (*gruffly*).—*You* not worthy—why, Edith, you know I'm not good enough to tie your shoestrings! If that's all that worries you—

SHE.—But don't you *mind* my wanting to hurt you? It was pure vanity—

HE (*a little puzzled*).—Why, it doesn't make any difference, dear.

SHE.—Oh, yes, but it *does*. That's just it! How can you care for me when you know I'm only a heartless flirt?

HE.—Heartless—flirt! Then you don't mean—you mean you don't care—after all?

SHE.—Care? I wonder what that means.

HE (*very quietly*).—I beg your pardon, Edith. I misunderstood you.

SHE (*irresolutely*).—I wonder what it means?

(*Arrested by something in her tone, he looks sharply at her*).

SHE.—I wonder if it means—this? (*She holds out her hands to him*.)

HE (*con fortezza*).—Edith!

(*An interval elapses; then—*)

HE.—What made you keep me in suspense so long, Edith?

SHE (*laughing*).—I wasn't quite sure—and then I liked to see you wriggle, you know.

HE.—Little Indian! You do like it, I believe. Well, you shall never see me wriggle again, unless for pure joy.

SHE.—Well, that's just as much fun as the other. The wriggling is the point, you see—and the fact that I cause it.

HE (*puzzled*).—I see—I suppose. Do you make marionettes of all the world?

SHE.—Oh, no! Just certain people—very, very nice ones.

HE.—Poor others! They haven't done any of the joyful squirming—which makes up for the rest.

SHE (*capriciously*).—How do you know they haven't?

HE.—Don't say such things, dear, even in jest.

SHE (*suddenly rising and looking out over the lake, where the last glow has died out and a faint mist is beginning to rise*).—What would you say—what would you think—if there had been—others?

HE (*seriously*).—Don't tease me, Edith, dear.

SHE (*with nervous force*).—What would you think? I insist upon knowing.

HE.—I don't like to think of such a possibility. But if there *had*, I should think that they—had been uncommonly lucky for a little while.

SHE.—And I—what of me?

HE.—And you—unfortunate, in having made the mistake.

SHE.—The mistake!

HE.—What's up, Edith? You look actually upset over these silly imaginings. It's getting dark—I've kept you too long in the damp. Here, put this over you, and let's start back. (*He puts a sweater over her shoulders, but she shakes him off convulsively*.)

SHE.—Oh, what have I done?

HE (*anxiously*).—Done, dear? Why you've made me the happiest man this side the world—isn't that enough? You're not sorry, are you?

SHE.—“The happiest man”—but I had no *right*.

HE.—No right? What do you mean? You're overdone, Edith, and a bit hysterical.

SHE.—Don't pity me! Oh, I told you I was horrid, but you wouldn't believe me—and to think that I—

HE (*trying to soothe her*).—Oh, come now, Edith. Tell me about it.

SHE.—I can't—don't ask me. Please—try to forgive me, but don't love me any more.

HE (*smiling in spite of her tragic air*).—That's easier to say than to do. What is the awful crime? Come, confess and be forgiven.

SHE.—*Don't* make light of it! How can you? Who is cruel now?

HE.—I'm sorry. I did not realize. What is the trouble?

SHE.—How can I tell you? You couldn't understand. Why I—the others—

HE.—*What* others?

SHE.—Ah, that hurts! And yet you can't hate me more than I do myself.

HE.—Edith, tell me the truth.

SHE.—Yes, I must. Well, they—some of them—wriggled for joy—just a little.

HE (*puzzled*).—You mean, you have been engaged before?

SHE.—Ah, no, no! Can't you understand? I never cared as much as that for any of them. but—

HE.—You played with them. I see. (*Then, as something slowly dawns on him.*) With them—and with me?

SHE (*impulsively*).—No! not with you. You *must* not think that.

(*A pause, during which she absently ties and unties the boat cord, looking up, finally, to find him staring out into the gathering mist.*)

HE (*gently*).—Come, we must go back. It is almost dark.

SHE.—Ah—is that all you will say?

HE.—There isn't anything to say. I don't believe I quite understand.

SHE.—No, how could you? But don't think the very worst of me. I did not mean to make them care, indeed, I did *not*. But when I saw they did—when I felt my power—oh, it was irresistible. I had to use it.

HE.—But for what possible end?

SHE.—What end? Does power have to have an *end*? It, in itself, is the means, and the end, and all. Every one wants it and works for it, consciously or unconsciously. What did Napoleon want—land, wealth—an empire? Nonsense! he wanted power, just like you and me. What do you want, when you work for months over one line of argument but power—the power to make those “twelve good men and true” dance to your piping? (*Shortly.*) Well, I wanted it, too—my own kind of power—over those men. I wanted to feel that whatever good they did was done for me; that when I smiled it gave them strength, and when I frowned they were miserable.

HE (*after a pause*).—I think I see. But you must have known that—in the end—it could mean nothing but pain for them.

SHE.—I knew it, and knowing, I kept on. That is why I hate myself—why you must hate me.

HE.—No, not that. (*After a moment.*) Are—do all women do that?

SHE (*desperately*).—No, don't think it. Some are just as fair and true as—as some men. And others are like—me.

(*He makes an involuntary gesture of dissent.*)

SHE.—Ah, can't you understand?

HE.—Yes, I think I do, quite.

SHE.—No, don't say it. You who are all truth and honor—too strong to be anything but gentle. How could you understand any motive so selfish? But *I am* selfish, I told you so. Can't you forgive me?

HE.—I have nothing to forgive, Edith. You should ask *them*.

SHE.—But I don't care about all the others! I wanted only admiration—flattery—from them.

HE.—“All the others”! Are there so many?

SHE.—Oh, no! Not very many—

HE.—And did they—do they all hope to—to win you?

SHE.—No—to some I said it wasn't of any use. (*After a pause, drearily.*) Well, I see it is useless. I could not expect you to understand—I should not want you to be able to. Let us go back to camp—they're sounding the moose-call for us—listen!

HE (*slowly*).—Stop a moment, Edith. I am not as utterly dull and unsympathetic as I seem. I suppose a man can never understand a woman, at least that's what we are told. Her virtues are much too high for him to comprehend; he can only worship. And the faults, well, they're different,

you see. Of course, I need not pretend that you didn't surprise—yes—and hurt me a lot when you told me that. I suppose there was never a man yet that didn't think the woman he loved an angel; and when he finds she isn't quite that—well, it stuns him, at first. But something came to me, as I listened to you, and it's this: We're very young and very foolish, and we fall in love with each other—think each other perfect. And then we marry and—well, no one *is* perfect, and the awakening must come some day—No! don't stop me. Let me finish—I know I'm not clever, as you are; but I think I see this very clearly. And when the awakening does come, and a man finds that the woman he has worshipped is only human after all, if he has any sense he doesn't stop loving her—he loves her all the more, because she needs him more—needs his love more. Well, my awakening has come a little sooner, that's all. I *was* stunned, for a moment. But then I realized what a prig I was, demanding perfection from you, when heaven knows I'm only average—if not below it. So if you can forgive *me*—(*he pauses and looks at her for a moment*). Edith, one thing. Did you mean it when you came to me, or was that only playing?

SHE.—I meant it—I mean it.

HE.—My queen—for always!

(*Far away the moose-call faintly: O-o-oh! F-oo-oo-l!*)

Grace Douglas, 1902.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIMENT.

John William Smith was not a college man, but that did not keep him from making all sorts of sporadic efforts to improve his mind. He was unmarried and alone, in a city where he had no friends and no outside interest but his work. As he had little money to spend on theatre-going and clubs, and dinner invitations were to him as rare as four-leafed clovers, he usually passed his evenings in reading; and his "bachelor quarters," which consisted of the third-floor hall bedroom in an East Side boarding-house, were always littered with an array of books that he had seen advertised, or that had been recommended to him.

Of all the learned subjects that he grappled with, he liked psychology the best. Chemistry was too exact—it pinned one down too much; philosophy interfered with his religious convictions; all the political writers that he had sounded held ideas that he qualified as "absolutely mistaken," while his botanical researches had been cut prematurely short by a park policeman. In psychology alone he felt that he had found not only an antidote for his spirit's unrest, but a laudable and worthy evening pastime for a member of the Y. M. C. A. Psychology hit the mark. To be sure, one had to look up a good many words, but there were compensations. It sounded well to be reading psychology; it was much cheaper than the opera as a means of acquiring conversational material (for the rare occasions when he needed it); it assisted spiritual development—at least John William thought it did; and lastly, it was gratifying to one's intellectual *amour-propre*; for if the author of any particular work happened on one page to make a statement that conflicted with one's own views, he was almost sure to contradict it on the next—that is, by the light of John William's tolerant interpretations.

John William had come to Mr. James' chapter on "The Will," and it amazed him that Mr. James should hold that all that was necessary in willing to do a thing was to fill one's mind brim full of the notion of the thing, and drive out all conflicting notions. Long after John was tucked away in his narrow folding-bed, with the light out, he pondered on certain sentences, and finally could not forbear getting up and reading them again.

"In all this the determining condition of the unhesitating and restless sequence of the act seems to be the absence of any conflicting notion in the mind.

"Movement is the natural immediate effect of the process of feeling.

"Try to feel as if you were crooking your finger whilst keeping it straight," then "drop the idea that it is not really moving, think purely and simply of the movement, and presto! it takes place with no effort at all."

"That's a funny idea!" said John William half aloud. "By Jove, I'll try it to-morrow, and see how it works!"

"What the deuce is the matter with Smith?" growled old Cutter, the head teller at the "Plumbers' and Gasfitters' Bank," the next morning. "I saw him dropping dimes into an ink-well with his eyes shut, and clipping the ends of his moustache with the stamp-scissors. He must have been working overtime lately. We'll have him in Bloomingdale before the month's out."

"I don't know," simpered a blonde young clerk. "Look, he's going out to luncheon!" Smith *was* going out, but not by the usual way. The large windows had been opened on account of the heat, and where the iron grating did not come quite to the sill, in the little space in which the janitor's wife always shook her duster, there was just room for Smith's slender body to squeeze through and—in another second he had reached the sidewalk in safety, having providentially selected the ground floor for his exploit. The head teller rushed after him, but John William had just cleared the corner. He was walking on air.

"Think purely and simply of the movement and, presto! it takes place with no effort at all," he repeated to himself. "It's perfectly true," he mused. "No matter what crazy thing I happen to think of, all I have to do is to fix my mind on it, and it's done before I know it. It would be rather a bad thing if I should think of picking that man's pocket, now, wouldn't it? I couldn't help myself if I once got to thinking about it." He began to perspire with the horror of the thought, but in another moment he reached the lunch-counter door, and temporarily gave over psychological speculation.

That night, as John William put on his coat to go home, his feeling of satisfaction in the success of his novel experiment was tempered with a slight uneasiness.

"Whatever's the matter with you?" Lacey, one of his fellow-clerks, was saying. "I'll give you this for a straight tip: the old chap's got his eye on you, and you'd better quit your funny business. 'We'll have to look into his case.'—that's just what he said, didn't he, Travers?" Travers nodded ominously, but John William, hot in the pursuit of science, merely wrung a hand of each in silence, and walked rapidly away.

As he went up Thirteenth street, he kept thinking of new things to do, but none of them appealed to his fancy until, just as he turned into Broadway, the idea of walking sideways occurred to him. Immediately he proceeded, according to directions, to fill his mind with the idea, or rather with as much of it as his mind would hold, and to banish all conflicting ideas; and he soon found himself facing the middle of the street and proceeding sideways at a delightfully rapid rate, every one getting out of his way.

"Oh, my baby! my baby!" cried a woman's voice, as he stumbled against something soft, but—on—on—!

"Get off my feet, you crazy idiot!" said a voice. People were evidently beginning to "take notice," and he diminished his speed a little.

John William had a good deal of moral courage, but it had never yet carried him beyond the limits of the law, and when he saw a policeman only a few yards away, glaring ominously at him, and beginning to walk toward him at no moderate pace, he was genuinely frightened. Under the circumstances, he felt that he was justified in walking as fast as the policeman did, and resuming his normal position at right angles to the middle of the street. Coming just then to a convenient corner, he thought he would get himself out of his unpleasant situation by running a little way, and turning down an alley. He had done nothing wrong that he should flee from justice, but it was late, and he wished to end the pursuit and eat some hot corned beef and prune sauce in case his landlady had had any put away for him.

He was much surprised when he heard several people running after him, and—yes—actually some one called "Thief! Thief!" For an instant he thought of stopping and giving himself up, but his mind was full of the idea of running—he had just self-possession enough to note that—and for some reason he found it surprisingly easy to keep out all conflicting ideas. He found the alley, and it was a much dirtier, darker, and more generally disreputable place than he had imagined. People looked at him oddly from doorways, but no one offered to interfere. On—on he went. He

turned at an angle, stumbled, and fell heavily. Painfully he got up, assisted forcibly by a pair of rough hands, and he saw that he was in the midst of a crowd. The policeman was not in sight. Our hero had never seen such evil-looking people—men, women and boys—and their mode of proceeding was, he thought, very strange. Instead of handcuffing him, as he had expected, they gagged him and carried him bodily into a neighboring cellar.

“Wot yer got?” said he who seemed to be the leader. “Out wid de swag an’ fork over—no nonsense!” John William held out his scratched and empty hands in sign of protest; but it was of no use.

“Quick, now, or over yer go!” said another. “Didn’ we save yer from de cop?” In response to these and other equally unintelligible but terrifying assurances, John William feebly reached into his pocket and handed out his watch and chain, his silver match-box and his week’s wages.

An hour afterward he found himself walking rather shakily up the narrow street toward his boarding-house. He has given up the study of psychology now, and has taken temporarily to light literature, which is, after all, he has decided, just as cheap and just as useful for his conversational purposes.

Mary Rutter Towle, '99.

COLLEGIANA.

THE STUDENTS' BUILDING.

IN the spring of 1900, the idea was suggested of erecting a *Students' Building*, where we could act our plays, and hold our various graduate and undergraduate functions. In order to discuss the plan, a great mass meeting was held in the Gymnasium, on March 8.

Various people spoke of our need for such a building, for a more adequate stage, a larger dining-room, and accommodations for alumnæ. Prospective plans were discussed, and the enthusiastic meeting turned to the consideration of raising the requisite funds. Several plans were suggested, before Mrs. Charles M. Andrews proposed the idea of reviving, on the Campus, the Old English May-day revels, the pageants, the masques and the dances. The originality of the plan and its artistic possibilities appealed to every one, and the proposition was instantly accepted. Mrs. Andrews was made the Chairman of an Executive Committee, and the work for the great May-day Fête began.

At three o'clock, on the first day of May, the festival opened with a grand pageant, which came through Pembroke Arch, and wound its way to the May-pole green. There the poles were planted, and the May queen crowned. After the May-pole dance all separated to their individual festivities: *The St. George Play*, *The Arraignment of Paris*, *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, etc.; and the program of the afternoon began.

The results of the Fête were highly successful. After the May-poles were down, and Robin Hood's band dispersed, the committee cast up accounts, and found the net proceeds were \$5,243.18, which became the nucleus of the Students' Building Fund. This amount was rapidly increased, as follows:

From May-day Fête	\$5,243 18
“ Photographs of Fête	68 94
“ “Lantern”	175 00
“ 1900	200 00
“ 1901	435 00
“ 1903	102 00
“ Contributions	93 00
Interest on Deposits	49 66
	<hr/>
	\$6,360 78
Paid for Printing	9 80
	<hr/>
Balance, October 1.....	\$6,350 98

In the autumn the Executive Committee decided to publish a Bryn Mawr Calendar, which was designed by Miss Smith and Miss Green, two Philadelphia artists, and was illustrated by scenes from college life. The Calendars were sold for one dollar each, and the proceeds from them amounted to \$1,045.29, which increased the fund to \$7,402.27. With the addition of promised contributions—from the Class of 1900, \$345; from the Class of 1903, \$1,000, and individual contributions of \$318.50—the Students' Building Fund at present (March 1) is \$9,065.77.

The plans for the Students' Building are not yet completed. It will contain a large auditorium, with a stage, dressing-rooms, and a gallery, a reading-room, committee rooms, rooms for the *Philistine* and *Lantern*, alumnae bedrooms, and a large dining-hall, which will allow of being divided into separate parts for different class suppers to be held at the same time.

A. K.

* * *

BRYN MAWR STORIES.

IN collecting and publishing these stories of student life at Bryn Mawr, the editors of this little volume have accomplished a difficult and rather perilous task. For being, as the preface asserts, Bryn Mawr's first effort at self-expression, it must run the gamut of criticism not only from the alumnae and undergraduate body of the College, but also from the outside world.

The chief importance of these tales is the impression that they will give of Bryn Mawr to the world without. To any one who has lived at the College any stories of life there must be at least inadequate; and any attempt to portray the atmosphere of the place almost futile. Life at Bryn Mawr, to be understood or appreciated, must be experienced. Therefore the worth of these stories must be proved by their success not with the students and lovers of Bryn Mawr College, but with the outer world; which, if not wholly indifferent, is still more or less in ignorance of Bryn Mawr.

To the prejudiced undergraduate mind, these stories seem perhaps a trifle too serious in tone. The editors remark in their preface "that college life is not dramatic, and college stories have no great dramatic interest." This of course is true, but college life is undoubtedly abounding in fun and amusement of the best and most wholesome kind, and this phase of life at Bryn Mawr has been left rather in the background. True, Bryn Mawr has rather a fancy for assuming a strictly academic air when public gaze is turned upon her; true, we pride ourselves upon our high standard of work, and look on the mere idler with scorn, if not with entire intolerance. But after all, one is inclined to question the assumption that deciphering Assyrian cylinders or even winning the European Fellowship is the *summum bonum* of four years at Bryn Mawr; and one doubts that the average undergraduate, or indeed, an intelligent graduate student, would indulge in a conversation like the following:

"Did you hear Hilda on Marius at dinner?" she inquired drowsily. "She said if he hadn't stopped to bury his dead"—

"She's quite right. He is very beautiful but all wrong, you know. The supreme end of living—"

"Is fullness of life," cut in Sydney. "That's an axiom, like the being of a feeling is its being felt, or about the *esse* of a thing's being *percepti*. Any way, he had it, fullness of life. But it lands you in the Uebermeusch, just the same, and *he* is a brute."

"Mechanically Esther murmured: 'Nonsense, the Uebermeusch is the Magnanimous Man, essentially.'"

"He's not a bit. Anyway, I don't believe you can work out equations like that," replied Sydney. ". . . 'I don't think the Magnanimous Man is the opposite of Marius, and I know he isn't the same as the Uebermeusch, even temperamentally. He risked greatly for great ends: Marius never risked at all, but the Uebermeusch is always chancing it, for no particular reason. He doesn't go in for final causes, does he? Please, between them I prefer the Aristotelian—but not to know personally; it's bound to end in hardness.'"

"In the last analysis, your soul's your own," declared Esther.

"Ah! but it isn't! It's every one's else, in the last analysis.'"

Although some lighter touches are introduced in "Catharine's Career" and "In May-time," Bryn Mawr stories represent for the most part but one phase of Bryn Mawr life—the more serious, subdued, sober-minded foundation which underlies the fun and folly that make college life dear to us and interesting to others. Perhaps, however, it is best that in her first self-revelation Bryn Mawr should indicate the firm foundation on which her other virtues build. And having made our first appearance on the stage in scholastic garb, perhaps others may be encouraged to raise the curtain upon a Bryn Mawr robbed of her mortar-board and gown. On the whole, we are sincerely glad that Bryn Mawr has taken the first step toward self-expression; and we feel that much credit is due to those *alumnæ* through whose efforts the book has been produced.

G. D., 1902.

* * *

THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

THE "Association of Bryn Mawr College Students" that has been formed this year has for its object "to unite all former and present students of the college for the purpose of dealing with matters of common interest only." It has arisen to satisfy a need felt in connection with the work of the Students' Building Committee, the need for an association to which can be referred such matters of common interest as do not fall within the separate provinces of the *Alumnæ* Association, the Graduate Club or the Undergraduate Association. The Students' Association is in no way a federation of these three, even though to obviate the difficulty of holding elections the offices of President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer are held by the respective Presidents of these three bodies. Their duties are chiefly formal, from the nature of the Association, which, as an authoritative assembly of students, both past and present, can thus legitimately organize committees and authorize

their work. Not only does the Students' Association thus fulfil a practical purpose, but it will undoubtedly have an additional value in promoting closer contact between the alumnæ and the student body, and in affording former students who have not taken the A. B. degree an opportunity of keeping in closer touch with the interests of the College.

M. S., 1901.

* * *

THE BRYN MAWR CLUB.

THE Bryn Mawr Club, New York City, is now in its fourth year. During the first two years the club rented a very small room in Seventeenth street, where fortnightly meetings were held. Then this room was given up, and for one winter the meetings took place in the houses of members. In September, 1900, an apartment at 138 East Fortieth street was rented. Three members live here; there is sleeping room for one other person, and any member may lodge at the club for a short time,—one or two nights. Members and their friends may have luncheon at the club; and the front room is at the disposal of members at any time for the common uses of a club-room. Members have availed themselves of these privileges so constantly as to indicate that the club has sufficient hold on its members to insure permanency and growth. The intention of the Club is purely social, with no immediate object beyond promoting good-fellowship; at the same time it is believed that a college club is a means of sustaining college interests, and it is hoped that eventually, by its character and the size of its membership, the Bryn Mawr Club may be of use, at least indirectly, to Bryn Mawr College.

On Wednesday afternoons tea is made in the club-room by a member appointed by the House Committee, and the attendance at these informal social meetings has been large in proportion to the number of resident members. In December a reception was arranged by the House Committee, to which members invited their friends outside the club. In January, during the Christmas recess of the college, another reception was given to fifty undergraduates in or near New York for the vacation. In February the first annual dinner was held in the club-house, with thirty-four members present. President Thomas, who is an honorary member, was the guest of honor.

S. F., '95.

* * *

THE CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.

THE object of the Conference Committee is to increase a spirit of union, and to prevent estrangement between the Alumnæ, the Graduate School and the Undergraduate Association.

The Committee is composed of four undergraduates, and the president of the Undergraduate Association, *ex-officio*. This Committee meets informally every three or four weeks with committees from the Graduate School and Alumnæ Association,

to discuss matters of general welfare. These meetings are of value in enabling Graduates, Undergraduates and Alumnae to learn and understand each other's opinions, and so to gain a broader and more comprehensive view of the various current topics of interest in the college throughout the year.

M. B. J., 1902.

* * *

THE COLLEGE SETTLEMENT CHAPTER.

THE Local Chapter of the College Settlement Association has done much the same work during the year 1900-01 as in former years. But with the growth of the college and the increased number of students it has been found necessary to increase its organization somewhat. This has been done by the formation of three committees, which have greatly assisted the officers. These are the Committee of Speakers, the Committee on Saturday Morning Games and the Committee of Collectors.

The Saturday morning games have never been so well attended before. The committee has arranged for a certain number of students to go in to Philadelphia to the Settlement regularly on Saturday mornings, which is an assistance to the Settlement workers, and which brings the students in close touch with the aims and work of the Settlement. There have been so many volunteers that it has not been necessary for any one student to go in more than once or twice a month, and so there has been no interference with her college work.

Some members of the Class of 1903 played *The Loan of a Lyre* in the Gymnasium early in the fall, for the benefit of the Settlement, and with the proceeds from this play the remainder of the bill for the Bryn Mawr Fireplace was paid. It is earnestly desired that some appropriate motto be hung over the fireplace, to indicate that it is Bryn Mawr's gift.

By far the most important work undertaken by the Chapter this year was the starting of an Economic Reading Club, under the direction of the local Chapter. It has had a modest and insignificant beginning, but it is sincerely to be hoped that it will grow in time, and find its place among the college institutions. The chapter felt that the study of current reforms and applied sociology was necessary to the college student, but did not properly belong to the curriculum. The Economic Club was founded to fill that need. The club has held several informal meetings in the Denbigh Students' Parlor, and has been addressed by Dr. SAMUEL M. LINDSAY, of the University of Pennsylvania, on the *Social Problems in America*, and by Mr. WILLIAM BENSON on *The Community House in the South*.

M. P., 1901.

* * *

THE GRADUATE CLUB.

THE general work of the Graduate Club has been carried on this year as usual. There have been informal meetings held in the club-rooms, addressed by members of the college faculty, and one formal meeting, at which the address was made by Professor DANA C. MUNRO, of the University of Pennsylvania. In

addition to these, a reception was given by the Faculty to the members of the Club, and another by the Senior Class.

At the annual meeting of the Federation of Graduate Clubs, Miss LAIRD, the Bryn Mawr delegate, read a paper on *Where Does Graduate Work Begin?* Miss Laird was appointed Corresponding Secretary of the Federation. Through the courtesy of the College, the Club was enabled to entertain the delegates to the Federation. One session was held in Taylor Hall, and was followed by a reception in Denhigh.

According to the usual custom, tea has been served in the club-rooms four times a week during the year.

At the informal meetings, the speakers have been as follows:

President THOMAS on *Women in Graduate Work*.

Dr. ALBERT SEBING on *The Search for Novelty in Fiction*.

Dr. J. C. HOPPIN on *Greek Vases*.

Dr. J. H. LEUBA on *Psychology of Religion*.

At the formal meeting, the address was by Dr. DANA C. MUNRO, of the University of Pennsylvania, on *Student Life in Paris in the Thirteenth Century*.

A song recital, at which Mr. Henri Scott, of Philadelphia, was the soloist, was given to the Senior Class.

Marie Reimer.

* * *

CHRISTIAN UNION.

THERE have been several very important changes in the work of the Christian Union, which have led to increased interest on the part of the students. The meetings of the association, formerly held Sunday mornings, in the Gymnasium, are now held on Wednesday, alternating with the Wednesday evening meetings, under the auspices of the college. In this way the attendance has been very greatly increased, and the meetings themselves have been more stimulating. Another change was made in putting the election of officers within the first four weeks of the second semester. The reason for doing this was to give the incoming President and Executive Board more time to arrange the work for the coming year than could be had when the elections were held in May.

The work of the Union has gone on successfully, in spite of the great loss felt by the absence on account of illness of the President, Helen Stewart, 1902. The various committees have carried on their work along the usual lines, though in the case of the Philanthropic Committee, additional work has been taken up in the formation of a Sunday School for the maids in the halls. This has not interfered with the educational classes for the maids carried on on week-days, and the reading to the patients in the Bryn Mawr Hospital has been conducted as before. The Membership Committee was greatly aided in its work by a hand-book sent to the members of the entering class, explaining the work of the Union, and giving other information of college interests. The membership has been increased from 170 to 215. The Bible study work has been arranged, as before, in classes—four for the under-

graduates and one for the graduates. It is gratifying to see an increase in the attendance over that of last year. The Missionary Committee attended to the sending of a Christmas box to the school of the Crow Indian Agency, which has been done for several years. It also collected contributions to the amount of \$100.30 to aid in the support of Miss Tsudo's School for Girls in Tokyo, Japan. The Mission Study Class has met on Sunday mornings in the Gymnasium. The leader for the first semester was Grace Albert, '97, who conducted a most interesting course on China and its present outlook. During the second semester the class is taking up the study of South America, under the leadership of Fanny Sinclair, 1901.

The Union has been addressed this year by the following speakers: Mrs. WEITZEL on *The Advantages of Mission Study*; Mrs. HOWARD TAYLOR on her work in China, MISS ABBY KIRK on *Miss Tsudo's Work in Japan*, and Mrs. GULICK on *The Educational Condition of Girls in Spain*.

F. S. S., 1901.

* * *

THE PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB.

THE formal meetings of the Philosophical Club during the year 1900-01 have been very successful, as is shown by the large and enthusiastic audiences which have heard the following speakers:

Professor GEORGE STUART FULLERTON. Subject, *Philosophy and Life*.

Professor JAMES E. CREIGHTON. Subject, *Idealism as a Philosophical Standpoint*.

Professor EDWARD A. PACE. Subject, *Spirit of Scholastic Philosophy*.

Professor EDMUND BURKE DELABARRE. Subject, *Is a Causally Determined Will Morally Unfree?*

Professor R. M. WENBY. Subject, *Philosophy of Religion, Origins and Present Position*.

Professor JOSIAH ROYCE gave the last lecture of the year.

M. R., 1901.

* * *

THE DE REBUS CLUB.

THE object of the De Rebus Club is to bring to the college speakers on various topics of general interest which do not come within the range of the other more specific clubs in the college.

The club was organized six years ago, and has been very successful within its necessarily small limits. There is no permanent fund and there are no annual dues; so that the club depends entirely upon what the College is able to grant it to carry on its work. In spite of this handicap, which practically excludes all paid speakers, the club has been able to procure each year five or six well-known speakers to address the students.

This year all the meetings of the club have been well attended, and a great interest shown in the speakers and their subjects. The committee was particularly fortunate, during the week preceding the Presidential election, in securing two speakers representing the two parties of the campaign.

It is to be hoped that the club may be able to keep up its work in future years with the same success which it has had heretofore, for it has been found to fill a real need of the college.

The speakers this year have been:

Mr. HERBERT WELSH, editor of *City and State*, on *The Presidential Campaign*.

Mr. J. F. JOHNSON, of the University of Pennsylvania, on *The Presidential Campaign*.

Mr. C. R. ASHBEE, of England, on *The National Trust*.

Mr. H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR, on *Molière*.

Mr. J. S. CROSWELL, on *The By-Products in the Educational Process*.

Mr. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

E. R. C., 1901.

* * *

THE MONDAY EVENING DEBATING CLUB.

THE Monday Evening Debating Club, organized in the spring of 1899, has been continued this year with great success. The club membership is limited to sixteen, and all members of the Class of 1902 are eligible. The aim of the club is, secondarily, to foster an interest in the absorbing questions of the day, but chiefly to give its members the self-possession in speaking and clear logical way of thinking, so necessary to a well-rounded education. Among the subjects debated upon this year were the following:

Resolved, That England was justified in demanding political rights from the Boers for the Uitlanders.

Resolved, That it is for the best interests of the United States that the neutrality of the Nicaragua Canal should be preserved.

Resolved, That territorial expansion beyond the limits of the American Continent is for the best interests of the United States.

E. T. L., 1902.

* * *

THE MUSIC COMMITTEE.

THE Music Committee has already been the recipient of one gift this year, and is expecting another in the spring. Mr. Cortlandt Palmer very kindly gave his services to the Committee in November for a delightful piano recital. Through his generosity the Committee was enabled to secure better artists than before: Mr. Palmer's recital, two concerts by the Kneisel Quartet and a song recital by Madame Schumann-Heinck. Madame Schumann-Heinck was especially pleased with Bryn Mawr College—so much so that she has promised to give the Committee a benefit recital in May, after her engagement with Mr. Grau.

Were the success of the cause of music at Bryn Mawr dependent only upon the interest of the students there would be no difficulty in making the concerts secure financially. However, this year no trouble is anticipated, by reason of the two gifts above mentioned.

E. D. L. L., 1901.

* * *

THE SUNDAY EVENING MEETING.

THE Sunday Evening Meetings occupy a unique place in the affections of all students of Bryn Mawr College. In them all meet together earnestly and reverently to discuss the various ethical and religious doubts and questions of this little college world. Each student, *ipso facto*, is a member of the Sunday Evening Meeting, and each has the privilege of adding, during the moments of silence after the formal address, her own words of encouragement and enlightenment on the different perplexing subjects that arise, and thus all are broadened and made to think earnestly for themselves about the more solemn problems of conduct and life.

H. J. C., 1902.

* * *

GLEE AND MANDOLIN CLUBS.

THE annual concert of the Glee and Mandolin Clubs was given in the College Gymnasium on Friday evening, March 15. In precision, quality and artistic balancing of parts, the chorus showed a distinct advance on former years. Credit for this is due, not only to the club, for its careful and intelligent work, but also in large part to the Musical Director, Mr. Selden Miller, for the thorough training he has given the club, and to the leadership of Miss Helen Robinson. Their part of the program consisted in four old British songs, several songs of Mendelssohn, and the Spinning Song, from the *Flying Dutchman*. The Mandolin Club, under the leadership of Miss Rosalie James, played several compositions by Victor Herbert, Rosey and Curti most delightfully, doing much credit to Mr. Lapetina's admirable training. They played with spirit, and won much applause and several encores. The soloists of the evening were Miss Chauvenet, who sang the part of Dame Mary in the Spinning Chorus, and Miss Nannie Adair, who played some of the piano compositions of Nevin and Grieg.

One feature of the Glee Club program, the old British songs, while delightful in itself, is illustrative of a dearth in the popular music of the day—that is, the dearth of any considerable literature suitable for a girls' glee club. This lack, of course, necessitates falling back on old songs for popular numbers on the program. It would be of advantage for Bryn Mawr to compile a song-book, containing college, classical and popular songs suitable for glee club use. Why could not the students co-operate by writing new songs other than those of the facetious type that have been so in vogue of late?

After Easter the Glee Club sings at sunset on the Senior steps.

M. R. W., 1903.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

THE athletic interests of the college during the year 1900-01 have, as usual, centred about basket-ball. Last spring before the championship games there was unusual excitement and enthusiasm, but they resulted, as had, indeed, been expected, in the victory of 1900, due, no doubt, to superior team-work developed by four years' hard practice. Besides these interclass games, there have been two between the Alumnæ and Undergraduates.

Moreover, this year has been remarkable from the point of view of things athletic in that it has produced our first game of intercollegiate basket-ball. On Saturday, November 3, the 'Varsity team met and defeated the visiting team from Barnard College. The game itself was an innovation. In the first place, it was played in the Gymnasium; in the second place, the number of players on the team was restricted to five, on account of which the entire style of play had to be changed. In spite of the disadvantages thus occasioned, however, the team, in speed and skill, surpassed the work of the well-trained, well-coached class teams, and was able to defeat Barnard by a score of 22-0.

In addition to this increased interest in basket-ball, a new impetus has been given to tennis. Leslie Appleton Knowles, 1900, presented to the Athletic Association a silver cup to be held by the winner of the fall tournament. If the cup is won three years in succession by one person it is to become her property, and if, having won it once, she leaves college before she has won it the necessary number of times, she may come back and defend it. The winner of the cup this year is Jean Butler Clark, 1902.

The winter months have been filled by the skating. We have been unusually fortunate in having a long season, and, as a consequence, the sport is becoming popular. But the growth of its popularity is slow, as is that of athletic interests in general, and it is to be hoped that, with the increase in the number of the students at the college, that of those taking an active part in athletics will be enlarged also.

B. M. S., 1901.

* * *

LECTURERS before the college during the year 1900-01:

Mr. JAMES WOOD, founder's lectures, on *Quaker Principles of Church Government* and *Quaker Freedom of Thought*.

Mr. LOUIS DYER, of Oxford, on *Recent Discoveries in Crete—the Labyrinth*.

Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, of London, on *Famous Men and Women with Whom I Have Conversed During the Last Fifty Years*.

* * *

COLLEGE Preachers for the year 1900-01:

Professor GEORGE A. BARTON, Bryn Mawr College.

The Rev. JOHN P. PETERS, D. D., of St. Michael's Episcopal Church, New York City.

The Rev. CHARLES WOOD, D. D., Second Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia.

The Rev. LANGDON C. STEWARDSON, D. D., Professor of Philosophy and Chaplain of Lehigh University.

The Rev. ROBERT E. SPEER, Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church.

The Rev. J. O. S. HUNTINGDON, Superior of the House of the Holy Cross, Westminster, Md.

The Rev. ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON, D. D., of Philadelphia.

Mrs. F. HOWARD TAYLOR, of the China Inland Mission, Shanghai.

The Rev. CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL, D. D., President of Union Theological Seminary.

The Rev. ALFRED G. MORTIMER, D. D., Rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia.

Mr. CHARLES RHODES, Haddonfield, New Jersey.

The Rev. WILLIAM REED HUNTINGDON, D. D., Rector of Grace Church, New York.

* * *

BRYN MAWR CLUB.

- *Board of Directors.*

President—SUSAN FOWLER, '95.

Vice President and Treasurer—MARIE L. MINOR, '94.

Recording Secretary—MARY F. HOYT, '99.

Corresponding Secretary—HILDA LOINES, 1900.

Chairman of House Committee—ELSA BOWMAN, '96.

Chairman of Committee on Admissions—MARY GERTRUDE FROST, '97.

ELEANOR ANDERSON, 1900.

S. F., '95.

* * *

GRADUATE CLUB.

President—MARIE REIMER.

Vice-President—MARY ISABEL NORTHWAY.

Secretary—AMELIA C. SMITH.

Treasurer—KATE NILES MORSE.

Executive Committee— $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{ELIZABETH MARY PERKINS, 1900.} \\ \text{MARY INDA HUSSEY.} \\ \text{WINONA A. HUGHES.} \end{array} \right.$

* * *

PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB

President—MARION REILLY.

Vice-President and Treasurer—EMILY REDMOND CROSS.

Secretary—CAROLINE SEYMOUR DANIELS.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President—BERTHA MARGARET LAWS, 1901.
Secretary—ELIZABETH LYON, 1902.
Vice-President and Treasurer—GRACE MEIGS, 1903.
Indoor Manager—ALICE DILLINGHAM, 1901.
Outdoor Manager—HELEN BILLMEYER, 1902.

* * *

DE REBUS CLUB.

Chairman—AMELIA ELIZABETH WHITE, 1901.
Committee—

{	EMILY REDMOND CROSS, 1901. ALICE HOOKER DAY, 1902. ELIZABETH FARRIS STODDARD, 1902. EDITH THOMPSON ORLADY, 1902. RUTH BOWMAN WHITNEY, 1903.
---	---

* * *

MUSIC COMMITTEE.

Chairman—ELIZABETH D. L. LEWIS, 1901.
 MARTHA R. WHITE, 1903.
 CHARLOTTE MORTON, 1903.
Treasurer—ELEANOR D. WOOD, 1902.

* * *

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT CHAPTER.

Officers for year 1900-01:

Elector—MARION PARRIS, 1901.
Secretary—EMILY REDMOND CROSS, 1901.
Treasurer—ELIZABETH D. L. LEWIS, 1901.
Chairman of Committee on Saturday Morning Games—
 CORNELIA CAMPBELL, 1902.
Chairman of Committee on Speakers—KATE W. TIBBALS, Graduate.

* * *

CHRISTIAN UNION.

Officers elected in May, 1900:

President—HELEN STEWART, 1902.
Vice-President—MARY FARWELL AYER, 1901.
Secretary—DOROTHEA DAY, 1903.
Treasurer—FRANCES DEAN ALLEN, 1902.

*Officers elected in February, 1901:**President*—MARION HARTSHORNE HAINES, 1902.*Vice-President*—EVELYN FLOWER MORRIS, 1903.*Secretary*—KATHERINE ESTHER SCOTT, 1904.*Treasurer*—AGNES MAITLAND SINCLAIR, 1903.

* * *

MONDAY EVENING DEBATING CLUB.

President—EDITH TOTTEN.*Secretary*—ELIZABETH PLUNKETT.*Treasurer*—LOUISE SCHOFF.

* * *

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION.

President—ELIZABETH CONGDON, 1902.*Secretary*—MABEL HARRIET NORTON, 1903.*Treasurer*—MARTHA ROOT WHITE, 1903.*Assistant Treasurer*—ELEANOR SILKMAN, 1904.

* * *

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.

*Executive Board.**President*—KATHARINE LORD, 1901.*Vice-President*—MARION REILLY, 1901.

ELINOR DODGE, 1902.

ELIZABETH FABRIS STODDARD, 1902.

MARGARET BAXTER MACDONALD, *Graduate*.

(Resigned February, 1901.)

KATE NILES MORSE, *Graduate*.*Secretary*—ELIZABETH CONGDON, 1902.*Treasurer*—HELEN PRENTISS CONVERSE, 1901.

* * *

EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIPS, 1901-02.

Bryn Mawr European Fellow.—Ellen Deborah Ellis. Group: History and Political Science.

Prepared by the Girls' High School, Philadelphia. Holder of First Bryn Mawr Matriculation Scholarship for the Middle and Southern States, 1897-98; Holder of Philadelphia Girls' High and Normal School Alumnae Scholarship, 1897-1901.

President's European Fellow.—Nettie Maria Stevens, Palo Alto, California.

A. B., Leland Stanford Junior University, 1899, and A. M., 1900; Graduate Scholar in Biology, Bryn Mawr College, 1900-01.

Mary E. Garrett European Fellow.—Kate Niles Morse, Haverhill, Mass.

A. B., Mt. Holyoke College, 1898, and A. M., 1900; Graduate Student, Mt. Holyoke College, 1899-1900; Fellow in Greek, Bryn Mawr College, 1900-01. (Graduate Student in Greek, English, German and Archæology, Bryn Mawr College, 1898-99.)

* * *

RESIDENT FELLOWS FOR THE YEAR 1901-1902.

Fellow in Latin.—Ida Prescott Clough.

A. B., Radcliffe College, 1896, and A. M., 1900; Graduate Student, Radcliffe College, 1899-1900; Fellow in Latin, Bryn Mawr College, 1900-01.

Fellow in Latin.—Cora Maud Porterfield.

A. B., University of Chicago, 1896, and A. M., 1897; Graduate Scholar in Latin, Bryn Mawr College, 1900-01.

Fellow in English.—Kate Watkins Tibbals.

A. B., Wellesley College, 1899; Graduate Scholar in English, Bryn Mawr College, 1900-01.

Fellow in Teutonic Philology.—Margerethe Urdahl.

L. B., University of Wisconsin, 1896; Student, University of Berlin, 1898-99; University of Heidelberg, Summer term, 1899; University of Christiania, October, 1899; Fellow in Teutonic Philology, Bryn Mawr College, 1900-01.

Fellow in History.—Lois Anna Farnham.

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1900; Graduate Scholar in Political Science, 1900-01.

Fellow in Physics.—Harriet Brooks.

A. B., McGill University, 1898; Graduate Student, McGill University, 1898-99; Tutor in Mathematics, Royal Victoria College, 1899-1901.

The Fellowships in Romance Languages, Mathematics, Philosophy, Chemistry and Biology have not been awarded.

Brooke Hall Memorial Scholar.—Helen May Billmeyer.

* * *

APPOINTMENTS AND CHANGES IN THE FACULTY AND STAFF OF BRYN MAWR COLLEGE FOR THE YEAR 1901-1902.

Dr. Herbert Weir Smyth has resigned the Professorship of Greek to accept the chair formerly held by Professor Goodwin at Harvard University.

Dr. Elmer P. Kohler has been promoted to be Professor of Chemistry.

Dr. Joseph Clark Hoppin has been promoted to be Associate Professor of Classical Art and Archæology.

Dr. Allerton Seward Cushman has resigned the Associateship in Chemistry.

Dr. Frank H. Sommer, Professor of Law in the New York University, Counsellor-at-Law of the New Jersey Bar, has been appointed Non-Resident Lecturer in Law. Dr. Sommer holds the diploma of the Metropolis Law School, 1893; is an LL. B., New York University, 1895, and LL. M., New York University, 1900.

Miss Edith Pettit has been granted leave of absence for a year.

Miss M. D. Hopkins has resigned the Readership in English.

Mr. Alvin Saunders Johnson has been appointed Reader in Economics. Mr. Johnson's academic record is as follows: A. B., University of Nebraska, 1897, A. M., 1898; Fellow in Greek, University of Nebraska, 1897-98; Graduate Student, Columbia University, 1898-99; University Scholar, Columbia University, 1899-1900; Fellow in Economics, 1900-01. Mr. Johnson will give a three-hour post-major course in Economics and Political Science, a two-hour graduate course in Economics and a one-hour graduate course in Administration.

Miss Fanny Borden has been appointed Assistant Librarian, in place of Miss Julia A. Hopkins, who has resigned the Assistant Librarianship. Miss Borden's academic record is as follows: A. B., Vassar College, 1898; B. L. S., New York State Library School, 1901.

Miss Elizabeth Nields has resigned the Recording Secretaryship: Miss Bertha Margaret Laws has been appointed Recording Secretary.

Miss Susan Janney Dewees has resigned the Assistant Bursarship: Miss Mary Jackson Norcross has been appointed Assistant Bursar.

Miss Ellen Seton Ogden has resigned the Junior Bursarship: Miss Evangeline Walker Andrews has been appointed Junior Bursar.

Mrs. Reginald Chase has resigned the Mistress-ship of Radnor Hall, and Miss Clarissa Worcester Smith has resigned the Mistress-ship of Pembroke Hall West.

"LEVIORE PLECTRO."

*"born to be
An hour or half's delight."*

THREE TRANSLATIONS
FROM THE FRENCH.

I.

(Remy Belleau.)

April, thou joy, thou grace
Of Cypris' face,
Thou fragrance and sweet air!
Let thy light breaths arise
Until the skies
Shall know that earth is fair.

April, most kind and dear
Of all the year,
'Tis thou whose voice doth bring
The swallows from afar,—
Fleet birds, that are
The messengers of spring.

—

II.

(Madame Deshoulières.)

The charming shepherd I adore
Hath met unhappy days;
O little brooks, how can you go your
ways
Unheeding, when my heart is sore?
O nightingales that chanted his sweet
praise,
I pray you, sing no more!
The charming shepherd I adore
Hath met unhappy days.

III.

(Théodore de Banville.)

TEA.

Miss Ellen, give me at my tea
The china cup I so admire,
Whose goldfish rouse to fear and ire
A pink chimera of the sea.

I like the blind ferocity
Of half-tamed monsters, strange and
dire;
Miss Ellen, give me at my tea
The china cup I so admire.

An artful dame sits haughtily
Beneath the skies of angry fire;
Her languid, slanting eyes transpire
An arch ingenuous ecstasy;
Miss Ellen, pour me out my tea.

E. T. D., 1901.

—

WITH THE WILD-CARROT
FLOWERS.

White flowers, who tilt your starry heads
High-stemmed above the stubble
grasses,
And hold a honeyed stirrup-cup
To every errant moth that passes—
Fragrant to-day beneath the sun—
Treasuring jewell'd rain to-morrow.
Fain had I freedom of your guild,
Poor human thrall to hope and sor-
row!

My fancies with their fetter'd wings,
 Sweet windy world, I dare not lend
 you;
 Too wide and still your subtle peace
 For captive thought to comprehend
 you.

I lie a beggar on the earth:
 As through my veins thy warmth is
 creeping,

One hour, strong mother of us all,
 Soothe my unrested soul to sleeping.

Mabel Parker Clark Huddleston.

NORSE CRADLE SONG.

(From Ibsen.)

I.

Now roof and rafter tower
 Up to the heaven's gleam,
 And now the little Hakon
 Is born on the wings of a dream.

II.

A beautiful ladder stretches
 Far up to the starry sky,
 And the little Hakon wanders
 With the angels, passing by.

III.

The holy angels guard thee,
 Each night and morn, anew;
 Now, bless thee, little Hakon,
 Thy mother is watching thee, too.

C. S., 1901.

TRIOLETS.

(The Optimistic Faddist Speaks.)

Though my nature is sweet,
 I abhor the conventional!
 I am kind, I repeat,
 And my nature is sweet,
 But with loathing complete,
 And with insult intentional
 (Though my nature is sweet)
 I abhor the conventional.

To be happy and gay
 Has a touch of banality;
 Heavens, no one shall say
 That I'm happy and gay.
 If I can't find a way,
 Through my rare personality,
 To be happy and gay
 Sans a touch of banality.

So I'm looking at things
 Through a rose-colored monocle!
 What contentment it brings
 To be looking at things
 In a method which springs
 From no code that's canonical!
 Yes, I'm looking at things
 Through a rose-colored monocle.

E. T. D., 1901.

PANTOUM.

The eastern sea is lightening,
 And now a cock begins to crow;
 It is the day that's brightening,
 Though still we see the pale moon's
 glow.

And now a cock begins to crow,
 And other cocks, far off, reply;
 Though still we see the moon's pale
 glow,
 That all night long lit up the sky.

And other cocks, far off, reply,
 Now every little star is past
 That all night long lit up the sky;
 Ah yes, the day is come at last.

Now every little star is past,
 It is the day that's brightening;
 Ah yes, the day is come at last,
 The eastern sea is lightening.

B. McG., 1901.

UNGDOMSMINNE.

The little minstrel gently draws his bow
 Across the strings, and musing what
 to play,
 Fingers an old Norse air, so wild and
 low,
 That, listening, I am wafted far away.

O wistful little strain, I cannot tell
 Why all your chords in haunting
 harmony
 Possess some magic power whose potent
 spell
 Unlocks the hidden springs of memory.

Regrets that gathered round me like a
 cloud,
 Barring the beauty of a brilliant day,
 Tormenting doubts that keep the spirit
 bowed,
 The music carries, like a dream, away.

Once more I guide my skiff across the
 sea,
 Once more I hear the sea mew's plain-
 tive cries,
 And old-time fancies come again to me—
 Like wavering phantoms from the past
 they rise.

Strange woodland voices, sweetly carol-
 ing,
 Like tuneful notes struck by a fairy
 choir,
 Bring back the years that were eternal
 spring,
 When life was crowded with fulfilled
 desire.

The music ceases, and the echoes die
 Away; echoes that once were richly
 fraught
 With buoyant hopes, now seem to moan
 and sigh
 For dreams of youth that still have
 come to naught.

But hark! once more the music softly
 swelling
 In lingering low refrain, through
 which I seem
 To hear the elfin voices, blithesome,
 telling
 To doubt the doubter and to trust the
 dream.

C. S., 1901.

OVERHEARD.

I could hear the merry voices of the
 children playing with their paper dolls
 behind the screen, and I knew without
 looking what could be seen behind the
 barrier. Two little figures were sprawled
 out on the floor, with their curly heads
 almost meeting over the block-house in
 the middle, while twenty clumsy little
 fingers were struggling with the dainty
 paper clothes.

A moment's silence was broken by:

"There—*Madeline went and broked
 her back!*—right in the middle. Oh
 dear, oh dear, oh dear," the baby voice
 began to quaver, but the other inter-
 rupted quickly, "Splendid! I know, she
 can have dipheria, and stay in bed all
 day, and have the doctor, and sugar
 pills, and spoons of medicine—or else—
 we can make the others go to bed too
 and have a hospital!"

"No," said the husky voice, in terms
 of conviction, "the others aren't sick,
 and they aren't bad, and you *can't* put
 them to bed, and it makes me cry to
 have her in bed." Then more hopefully:
 "Let's p'tend she's went to college!"

"How?" asked the other voice, doubt-
 fully.

"O . . . College is way, way off—
 but you can send valentines—and you
 can have two big trunks, and *whole*

boxes of jam and cake, and you can come home and get your Christmas presents!"

At this climax the other voice chimed in—"We'll hide her in the big dic—dictionary, and maybe her back will mend if we leave her there long enough, and if it doesn't, we'll leave her at college all the rest of her life, and when she's learned all that's in the dictionary we'll send her to another college—or else to learn music inside of the piano!" After a few moments' pause the little mother was heard to kiss the fated Madeline resolutely; and then, to judge from the silken rustle of the paper clothes, she fell to packing her daughter's trunk with equal fervor.

This bit of eavesdropping has since helped me to understand why, when a certain little maiden is asked about her family, she replies with a wistful look in her blue eyes:

"There are ten girls—little ones and big ones—and Madeline is at college!"
L. P. A., 1903.

(Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Philistine*.)

WHEN ANN JANE SINGS.

She's poor, and sick, and dreadful thin,
Old Ann Jane is;
The path of life that she walks in
Ain't strewn with bliss;
She's bent with rheumatiz and pain,
All kinds of things!
And yet, the world seems right again,
When Ann Jane sings.

Then choir girls (when it don't rain),
All wears their best;
She looks so kinder poor and plain,
Amongst the rest.

She has a faded caliker,
Old bonnet strings,—
But yet you somehow don't see her,
When Ann Jane sings.

I hear the wind come blowin' through
The apple-trees,—
I see the cornfields wavin', too;
The summer breeze,
From where my beds of roses lie,
Their odour brings;
And one step nearer heaven, I,
When Ann Jane sings.

A. M. K., 1903.

(Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Philistine*.)

TO MY LOVE.

When I look in thine eyes,
As they smile tenderly,
I am in Paradise.

Then the world I despise—
It is jealous of me,
When I look in thine eyes.

Though my whispers and sighs
Are unnoticed by thee,
I am in Paradise.

Not a glance of surprise,
Nor of false modesty,
When I look in thine eyes.

'Tis thy picture I prize—
As I gaze, longingly,
I am in Paradise.

Ah, but who would be wise?
'Tis thy face that I see—
I am in Paradise
When I look in thine eyes.

B. McG., 1901.



· THE · LANTERN ·

· BRYN MAWR ·



1902

THE LANTERN

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

1902

AVIL PRINTING COMPANY
MARKET AND FORTIETH STREETS
PHILADELPHIA

EDITORIAL BOARD.

GRACE DOUGLAS, 1902,
Editor-in-Chief.

KATHARINE FULLERTON,
Graduate.

SARA MONTENEGRO, 1902.

FLORENCE WILCOX CLARK, 1902.

ANNE MAYNARD KIDDER, 1903.

BUSINESS BOARD.

GRACE LYNDE MEIGS, 1903,
Business Manager.

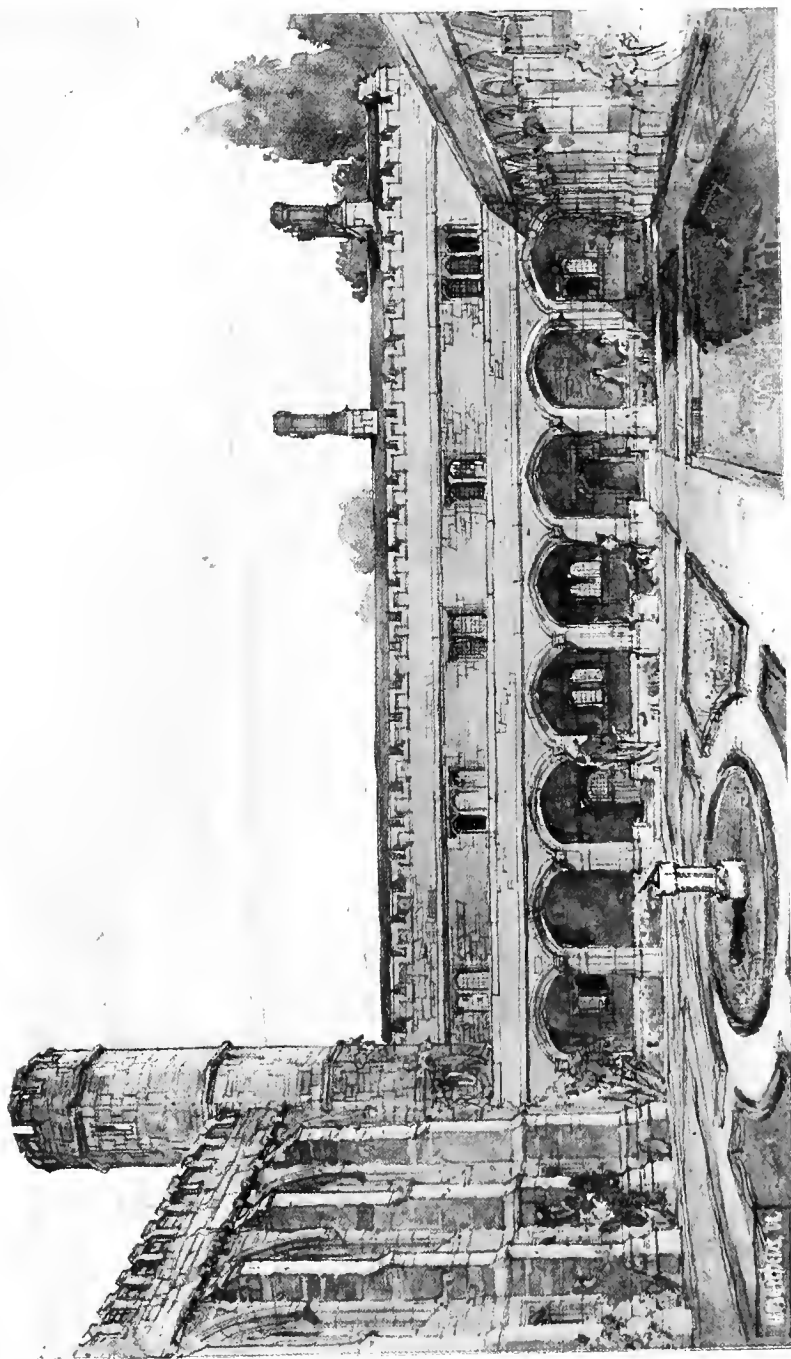
HELEN ARMSTRONG HOWELL, 1904,
Assistant Business Manager.

LOUISE SCHOFF, 1902,
Treasurer.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Frontispiece : Court of Proposed Library Building.	PAGE
Editorial	7
The Twelfth Hour <i>Katharine Fullerton</i>	11
The Well-Beloved <i>Elizabeth Mary Perkins, 1900</i>	30
The Legends of Spain <i>Sara Montenegro, 1902</i>	31
My River <i>Florence Wilcox Clark, 1902</i>	38
The Sun-Worshippers <i>Elizabeth F. McKeen, 1901</i>	40
The Chronicler <i>Elizabeth Teresa Daly, 1901</i>	41
Professor Münsterberg's View of American Women, <i>Katharine Merrill</i>	54
The End of the Drought <i>Mabel Parker Clark Huddleston, '90</i>	59
The Analysis of Fear <i>Anne Maynard Kidder, 1903</i>	60
After a Thousand Years <i>Cora Hardy, '99</i>	66
A Conversation <i>Lee Fanshawe, '99</i>	68
With a Book of Verses <i>Cora Hardy, '99</i>	76
At Sight	77
Collegiana	83
"Leviore Plectro"	95





SKETCH FOR LIBRARY
VIEW IN CLOISTER GARDEN

THE LANTERN

No. II

BRYN MAWR

JUNE, 1902

EDITORIAL.

THERE is, or should be, in every one of us a reverence for the past, a desire to imitate what of good we find in it—perhaps even a tendency so to idealize it that its tradition becomes of more value than current conditions. The perspective of time lends a certain dignity and charm to customs, events and persons of years gone by; and while we cannot from our own experience fully concur with Stevenson's humorous plaint, "indeed that which they (his successors at Edinburgh) attend is but a fallen University; it has doubtless some remains of good, for human institutions decline by gradual stages; but decline, in spite of all seeming embellishments, it does; and, what is perhaps more singular, began to do so when I ceased to be a student," we can but feel that there are differences between the Bryn Mawr of the past and the Bryn Mawr of to-day. What these changes are, it is as difficult to determine definitely as it is to point out at what particular moment the dawn begins to break, or exactly when the afternoon merges into the evening. We are conscious only of the difference between the two, though wherein that difference lies we are unable pointedly to decide. One factor in the new phase of things may, however, be indicated.

The Romantic Age of the college woman is past. Her pathway is no longer beset by the dragons of hostility, satire, disbelief. She no longer goes forth into the society of her friends—college men and non-college women—armed, helmeted and ready for attack. She is neither regarded as a curiosity nor shunned as a monstrosity; she is accepted—as much a matter of course as the college man. At the worst, her portion is an amused tolerance, hard enough to bear patiently, but at least not dangerous; she may still be ticketed "serious," but no longer "insane." But in the lull which

follows upon the storm of protest, there is danger that the college woman may relax too far her militant spirit. It is this reaction, this tendency to take too much for granted and to regard all battles as won, that is the present pitfall; and in taking her college training as a matter of course, the college woman should not lower the standards of her predecessors.

It would hardly be too sweeping to say that while the average Freshman of fifteen years ago came to college because of a serious desire for intellectual training, the average Freshman of to-day has not even faintly such intention. She enters upon her college course as her brothers enter upon theirs—because it is the “next thing to be done,” because it is obviously the next step in her educational life. The change of attitude is, of course, not wholly to be condemned; for ultra-seriousness oversteps its own mark, and the blue-stocking is as undesirable a college type as the indifferent. But, on the other hand, can it be entirely condoned? While the strength and permanence of the college ideals can and will leave their impress upon the most careless of minds, it is nevertheless a fact that without an openness of intellect to receive them, a determination to appreciate them to the full, their best results can never be achieved. And it is a question whether in natural revolt from the over-seriousness of the past generation of college women, the tendency of to-day is not toward the carelessness and indifference in regard to academic things which mark the average undergraduate of the man’s college.

We pride ourselves that Bryn Mawr has always stood for the highest in intellectual attainment, and that when we go forth from her we retain some impress of her scholarly and distinguished mould. The burden of sustaining her reputation rests not upon the few of her more eminent scholars, but upon every member of the undergraduate body. By us and through us—the rank and file—shall she be known, and each one of us must recognize and shoulder the responsibility. The incompetent should have no place among us; those not even desiring competency should not seek to enter here. It is not enough that we should gain from Bryn Mawr merely the degree for which we strive; that (I speak in all reverence) may be obtained without the possessor’s having caught even a glimpse of the real meaning of college life. It is not enough that one should niggardly fulfill the absolute requirements of the college curriculum; the aim of a college education is in no instance to give to its students command of fact alone. The method of acquiring these facts is, in all cases, of more importance than the facts

themselves, the end being to obtain the "living power of the mind, the straightest integrity in all dealings, and a success that cannot be measured by 'marks,' 'grades,' or 'fellowships.'" The ideal college woman should be possessed of "the force, the steadiness, the comprehensiveness and versatility of intellect, the command over her own powers, the instinctive and just estimate of things as they pass before her" which are, in Cardinal Newman's words, the purpose of a college education. And these qualities are not gained by a surface skimming of the depths of college experience. Seriousness of intention, steadiness of purpose, a desire at once ardent and sincere thoroughly to probe the opportunities of college life, these have characterized the college woman of the past and should characterize her of the future.

* * * * *

On the evening of Sunday, March 16, Denbigh Hall, one of the five residence halls on the College campus, was almost completely destroyed by fire. The fire broke out in the east wing, from the overturning of a lamp and rapidly spread through the main hall, burning out the inside of the building but leaving the outer walls fairly intact. The walls of the wing, however, were partially destroyed.

The loss of Denbigh is particularly unfortunate at this time because already the College is taxed to its uttermost to supply accommodations for the students. Houses which are not upon the campus proper have been rented, and many of the Freshmen and Sophomores are thus living in houses, not dormitories, off the College grounds. This arrangement cannot be too greatly deplored as it is impossible for students living in these houses to receive the full benefit of College experience in that they not only miss the broader atmosphere of the College dormitories, but do not have the companionship of those older students who have been longer at Bryn Mawr and are perhaps more rigorous upholders of her customs and traditions.

For a year it has been the earnest endeavor of all those interested in Bryn Mawr to raise money to meet the conditions of Mr. Rockefeller's promised gift of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to be given to the College in case the same amount can be raised by us. This sum is to be expended in the erection of a much-needed dormitory, a fire-proof building to contain the library, and an electric light and heating plant. As THE LANTERN goes to press, this fund has nearly reached completion and it

is to be hoped that by the first of June the entire sum will have been collected.

In view of the immense difficulties already before Bryn Mawr, the burning of Denbigh has seemed an unnecessarily cruel visitation; but if, as an object lesson of the extreme danger of having unprotected flames such as gas or lamps in any College building, it has moved to generosity those who might otherwise have been ignorant of or indifferent to our needs, we shall feel that even the loss of one of our most beautiful halls has not been entirely without good result.

THE TWELFTH HOUR.

I.

The little garden that stretched tranquilly between Mr. Cranmore's house and its guarding wall on the Marylebone Road was filled on a certain warm afternoon of late June with a mellow quietness that seemed to remove it infinitely from the bustle of the London world, that in this peaceful corner one assumed rather than actually noted. Beside a low iron table two men sat talking. Behind them, great open windows gave a suggestive glimpse of a dim and comfortable drawing-room. In front of them, the garden lay green and pleasant up to the high wall that shut it in.

The talk sounded notes of enthusiasm not always heard in the conversation of youth and age. The subject appeared to be one of moment both to the fresh-faced, dark-eyed young man and to his companion who smiled so quietly upon the world. Old Mr. Cranmore was a man well past seventy, in whose fine mellow face seemed to lie the record at once of various stern experiences and of many exquisite emotions. The sunlight playing softly on the finely-tempered countenance, lent to his dim blue eyes a certain fervor of kindliness. Young Dallas was speaking in somewhat exasperated tones:

"Do you suppose he has any at all?" he was asking.

The old man turned his slow, experienced gaze over a past that stretched richly back into historic mists. "I remember that she used to write him," he answered, at length. Then, as if the particular point in the vista had become quite illumined by the radiance of this retrospective glance: "When she was twenty or so, a year or two before she met and married Vane."

"Oh, I wonder, I wonder!" broke in Dallas.

Cranmore's eye was still dwelling on that remote moment. "Yes, she wrote him, I am sure. He came in, at that time, for a share in that beautiful, vitalizing interest of hers. I dare say the letters are very personal and very exquisite. She was a woman to have known many men intimately, to their benefit and her enlightenment."

"If they are likely to be remarkable, of course that's all the more reason why Vane should have them," said Dallas. "I dare say they are

commonplace enough, and I don't know why he should be so keen for them, but certainly Vane is the man of all men to have a right to them."

Cranmore turned, rebuking him calmly and gently. "They could never have been commonplace if they were hers. Just think of what a document that bundle of letters would make. Olivia Vane at twenty, set forth by her own hand! If she did write to Withern then, he was almost the only person at just that time. Even the Clayton letters are scarce for that period—and of course Vane has nothing of his own. I am inclined to think that he has them, too," he added. "It was not like Olivia not to be writing to some one, and it was like her to write exclusively, for a time, to one man that she didn't know very well."

"Then I may tell Vane that you think George Withern hopeful?"

Cranmore appeared to deliberate.

"Yes, tell him that I think Withern hopeful. Since Vane must have the record, it should be as complete as possible."

"You don't approve of the record?" the young man asked.

"No, I can't say that I do," the old man spoke reluctantly.

"Ah, well, I do," said Dallas, in that uncompromising tone which youth selects to emphasize its convictions. "She was awfully fine, Mrs. Vane, and if Vane can make of his memoir of her anything half so stunning as her life, I think he should be helped. And it's rather fine of him, too, to use up his little strength on paying her this tribute. No one pretends for an instant that it won't kill him by the time he has finished."

Mr. Cranmore's reply was not wholly relevant. "Do you know what material he has already?"

"Besides the journals that he found, and all his own letters, he has got from his family and intimate friends everything that they had. His sister, Mrs. Hamilton-North, told me so. But he's awfully keen about filling in those few years before he knew Mrs. Vane, after she had left the Claytons and before she married him. It seems to be a much-needed link."

The old man shook his head. "Ah, well," he exclaimed with patient weariness, "I wish him success, I suppose."

And as Dallas rose to go, the two parted with a silent, kindly handshake.

Half an hour later young Dallas found himself the centre of a somewhat odd little circle of people, three in number, to whom he was reciting, with scrupulous fidelity, the result of his interview with old Mr. Cranmore.

Gerald Vane, the husband of the lady who had so lately died, paced nervously up and down the long music-room, his hands in his pockets, casting keen glances now and then at Dallas but more often at his sister, Mrs. Hamilton-North. Vane's dark face, lighted by an occasional flicker of emotion in his deep-set, tired eyes, rose above the little group and drew their glances with the constant force of a magnet. To his sister, Sophia Hamilton-North, and his cousin, Richard Vane, members alike of the actual group and of the little circle to which Vane had narrowed his horizon since the death of his wife, he was the object of a solicitude as great and as tender as it was hopeless; and on this occasion even young Dallas noted in their faces a sad reflection of Vane's own fervor. It struck him forcibly, as he finished his message, that not Mrs. Vane herself, in her eminent, picturesque lifetime, could have received from any of her adorers a more convincing assurance of devotion than was contained, for Vane, in his sister's half-sombre, half-passionate regard.

As Dallas turned on the threshold to bid them farewell, Vane came forward and stopped him, speaking impulsively:

"You've been extremely good, and I thank you. The possibility of this Mr. Withern's having letters illumines the whole thing for me. I needn't tell you how much it means, or how grateful I am to those who do for me these things that I can't seem to do myself."

He pressed the young man's hand, then suddenly retreated into the room; and Dallas saw, as he threw back a last glance, that Vane had returned to his sister's side and was standing with one arm thrown about her, in an attitude that suggested, even more than it suggested tenderness, an utter fatigue.

II.

The task of approaching Withern promised to be delicate and difficult, and it was decided, after many conferences held in the half-darkened music-room where Vane sat, oddly petulant in his great sadness, through the long mornings and longer afternoons, that it should be entrusted to the courage and tact of Sophia.

Sophia Hamilton-North had just enough sense of humor to appreciate the irony of the expedition on which she, with Richard, was somewhat drearily bound. She had greatly admired her sister-in-law, but her admiration, while it had been wholly generous, had yet been hardly enthu-

siastic. By her own rudimentary method she had tried now and then, to analyze Olivia, to define—though she would never have described her endeavor thus—Olivia's peculiar value. As she would have said, she was always interested to know "what Olivia was up to." Olivia's game—so Mrs. Hamilton-North in her more imaginative moments figured it—had been so subtle, by its very nature so occult, that this keen young observer had reached an attitude of something very like despair.

During the ten years of Olivia's married life, her sister-in-law had come gradually to accept the high conventional estimate of the brilliant woman's worth and charm. At the same time she granted herself the privilege of lifting, ever so little, her delicate, querying eyebrows. To Vane's search for Olivia's letters—the odd, eager, religious quest—she resigned herself with grace; she concurred openly, and nonchalantly abetted him when he became importunate in his immediate little circle. But now, to-day, for the first time, she uttered, audibly to Richard, the wish that Olivia had burned her journals before her death. She admitted, though, over her shoulder, to Richard, on the very steps of George Withern's house, that whatever poor Olivia might have meant to do she had not been able to accomplish. Sophia Hamilton-North had a fine if undeveloped sense of justice.

The long high room in which they were left, rewarded but meagrely the swift glance of her sophisticated eye. She was after some expression of personality, and the utter failure to find it disturbed her; for at this last minute, her high courage was a little shaken by a sudden fear that she should perhaps bungle the task. The faintest hint as to what manner of person Mr. Withern was likely to be, she felt, would stimulate, prepare, inspire her. The room might have belonged to anyone of conventionally correct tastes; there was within the four walls no subtle suggestion as to the nature of the person who lived and moved therein. The neutrality, the passivity of it all oppressed Sophia and made her feel as if she had already tendered her request to dull, uncomprehending ears. She found herself dreading the next half-hour with a dread totally unexpected. After all, the affair was Vane's and alien to her. It was pitiful, at that instant of genuine distress, to think how very little Olivia's letters really meant to her. How should she appeal to him, and what manner of personality was this that she must so potently affect?

Sophia touched Richard's arm. "I wish he would come," she whispered; "the whole idea of it is slipping from me." Richard nodded intel-

ligently and shrugged his shoulders. He admired Sophia wholly and could not have fancied her failing ever to accomplish her ends; but the situation, he felt, was quite beyond his modest psychological reach. He, too, wished that Withern would come.

When Sophia rose again at the approach of Withern, it was with the profound conviction that the interview would not be without interest. The instant during which he had been framed in the doorway of the drawing-room had even been picturesque. Much younger than Sophia had expected, he looked thirty-five or thereabouts; his rough gray Norfolk jacket hung well on his broad shoulders and sinewy slender frame; and his high color and gray eyes were surmounted by thick waving brown hair. For one instant Sophia recalled her early suspicions of a young love-affair between Withern and her sister-in-law—it seemed possible, as she looked at his well-cut face—but the next moment, as she shook hands with him, she went back to her old conviction that Olivia had never loved any man. George Withern's charm was not strong enough to convince her, for longer than that, of a miracle.

Calmly enough, Sophia explained her identity, her relationship to Vane, Vane's relation to Olivia, to all of which Withern bowed his head with the air of one willing to listen but hardly interested. Before approaching the great request, however, she felt a sudden desire to perform her task of appealing to this extremely indifferent person without a second listener; Richard became strangely irksome to her, and with no thought beyond the relief she was seeking she turned to her cousin with graceful swiftness: "Richard, I know that Mr. Withern will let you stroll here upon his charming terrace. I think I must plead with him alone. Then, so soon as we have finished, I will call you." She pointed with a pretty air almost of hospitality to the open French window and turned half appealingly to Withern:

"Ah, Gerald, I suppose, has given you messages," murmured Richard intelligently; and passed out through the window to the terrace where, hands behind his back, he began to stroll in front of the drawing-room windows.

George Withern looked politely at Sophia, as if not unreasonably expecting her to make the next suggestion. Her quick sense of humor caught her, and though she was feeling each instant more deeply the perplexity of the situation, she laughed. "You must forgive me; but it is really my errand—very much my errand."

Withern pointed, with a slight careless gesture and a half-nonchalant bow to a chair at Sophia's side; and when she was once seated, took a chair opposite her. Sophia felt that the explanation could be no longer delayed. Her swift judgment of the man before her warned her that brief simplicity would be her best tone. She began with few words:

"Mr. Withern, I am here, I confess it, on a curious errand. I can only make it seem as natural to you as to me, by speaking very frankly and directly."

Withern bowed; "I hope you will do so."

"My brother, Gerald Vane, married, ten years ago, Olivia Travis. I think that you knew her before her marriage, did you not?"

"I knew an Olivia Travis; and I knew that she had married a Mr. Vane. She was your sister-in-law, then."

"She was; and until her death last year, hers was the most cherished friendship of my very happy life."

Sophia spoke always with an emphatic candor that was apt to win the liking of the listener.

Withern received the words in silence without responsive word or look.

"You must have known at least, Mr. Withern, that she was a very remarkable woman; she led her little world—our little world—by sheer hypnotizing, fascinating power. I have never known a woman so adored. I say all this simply because, if you do not know it already, you must know it in order to understand my mission."

Withern spoke at last.

"I have heard that she was much admired, that her position was a distinguished one. When I knew her, it was before she had met your brother, I think; at all events, she was very young. She had not, then, entered at all into the brilliant life they say she lived after her marriage."

Sophia answered eagerly: "Ah, so I thought—so we thought. But she must always have been unusual—a brilliant, rare creature to her friends—was she not?"

Withern appeared to hesitate for an instant.

"I did not know her intimately, Mrs. North."

Sophia saw more clearly, with each word of Withern's, that her task would be difficult. She went on bravely, however.

"Olivia Vane was not a woman whom one knew intimately or slightly, Mr. Withern. If you knew her at all, you knew her as others knew her.

The least of her friends had as much knowledge of her as the greatest—as I or another. I except of course my brother, to whom she was deeply devoted.” It flashed through Sophia’s mind that the little tribute to the harmony of Vane’s marriage was perhaps over-emphatic for candor, but she held, on the whole, that she had erred on the safe side. “She died very suddenly last year, Mr. Withern; and her taking-off was one of the saddest things that I have ever known. (Sophia’s old directness was coming back to her.) My brother was completely prostrated, and could find no interest in life; until one day, looking over some of Mrs. Vane’s things, he came upon some journals, several books filled with her handwriting.”

Sophia paused an instant before going on, and fancied that Withern looked at her with more interest in his clear-cut, indifferent face. “Journals,” he murmured low, as if half-unconsciously. Sophia plunged again into the subject. “They covered a space of ten years, just the period of her married life; and—” here her blue eyes looked into Withern’s with a sincere enthusiasm—“they were wonderful—as wonderful as her letters, as her life, as herself. They fairly quivered with her splendid personality; they were documents of tremendous worth. I read them, and said nothing to my brother about them. I had held my breath and marveled over them, but I could not know how he would take what I would say. My husband read them, and my cousin; and we were none of us surprised when one day my brother called us together to tell us that he had decided, if he could supplement the journals sufficiently by her correspondence, to publish them—not for the world, you understand, but for the twenty or thirty people who saw her most and worshipped her almost as he did. Some people—most people—can afford to live wholly to themselves in such matters; but my brother’s generosity saw that a person like his wife had belonged to more than himself, that the devotion that people had given her deserved this priceless reward. He cheerfully laid his own correspondence with her on the altar of his memorial and expected us to do likewise.”

Sophia paused for a moment. She seemed to herself to be circling about the subject, with almost a widening radius. At last, despairing of approaching the request with gradual grace, she leaned forward anxiously, and spoke in a quick, nervous tone, clear-cut but somewhat disturbed.

“Mr. Cranmore told my brother, Mr. Withern, that at a certain period of Mrs. Vane’s life—the two years before her marriage, I think he said—you knew her well. He suggested—it was in fact more than a suggestion, it

was almost an assurance—that you might have letters of hers written at that time.”

Face to face with what seemed, at the moment, almost conscious hostility, expressed in Withern’s face, Sophia felt sinking upon her shoulders the mighty burden of explanation. Hurriedly she attempted to lighten herself of the load, by forestalling some of the world of denial that she saw in his clear gray eyes.

“It is a strange request, Mr. Withern; but not unreasonable, if you will think it over a bit. My sister-in-law was, in her way, on a plane with the more impersonally great people of the world. Her public was smaller, but it had for her all reverence. Perhaps, if you have not known her since she married my brother—” a touch of pride crept in, which Sophia, ever tactfully alert, immediately crushed out of her voice—“you are not aware of this. She developed wonderfully as she grew older. At the same time, she was always remarkable; I am sure of that. When you knew her, she must already have been such as, in a way, to make comprehensible this request of ours.” Sophia, as she felt more and more conscious of opposition, grew bolder and identified herself more completely with her brother’s cause. She felt that to be successful, she must be convincing, irresistibly emphatic, must carry off the situation with grace, but above all with a certain masterly effect of superb correctness. The longer she sat opposite this silent person with the gray, uninterested eyes, the more she felt that he was for her an alien type, a man to whose nature she could only find the key by some lucky chance.

At last, however, Withern showed signs of being willing to enter upon the subject with some directness and length of phrase.

“You do not need to explain, Mrs. North, your brother’s desire for letters that Mrs. Vane might have written to me. I can see what he is trying, in this way, to bring about.”

Sophia left for an instant the question of the letters; she felt a desire at once politic and sincere to draw him out on the subject of Olivia, to place him, to class him among Olivia’s friends, to make sure—she felt confident that if he would only speak of Olivia with sufficient directness she easily could—just how close, and even how probably productive of correspondence, their acquaintance or friendship had been. She let her voice express, for the first time, as much emotion as she really felt.

“Ah, she *was* fine, even in her undeveloped youth, then? She must have been, since you understand as we do.”

Withern seemed to have determined on a certain frankness. He spoke with a quick, evident sincerity.

"Miss Travis was always fine. I remember that I thought her at one time, the most remarkable girl I had ever known. I admired her very much, as many people did."

"You knew her well?" Sophia's tone expressed an entirely impersonal concern.

Withern, who had quite lost for the moment his remote inanimate look, replied with an ease quite unlike his former restraint. "It is hard to say, Mrs. North. So many others knew her better, and saw her more than I, that I certainly could not pretend to be one of her intimates. She called me one of her friends; but how much or how little that meant to her then, I really cannot tell." He smiled pleasantly. "I am a very bad person to ask about Mrs. Vane's girlhood. I met her only a year or two before she married, and my knowledge of her life and personality was gained more through members of her family than through acquaintance with her." His tone was light and insignificant.

Sophia pursued lightly, almost archly: "Yet you knew her well enough to admire her?"

Withern's answer surprised her by its courtly gravity—that did however, as she remembered later, the service of reticence. "One did not have to know her well to admire her, Mrs. North. You will not be surprised to hear that."

Sophia bent forward in her low deep chair and faced the young man with soberly glowing eyes; her lips curved in a faint but serious smile. The quest had suddenly become of great moment to her. "Then, Mr. Withern, since you have told me that your friendship for her was of the type that sooner or later we all felt, since you have shown me that you belong in a sense, in that sense, with us, her friends, her worshippers—" she paused an instant and bowed her head as if stricken by a sudden memory of the dead—"you will understand my motive, my almost sacred motive, when I ask you the simple question: Have you letters of Olivia's, and will you let us have them?"

No man's eyes—not even the impenetrable gray eyes of George Withern—could look upon Sophia Hamilton-North suppliant and sincere and remain dull or undilated. The young man stirred in his chair, half uneasily, and his brow became troubled. He rose, half mechanically, and walked to the fireplace, whence he spoke to Sophia, still in her half pleading attitude.

"I see, I understand perfectly, Mrs. North. You may ask me the question, and any other that you wish. I am very sorry—and you may tell Mr. Vane so, please—that I cannot help you. I wish you all success with the—the—" he seemed to hesitate for a word—"memorial. I am sorry to have to disappoint you in this way. I am afraid," he smiled almost ruefully, "you expected a great deal from me."

Sophia had risen while he spoke, and now confronted him earnestly.

"Mr. Withern, have you none?" she asked, her voice fraught with a sad fervor.

He did not ask her to reseate herself, and his face changed and hardened as he replied:

"Mrs. North, I told you, I think, how brief and how slight was my real acquaintance with Mrs. Vane. If I had known her better, I might—" he smiled here, even so slightly, a curious ironic smile—"be able to help you. I repeat that I am sorry."

Sophia, with lips firmly compressed to keep them from trembling, put out her hand to Withern, who had come forward to her. As she did so, she noted again his beauty, his firmness of face and figure, and the weary detached air that had settled again upon his clear features. He smiled down at her for an instant, listening gracefully as she spoke her final words.

"You are very kind to take an interest in our devotion to her, when you have so little cause to feel with us." Poor Sophia started thus, in the bitterness of her disappointment, but realizing at once that, even now, in the face of a denial that seemed final, there would perhaps be still further need for tact, she brought herself back to the straight path of unironic regret. "I am sorry that we are not to have your help; we had grown to count on it during these weeks, since Mr. Cranmore had told us. I can say nothing more."

Sophia withdrew her hand from the light clasp of the inscrutable Withern. Richard, seeing her, prepared to join her as she left the house, and she quitted, under the conduct of George Withern, the room where her uncomfortable half-hour had been spent.

To Richard, Sophia's attitude breathed defeat so little that he found it difficult to wait until they were once more in the green country road, before he broke forth with a half-facetious "Well, where are they?"

"Oh, Richard!" cried poor Sophia, "I don't even know if he has any—if he ever had any!"

Richard was fumbling with Sophia's parasol at the instant, and though his brows knit at this unexpected news, he did not turn until he felt suddenly a tight clasp on his arm. He uttered then a shocked "Oh!" for Sophia, the unconquerable, was weeping, and the next instant Richard, bewildered and deeply touched, felt her slender sobbing frame against his shoulder.

III.

Mr. Cranmore's garden had grown bleak and chill through the long drenching of the winter rains and the long blowing of the winter winds; and when, one afternoon in March, George Withern knocked at the old man's door, the little lawn made but the dreariest of approaches to the drawing-room that seemed, by contrast, to unfold an unwonted amount of warmth and vividness.

Mr. Cranmore welcomed the young man with a curious cordiality that to George Withern himself might well have been inexplicable. The acquaintance between the two was so slight as definitely not to constitute friendship, yet the presence of some occult sympathy between them could have been inferred by the most unobservant. It lay, as a matter of fact, in their common regard for Olivia Vane—the Olivia whose death had been productive of so many curious psychological results in the lives of her surviving friends.

Olivia Vane had been the passion of the old man's declining life; the sole, bright, ministering flame—so he had been wont to tell her—that had brought a responsive glow to his blood, and a responsive flicker to his eyes. Now that she was gone, to talk of her was the single melancholy comfort that he permitted himself. Those who could serve him in this way, too, were few; before those who had known Vane, as well as Vane's wife, Mr. Cranmore had odd fits of reticence. Gerald Vane was but little involved in Olivia's life, as Mr. Cranmore had chosen to observe it. The coign of vantage from which he had watched her picturesque encounter with existence had perhaps been oddly taken, but it had acquired through years of his patient occupation of it, both comfort and familiarity. To Withern he felt drawn with a closeness out of all proportion to his intimacy with him. Withern stood to the old man for the remote untrammelled youth of Olivia, that youth during which she had been an individual, rare, doubtless, and distinguished, but as yet unsaddled with the *rôle* that later had grown, to

Cranmore's sympathetic vision, infinitely difficult and hopelessly complex. He did not underestimate for a moment the distinction of the people who had gathered, as if by magical intuition of sympathy, about Olivia, and made the little world of which he always frankly proclaimed himself a humble but deeply initiate member. He felt, however, an even greater tenderness for the life that before her marriage she had lived so unusually alone. He had grown to feel, as do most people who have lived long unmarried, that marriage necessarily blurs one's individuality, and gives, inevitably, to each personality something of the other's tinge. The youth of Olivia he looked back to as something, if narrower, none the less rarer, than her more brilliant married life. He knew, as he had confessed to Dallas, very little that was definite about George Withern's early friendship with Mrs. Vane; but the mere remoteness of that friendship hallowed it for him, as it were, and even gave to Withern a certain priority. Withern belonged to that period of Olivia's life wherein Cranmore would have liked to place himself.

The raw March day had brought with its blustering, a touch of crimson to George Withern's always ruddy cheeks; and as he sat before Mr. Cranmore's fire, he gave afresh to the old man the impression of the beauty and the potency of youth.

"I have not seen you since Mrs. Vane's death," said Cranmore, at last.

It had been years since these two had spoken to each other of Olivia; and the testing of the hitherto untried link gave to each, perhaps, a thrill not wholly of pleasure.

"No," said Withern. "It was last spring, was it not?"

"In April," the old man replied; "one of the most tragic things that I have ever had to feel."

"I did not know her during her married life. She was, they say, greatly admired."

A smile, pathetically wise, curved Mr. Cranmore's lips at this.

"'Admired' is hardly the word. Women are admired for beauty, for wit—even for virtue, perhaps. Olivia Vane was one of the greatest of personalities: you could not have put her off with simple admiration; you accepted her, you worshipped her, you made her not your standard but your creed."

"She must have been very happy."

"I do not know whether or not she was happy, but she was the most courageous woman I have ever known."

"Courageous?" The indifference went out of George Withern's eyes as he made the query.

"She fought against great odds, but nothing about her ever breathed of defeat."

Withern bent forward and fixed his eyes on the old man's face as it rested, thin and pallid, but full of a frail enthusiasm, against the high chair-back. Cranmore went on:

"To a woman like her an imperfect marriage must have seemed at times an intolerably crude solution of the problem of life."

"I had heard that she was deeply devoted to Vane." Sophia Hamilton-North's phrase came back easily enough, after the lapse of months, to George Withern's mind.

"Ah, she was, she was." Mr. Cranmore's smile deepened to tenderness as he dwelt on the words. "But it was the infinitely pathetic devotion of a loyal nature to the friend who, loving much, yet cannot compel an equal love. She lived her life by his side, giving him, as freely as she could, her plastic youth to shape. But there was something unconquerable in the clay. The time came when Vane's attempt to fashion her in his image became hopeless. You are not to think that I impute egotism to Gerald Vane. It was his desperate, not wholly unintelligent attempt at achieving the finest of intimacies. He wished to mould her temperament to his, that they might touch at all points. Her youth, her enthusiasm misled him at first. What he tried was the tenderest kind of coercion; but she always escaped the slightest formative touch. Her individuality was completeness; it refused to be maimed."

"Yet she must, I should suppose, have married for love."

"Ah, there was the courage of which I speak. She married Vane—of this I am sure—because he presented more qualities that she admired than any other one man she had known. It is not improbable, for that matter, that he fascinated her greatly. But she must have known—for of all women Olivia Vane was the most constantly aware of the various subtle values of life—that he was not the perfect mate for her. And here, as I say, she was brave. To have the courage of your mistakes is mere pride; but to look before you leap, and still to leap—that is not done every day. To be the wife of a man like Gerald Vane, the object of a love so great, so strange, so appalling as was Vane's, cannot have been easy for a woman who had never loved any man." The old man's voice took on power as he spoke;

and the last words vibrated on Withern's ear, with a certain richness of appeal. The younger man seemed strangely struck by Cranmore's fervor, and his own tone half responded to it.

"You think then that she had never loved?"

"I am sure of it," came the relentless answer.

"Then was she not unhappy?" A far, faint irony seemed to echo in Withern's voice.

"No, I think she was not unhappy. She never permitted herself to count up those possibilities in her that remained unfulfilled. She wrung knowledge, not pain, from her discontent."

"Do you think she craved love?" Withern's question rang short and sharp, and the old man turned his dim eyes on him with an awakened interest.

"No, hardly that. She was not the woman to live the pallid life of dissatisfaction. She had an infinite curiosity; she was 'avid of life.' The lives of her friends widened her own personal horizon." Cranmore stopped, his mood of reminiscence becoming for the moment too intense for verbal expression. Withern, for the first time, spoke of Mrs. Vane as one who had gathered for himself, unaided, impressions of her.

"I could never have fancied her living with a man she did not love. The Olivia Travis that I knew, it seems to me, would have rebelled."

"Ah, you do not understand." The old man's voice was half querulous, as if he hated the unintelligence that could demand any justification of Olivia Vane. "They had all the surface congenialities, all the superficial community of taste, that make daily life together possible for two people. They liked the same books, the same pictures, the same landscapes. As regards the mere technique of life they were at one—but when it came to the spirit they were hopelessly apart. Life to Gerald Vane is at best a problem; to her it was a religion."

"You think, then, that he loved her better than she loved him."

"He had for her a consuming passion; a passion that since her death is laying him low. She was the chiefest among ten thousand to him: to her, he was simply the man she had happened to marry—the necessary object of her loyalty, her forethought and the greatest demonstration of her affection, but a man of whom she had always to be conscious in order to give him his due." Cranmore spoke with a gathering emphasis that defied disbelief. Withern turned upon him somewhat hotly.

"How do you know this? What reason have you to speak in the tone of authority of Mrs. Vane's relation to her husband?"

Mr. Cranmore's eyes rested on him for an instant with a certain veiled compassion. He rose, slowly and with evident difficulty, and came forward to place a hand on the young man's shoulder.

"I saw her nearly every day for years," he said, simply. "I have seen her in all moods and at all times. Her consideration of Vane was exquisite; her treatment of him needed no apology, and she offered none. But one saw. And remember, too, that I loved her—and that my sole reward for loving her was the consciousness of having descend upon me, for the sole purpose of reading Olivia Vane's mind, an intuition that was heaven-sent. Others have known her better; but none understood her so well as I. I made it my one aim to understand her. I sank every other activity of my life—little enough there was, you may well say—in the one attempt never to fail of understanding her. I cast aside everything else to keep tight hold of the silken clue; it took me a weary journey through the labyrinth, but I think I may say I reached the clear air at last. At the very end I met the pressure of her hand." The old man's face glowed with a delicate and sad delight as he spoke, with his light exaggeration, of this passion of his later years. To George Withern, turning to go, the mellowness of the fine old face beside him seemed, for the moment, to reflect an infinite wisdom. As he grasped Cranmore's hand, he found himself saying, as a child who repeats a lesson learned, "Then she never, in the largest sense, loved any man?"

The answer came with a note of almost pious insistence, as if from the dim, inner sanctuary of the oracle: "She never, in the largest sense, loved any man."

IV.

When, two days after Withern's talk with Mr. Cranmore, he dispatched a note to Mrs. Hamilton-North, asking with a certain curt insistence natural to his manner, if she would see him at a certain time, the act appeared to him of a significance that he knew perfectly to be entirely fictitious. It was in fact not merely his intended handing over to Sophia Hamilton-North of two thick packets of letters from Olivia Travis that struck him as being an event of importance. Our actions matter to us infinitely less than do the states of soul that precede and compel them; and it was natural that

George Withern, after two days of battling with strenuous moods, should count the incident closed, even though the tangible results were as yet unfulfilled.

That he had been in love with Olivia Vane, had grown to be for several years, with George Withern, a tacitly accepted fact. He never went so far as deliberately to admit it to himself, but he assumed it constantly. He had always been a young man to whom young women appealed but little; he had spent, of all time, so little thought on them that the mere fact of his having spent thought on Olivia Travis had had for him the dignity and importance that love-affairs have in the minds of most men. He had cared enough for her to seek her out and to strive for her friendship; and, whatever such a degree of enthusiasm may be called, it had never been repeated in his later experience.

This was the somewhat frigid reading of George Withern's attitude towards Olivia. In the absence of similar phenomena she shone picturesque and notable on the somewhat monotonous plain of his human experience. Her solitude, if nothing else, had given her a certain magnitude of effect. All this had become for him so much a matter of course, the vivid experience of his friendship with her had so long been a familiar touch of color in the background of his daily life, that not until Sophia Hamilton-North, six months before, had approached him bound on Vane's odd mission, had he realized its full value for him. He recalled, easily enough, the curious thrill with which, at her first word of Olivia, he had sprung to the defence.

The manner with which he had met her had been natural enough to him, but even to George Withern such ruthlessness as he had been forced to show in order to baffle her had come hard. His refusal to gratify even her curiosity had been a matter of tenderness to his own pride. So long as Olivia had been, to his mind, in love with Gerald Vane, so long was he bound to hug to himself, in secrecy and selfishness, such a fragment of her personality as he might possess in the letters. Only after his conversation with Mr. Cranmore had this curious revulsion of mood taken place. It had been long since he had troubled the clear waters up through which, from their profoundest depth, shone, like a bit of sunken treasure, that old devotion. Yet oddly enough, the troubling thereof had not been merely the turbid prelude to a second and kindred calm. When at last they grew quiet again, he found that his attitude towards Olivia, towards his love for her,

even towards the letters that he had so jealously guarded, had changed. The solution of the matter took a curiously brief and crude form in his mind. Olivia Vane, in her aloofness from all men, drew suddenly nearer to this man than when Gerald Vane had, as he supposed, been not only in her life, but, with an intimacy that was completeness, of it, as well. It was almost as if the woman were there, to be won over again, perhaps by Gerald Vane, but with equal chance, by Withern himself. His pallid little part in her life could not now serve as foil to the magnificence of another man's possession. Withern knew, from their remote friendship, enough of Olivia Vane to be sure that as she was not utterly another's creature, she was utterly her own. The fact that she had never surrendered her heart, while it filled him with a kind of reverted pity for the girl whom he remembered as made up of all fine possibilities, yet gave him a sense that closely resembled hope. She was not as if given back to him—she had never been to any degree his—but it was for the moment as if he had the chance that in reality he did not have. The humility of unsuccess was lost when there was no longer success to be confronted with. The consciousness that he might not have her lost its old bitterness in this new sense that now, while still free as ever, she had passed beyond all men's having. With this conviction fresh upon him, he was lifted into a mood of infinite generosity, the final result of which was his note to Mrs. Hamilton-North that was to anticipate his temporary surrender of Olivia's letters. So utterly, for that matter, had he thrown off his old attitude of sensitive, reticent pride, that he took positive delight in the thought of giving pleasure and a certain measure of victory to Mrs. Hamilton-North.

Sophia Hamilton-North on her side received George Withern's note with a certain thrill of consternation. The situation had greatly changed since her interview with Withern six months before. Gerald Vane had taken with great calm Sophia's half-hysterical descriptions of the rebuff that she had had at the hands of George Withern. He had gathered clearly enough from the tangle of her troubled recollections of that day, that she had had at least to deal with a person determined and unimpressible. Whatever else poor Sophia blurred in her recital, she conveyed perfectly always the complete hardness of George Withern. At the moment, Vane had pitied his sister too thoroughly to suggest, even to himself, that she had bungled the task. It had been, he reflected, real generosity on her part to throw herself so finely and graciously into his plan, and to

take over, so wholly, his mood. He was touched by the mere attempt she had made, quite as much as he would have been by success. Much as he had admired his wife, he had understood his sister far better, and he knew, to the last pang, what things cost her. He knew that mingled with her regret at his disappointment was a kind of dreary rage at her own failure, that was almost the more intolerable of the two. His affection for Sophia had seen clearly that, to comfort her, he must accept blindly any exaggeration that she might unconsciously establish for her own comfort as true. Altogether, he felt it best, at first, not to attempt to see Withern himself, or in any way to take the situation from where it lay, in poor Sophia's beautiful, ineffectual hands. If Sophia had met with a surpassing coldness, it was not likely that he, Gerald, would strike any glow. And at any rate, Sophia, in the first flush of her disappointment, was not to be wounded by any suggestion of confidence withdrawn. He had even tried, during the first few weeks, to cover up under a sudden business of attitude, the heaping up of documents on his table and the sorting and shifting of correspondence, his real bafflement at the loss (for so he could not but regard it) of the Withern letters.

By the time of which we are speaking, however, all this pretence had faded into a dim and hopeless inaction on Gerald's part. His ebbing strength of soul and body had taken, before the particular disappointment, a still more swiftly receding course. The check had become of a tragically disproportionate significance, and Sophia, watching day after day the lessening of his endeavor, the enthusiasm of morning fading each night into a deeper dullness, had gradually lost hope. The conviction had deepened within her that Withern's obstinacy alone was responsible for the ugly gap in the records that had piled up under Vane's delicately methodical hand. At the same time, she was growing to see that her brother's attitude, though perhaps unreasonable to the eyes of sanity, was inevitable, and while she longed vaguely for some such inspiration as the Withern letters would have been, she began to gather herself to fight the more tangible dangers of Vane's ill-health.

George Withern's note, then, came as a shock, not as a relief; for she admitted to herself that even though he might be willing to do everything for them, it might yet be too late. Courageous to the last, however, the gallant young woman prepared herself, not without a fervent prayer, to get out of Withern, at any cost, all that he might be able, under any pressure, to give them.

Prepared though Sophia was, she could not restrain herself from a movement of excitement, as she saw in Withern's hand the packet of unmistakable shape and size.

"You have brought them?" She held out her hands in a wholly involuntary gesture of suggestive appeal.

"I have brought them, Mrs. North. Never mind why I refused them then, and have brought them now. Here, at least, they are."

Sophia took them. "No, it doesn't matter. We have them now." She spoke simply, under the influence of a great happiness that swept over her.

Withern turned to go. In her eagerness to rush to Gerald with her treasure, she did not beg him to wait, but gave him her hand in glad, radiant silence. In an instant he was gone.

Sophia, pressing the little burden closely to her, walked swiftly over to Vane's library. "Gerald," she exclaimed, throwing open the door; "Gerald, I have them—the Withern letters!"

No answer came, though the table opposite her was littered with a fresh disorder of documents.

"Gerald—" she stopped.

Opposite her, at the far end of the great table, Gerald Vane sat, his head bowed on his breast. He had died quite calmly, with the enthusiasm of his endeavor still upon him. Before him, almost beneath his hands, lay the journals whose pages he had turned so often with such exquisite reverence.

Sophia, struck, shattered by the malevolent event, the irony almost superhumanly inspired, it seemed, sank heavily down beside him. The Withern letters dropped in a loosening heap on the table by the journals. It was perhaps fitting that the great record should never have been so near completion as at the hour of Gerald Vane's death.

Katharine Fullerton.

“THE WELL-BELOVED.”

Of Lydian maids, the loveliest and the best

None other is than this, my lady sweet;

E'en as, when daylight fades into the west

The stars come forth the silent moon to greet;

But she is brighter far, and ever fall

Her beams of light like fingers softly laid

In mute caress,—her radiance covers all,—

The barren deep, and every flowering glade.

A delicate dew is shed, and springs again

Life's vigor in the queenly flower, the rose;

The tender plants bedeck the quickened plain

And honey-burdened clover buds uncloset.

As Dian, then, mid her fair galaxy

Thus lovely seems the Lydian maid to me.

(Translated out of Sappho.)

Elizabeth Mary Perkins, 1900.

THE LEGENDS OF SPAIN.

The literature of Spain, rich, varied, and plentiful, is remarkable in that it is the product, almost solely, of native inspiration. No matter what the general literary tendency of the time, the movement finding followers, temporarily, throughout the rest of Europe, the greatest writers of Spain always adhered firmly to a strict principle of independence, never seeking abroad for material or aids in their work, but going rather to a source close at hand, a source which has proved practically inexhaustible, the legends of their own country. In this way they were enabled to create, if not a universal, at least a profoundly national literature, transfused with that spirit, essentially Spanish, which marks the legends of Spain.

All that has made Spain great, all that has made her distinct among nations, her whole individuality, whether temperamental or merely historical, has been preserved from century to century until the present day in the lore of her people. As in the legends of every other country, so in those of Spain, fact has been modified often, altered sometimes even past recognition, by the chances of constant oral repetition and by the deliberate interference of a brilliant imagination which delighted to heighten natural charm; again and again, the miraculous, loved and deeply trusted in by primitive simplicity, has intruded itself among realities and possibilities; but the effect of such liberties taken with truth by a faith and a fancy inseparable from the people who thus gave expression to them, is only to intensify the revelation of national character.

For hundreds of years the tales and traditions handed faithfully down from generation to generation in the various Spanish towns to which they belong have been constantly multiplying until now they are numberless. Many, perhaps the greater and better part, have yet to be given permanent form. Those which have been collected make up a very considerable bulk of material, exceptionally interesting as literature, and of inestimable value as a source of information regarding Spain.

Whatever the phase or mood of Spain at any moment—and though she has remained as stable in her nature as a nation can, foreign influences have from time to time had their altering effect upon her—she has always been of supreme interest to her people. Their records of her deeds, treas-

ured under all conditions, are a vivid reflection of her glory, her trials, her achievements in war, her Christian zeal and her romantic passions. They show a nation full of power and vigor, true, in the face of all opposition, to the cause which she had chosen to defend, eager for triumph, jealously watchful of her rights and her supremacy, her spirit one of invincible courage and determination. In the name of religion and country, feats of heroism are performed, not only by warriors, but by children and women.

A tradition of the town of Reina recounts the daring strategy to which one of the Queens of Spain had recourse in order to free the town from the control of its enemies.

The citadel of Reina was held by a Moorish king. The queen, having besought and obtained permission to visit him with her maids, had her soldiers clothe themselves as women, and mounted with them to the king's castle, where a great feast had been prepared. After the feast, as she was walking with the king near the wall which overlooked her garden, the queen let fall her handkerchief. The king advanced to the edge of the wall to recover it, and the queen, with a quick thrust, pushed him into the garden beneath. She then with her soldiers possessed herself of the citadel.

For us, the greatness of the queen's deed is lessened by its treachery, but the conscience of the Middle Ages found justification for every means in the worthiness of a purpose, and the approbation of heaven in the success of an attempt. That was a time of simple faith when, according to the legends, divine assistance to the innocent and encouragement to the virtuous was openly given. In those days, miracles abounded.

It is told, for example, that during the conquest of Mallorca a miracle favored Don James the Conqueror. While he was in pursuit of Moorish refugees, the provisions for his army became so scant that starvation threatened. Having learned that food had been captured from the enemy by Don Hugh de Moneada, Don James, accompanied by more than a hundred of his cavaliers, sought Moneada's tent.

Moneada, spreading upon the ground his rich cloak of scarlet, placed thereon seven loaves of bread, and gave them to the king, saying, "Would to heaven these loaves might multiply, for the sake of the love with which I offer them to you." The knight's prayer was granted. From the seven loaves of bread Don James and all his cavaliers ate until their hunger was satisfied.

The propagation of their faith concerned the Spaniards deeply, and the theme of many of the legends is the conversion of pagans to Christianity.

According to one of these legends, a band of Arabs had seized the castle of Orbigo, and having put its lord to death and bound his attendants, were greedily plundering the castle when in the chapel they came upon a beautiful maiden kneeling at the foot of an altar before the image of Christ. She was praying for the safety of her father. "The brilliance of her eyes was sweeter than the light of hope, and the richness of her waving hair was more enchanting to the eye than is the glitter of gold to the greed of a miser. Roses paled beside her glowing cheeks, and the grace of her form was greater than that of the palm or the lily."

Amir, the chief of the Arabs, startled by a vision of such loveliness, paused before the entrance to the chapel.

"The girl rose, her eyes shining with more than human courage. She gave no cry of grief or terror, but calmly faced the terrible enemy of her religion and of her country, and, majestic, irresistible, without uttering a word, commanded the Arab to profane the temple with his presence no longer."

The beauty and spirit of the young Christian amazed and captivated Amir. He withdrew his forces from the castle, and besought its mistress to accept his services and protection. His knightliness and devotion at last won her love, but she clung steadily to her faith, and it was only when Amir, after long indecision—for his own belief was strong and deep-rooted—accepted the Christian religion, that she consented to become his wife.

Repression of feelings and resistance to temptation in obedience to religious conviction was for the Spaniards, who possessed in a high degree the heroic instinct of self-sacrifice, too productive of spiritual recompense to be painfully difficult. But there was in the Middle Ages a restraint more positive and irksome than conscience governing sentiments and natural emotions, a tyranny so pitiless and oppressive as to be unendurable, and from which resulted many tragic romances full of an intense passionate love that, longing for freedom and expression, found itself confronted by the stern formidable power of a father's or a monarch's absolute will, and, dashing in headlong, vain protest against the strength of feudal dominion, was crushed and defeated.

Among the legends of Archidona there is such a romance, the story of two unhappy lovers driven to a desperate rebellion against selfish and unjust authority. Tagzona, the daughter of the alcaide Ibrahim, being one day informed by him that she was promised in marriage to the alcaide

of Alhama, confessed her love for Hamed Alhaizar, a humble knight of Granada. Her father, angered and alarmed, took Hamed prisoner and confined him in a dungeon of the castle. The cruelty of Ibrahim roused Tagzona to burning indignation, the strength of her love overcame her habit of obedience, and while pretending submission to her father, she was planning the escape of Hamed. At last, in a brief absence of Ibrahim, she accomplished her purpose. Hamed was set free, and together the lovers fled from the castle, hiding themselves in a deep wood. Suddenly from an abyss that divided their path, a vulture rose, screaming and beating its wings in their faces. At the evil omen, the lovers shuddered. A sound of hoof-beats came to their ears and they knew that Ibrahim was seeking them. The thought of his vengeance appalled them. They hurried breathlessly onward, but from all sides pursuers approached. In despair, the wretched lovers ascended to the summit of a great rock—now called “the rock of the lovers”—paused a moment to cast a silent reproach and defiance at Ibrahim, then leaped into the depths of the fathomless abyss below.

Legends of this kind have for us the charm and interest of the most artfully contrived romantic fiction.

Another class of traditions, dealing with the Kings of Spain and their experiences among their people, possesses the attractiveness of a collection of adventure tales, whose picturesque heroes are continually displaying in situations of theatrical excitement the wit and daring of the ideal adventurer. One of these tales recounts dramatically the manner in which Don Enrique the Sufferer asserted his authority over his arrogant nobles.

“He was fourteen years old, and was living in actual want almost alone in the great palace of Burgos, without a retinue, and with only one servant as companion.

“None of the courtiers who frequented the antechambers of the governors and grandees by whom, in the name of Don Enrique, the nation was controlled and the royal power abused in a thousand ways, troubled themselves to salute the king.

“One day the monarch had even to pawn his coat in order to get meat for his supper, and on that very day, in the palace of the archbishop of Toledo, a great banquet was being given, at which were present the Count of Benavente, the Marquis of Villena, and other grandees, governors and dispensers of the royal revenues.

"As Azor, Enrique's servant, was going to pawn the king's cloak, he met a page of the archbishop of Toledo, who, being talkative, gave, like a good page, a minute account of all the preparations for the banquet in the palace of his master.

"Azor returned to the palace and repeated the story to Enrique.

"‘My dear Azor,’ said the king, ‘I wish to be present at this banquet. I must see how far my governors are carrying their prodigality and their disregard for me.’

"‘You wish to go to the palace of the archbishop?’ broke in Azor, astounded. ‘But, señor—’

"‘I will go disguised. Return to your friend. Tell him that a friend of yours, a countryman very eager to see the splendors of the court, has come to Burgos. Beg him to contrive to hide the simple peasant near the banquet-hall. He will afford sport for the servants.’

"So it was arranged, and the king was present in hiding at the feast of his grandees, one of those spendthrift dissipations frequent at that time of disorder, when the ascendancy was held by a turbulent nobility who had grown insolent in exercising guardianship over a sick prince, a child whom they believed incapable of energy.

"At the same time he heard the scoffing, ridicule, and derision which were indulged in at the expense of the royal dignity during the banquet.

"On the following day it was announced that the king was very feeble and wished to make his will.

"All the grandees hastened to the palace, and to their surprise, were conducted, not to the royal bed-chamber, but to the Throne-room where was a triple file of guards. The supposed invalid appeared in better health than usual, fully armed and with sword bare. He mounted the steps of the throne and casting a calm glance of mastery at the gathering of nobles, proceeded to ask them in turn, beginning with the archbishop, how many kings they had known in Castile.

"The oldest of them had known but five.

"Don Enrique the Sufferer replied, ‘Yet I, who am so young, have known at least twenty,—the king, archbishop of Toledo, the king, Marquis of Villena, the king, Count of Benavente, the king, Count of Trastamara,’ and he enumerated all the governors and magnates who had abused royal authority. Then he added, imposingly, ‘And now, señores, it is time that there should be but one king in Castile.’

"The listeners were filled with terror and dismay. The king made a sign, and from a mysterious apartment appeared the headsman, axe in hand. The triple file of guards surrounded the helpless nobles, who, awakened from stupefaction to the liveliest horror, hastened to throw themselves at the feet of the king, entreating pardon and promising amendment.

"Enrique III., endowed with a heart generous and inclined to mercy, did not reveal to them the fact that he had been present at the superb banquet, because, had he done so, he must have punished gravely the ridicule that he had heard made of his person. But he said to them these memorable words: 'Yesterday, my faithful Azor had to pawn my coat to buy me a supper, while you were satiating yourselves at the expense of the royal treasury. I might justly give your heads to the executioner, but I do not wish to begin my reign with acts of blood. Nevertheless you shall not go unpunished. I shall impose upon you a penalty sufficient for a warning.'

"The penalty which Enrique imposed was, indeed, efficacious. He kept them as prisoners until they had returned to him the castles and fortresses of which they had been custodians, and the balance of the revenues which they had diverted to their own uses."

The significance of the legends of Spain is broad in proportion to their abundance and variety. Considered in order of time, so far as that is possible, they give a view of the history of the country, its wars, its politics and religion, made luminous by means of details which more formal chronicles must omit. They picture Spain a nation of cavaliers and warriors fighting with glorious courage for the sake of conquest and dominion, and with sublime determination for the sake of Christianity; a mediæval state where the controlling forces are feudal government and a deeply impressed, simply interpreted religion, which cause to exist in it at once indomitable strength and child-like submission,—in the most daring soldier unquestioning obedience, through trained and inculcated loyalty, to his chief, in the fiercest chief humble submission to the laws of his faith.

But the great importance of the legends lies in the fact that they afford the clearest and completest exposition attainable of the Spanish temperament, that marked and unmistakable temperament which presents to-day the same fundamental contrasts to the types of other nations that it presented in the early formation of the race.

In traditions art does not interfere with nature. However facts may be disarranged and misstated in the free and unscientific handling accorded

them by the people, personality is accurately portrayed. The personality which the legends of Spain impress upon us is one in which the depth and sway of emotions, impulses and passions are, to our cooler and calmer natures, almost incredible. Nowhere else do we find such gusts of hating and loving, such fierce unmoderated outbursts of jealousy, tenderness and sorrow, such strength of devotion and power of self-sacrifice.

And at no time could these passions and emotions have displayed themselves so effectively as in that active and glorious period of Spain's career whose history is preserved by tradition.

Both in character and plot, therefore, the legends are full of a dramatic and romantic force beyond even the power of inspired imagination to conceive. All that was lacking in them in their original crude form to make of them a great and recognized literature was cultured, felicitous expression, and this, fortunately for Spain's literary fame, has been given to them in the fullest measure in works of unsurpassed beauty and interest by her pre-eminent men of letters, Cervantes, Lope de Vega and Calderon.

Sara Montenegro, 1902.

MY RIVER.

Let who will praise the sea and the joy of braving its tempests, for me it will ever be the "*non tangenda vada*." Even when upon the land I watch it from a distance, its greedy washing upon the shore, as if it were not satisfied with that great part of the world it has already devoured, but must have this narrow strip of sand and pebbles also, fills me with terror, and I wish myself far away from it. Perhaps it is because I am inland born that I so much prefer waters which are small and quiet; storm-protected harbours where the waves never rise high and the roar of the breakers reaches only faintly; lakes whose still surfaces reflect the image of the encircling trees; and above all, rivers: not the noisy, bustling, over-hasty little mountain streams which are to-day raging torrents, and to-morrow only beds of dry stones, but broad, deep rivers which flow smoothly between fields whose green level is only broken by darker patches of forest or by occasional villages, low and white-painted save for a tall, dark church-tower.

Such a one is my river, the Ashwaubenon, the most beautiful of all rivers. I know it well, for countless times I have been up and down its length on the big flat river-boat which with its splashing stern-wheel crawls along but little faster than Horace's immortal barge, and stops, whistling and creaking, at every wharf. Then, leaning over the railing, I watch the people of the village who come running down to the water's edge. A little girl in a pink frock waves at me high above her, while her small brother in blue pinafore sucks a stick of candy and stares round-eyed; a man in a wide-brimmed straw hat tries to catch the rope thrown him by one of the sailors, but fails, and it splashes down into the water; then it is drawn in again, amid laughter and swearing, and thrown a second time; and now half a dozen hands seize it and make it fast around the pile. I feel the jar of the boat against the pier, and see the gang-plank drawn out. Men, bent under boxes and sacks, run back and forth across it, and there is bustle and confusion and calling everywhere for a time. Then a colt, starting and balking, is coaxed over; I hear his hoofs clatter on the lower deck, the gang-plank is drawn in again, the boat stirs, the water splashing up about it and then subsides, and we are out in mid-stream again, and the little white town is disappearing behind green curved banks. Ahead the high forests

divide and the hills move apart that the river may flow between them; and as, following its gleaming track, the green stretches on either side are dotted by more little towns, so is my quiet broken, now and again, by short intervals of noise and brief glimpses of busy life, during the long lazy day.

You, who have known many rivers, but never mine, may say that I have told you nothing remarkable; that there is many another river like the Ashwaubenon, as beautiful or even more so; may question how I, who have traveled little, can be so sure that my river is the most beautiful in all the world. How, indeed, do I know that this is so? How do I know that if I should journey down the bright Loire or many-legended Rhine, or follow the Nile to its mysterious source, I should find them less lovely than this unknown northern stream? Perhaps because my grandfather and his father lived beside it, and it belongs to me by right of inheritance as it were; because I knew every curve of its shore, every ripple of its surface, before I knew that dandelions were yellow; and because, before I heard the rhymes of Mother Goose, the soft swish of its waters in summer and the resonant boom of its expanding cracking ice in winter were familiar to my ears. That perhaps is the reason I know so well that there is upon earth no fairer river, that there are no statelier forests or greener pastures than those which its dear waters wash.

Florence Wilcox Clark, 1902.

PRAYER OF A SUN-WORSHIPPER.

O Phœbus, light of this dark world below,
Why hast thou hid thy gracious radiant face
Behind the drifts of deep cloud lying low?
For sin of man dost thou despise thy race?
Before thy wheelèd throne we, suppliant, bend
In humble knowledge that thy might is great.
Oh, if our devious ways thy sight offend,
Shine brighter, then, to show a path more straight.
Whatever power the path of life hath laid,
Though greater hand have placed thee where thou art,
We, knowing thee our daily constant aid,
Look up to thee and pray with all our heart!
O Phœbus, grant us our one simple prayer,
Veil not so oft in cloud thy visage fair.

E. F. McKeen, 1901.

THE CHRONICLER.

"Il n'est danger que de vilain,
 N'orgueil que de povre enrichy,
 Ne si seur chemin que le plain,
 Ne secours que de vray amy,
 Ne desespoir que jalousie,
 N'angoisse que cueur convoiteux . . ."

Montfaucon the Brave flung his horse's rein to a lackey, and mounted the castle steps in eager haste. The long reach of gray terrace was deserted save for a few yawning pages, for the guests of the Duchess had set off upon a hawking party; as he listened, Montfaucon could faintly hear the tinkle of their bells.

He strode along singing lightly to himself:

"Une fois me dictes ouy,
 En foy de noble et gentil femme;" . . .

And he would have entered the castle without delay, had he not come upon Jehan the Chronicler, sitting in the shadow of the doorway, alone as usual, and reading.

"Goodmorrow," said Montfaucon, looking down from his noble height upon the other. He tossed the word so carelessly that it was like stooping for an alms to receive and answer it.

The Chronicler glanced up from his book and nodded curtly, as if the interruption were not welcome; then, mindful of his manners, he arose and stood silent, in courteous indifference.

The two were strangely contrasted as they stood there in the sunlight, face to face. Montfaucon seemed the very type and flower of chivalry, with his fair features and graceful body and bright colours of health. He wore a rich dress, with trimmings of silver, and the hilt of his sword was set with jewels.

Jehan the Chronicler, on the other hand, was but a dark-visaged varlet, in a suit of threadbare black. Though strengthily built, he seemed somewhat spare and slender, and his shoulders were bent with long stooping over the script of antique parchments. There was in his face an expres-

sion of patient indifference, and in his attitude something subdued and humble; he might have been a prisoner of war, held since many years in hopeless captivity, and sensible through all the anguish of bondage that his slavery was, beyond all freedom, honourable.

Ten years before he had strayed into the childish presence of the Duchess, footsore and hungry, his tattered cloak damp with rain; and she had welcomed this wanderer from far-off Paris, and kept him near her from that day forth. When the old Duke died, leaving her the mistress of great wealth, she had clung ever closer to her strange friend, who, in return for her bounty, had instructed her in the Greek and Latin tongues and pagan philosophy and many other curious things.

So to-day he stood Chronieler in ordinary to the Duchess, observing her suitor gravely, and holding a great gilded book carefully in his arms.

"Where is thy mistress?" asked Montfaucon, tapping the ground with his heel; for he was never at ease with this poor dependent of his lady's. "I have ridden since daybreak out of the heart of Provence, to see her."

"What!" answered the Chronieler, smiling, "dost thou boast of the service?"

"Dost thou question the value of it?" asked Montfaucon, scowling. Jehan only smiled, and dropped his eyes before the angry look of the other.

"Where is the Duchess?" repeated Montfaucon, with impatience. Jehan answered, shrugging: "Thou the king of falcons, and canst not find the dove!"

"Thy speeches are none too gentle, sirrah," replied Montfaucon; "beware! I might warn her Grace that the dogs in her kennels are grown vicious with idleness, and begin to show their teeth."

"Would they dare,—to Montfaucon the Brave?" asked the Chronieler.

Montfaucon strode without more parley into the castle; and Jehan sat himself down again very contentedly, and continued to study in his gilded book.

Presently there was a noise at the window above his head; the lattice swung open, the curtain was pushed aside, and a lady leaned forth and looked down upon him.

"Mistress!" said the Chronieler, and arose. The gilded book fell heavily to the ground.

The lady's hair was silvery gold, her skin was fair, her lips thin and red; and her gray-green eyes were full of laughter.

"I saw Montfaucon coming up the hill," said she, "so I hid behind my curtain, and have sent word to him that I am sleeping."

"He hath ridden out of the heart of Provence, only to see thee," answered the Chronicler.

"Only to see me, forsooth! Then let him rest, after so hard a journey,—pray heaven it be not a fruitless one!—and come thou to me without delay, for we have done no work to-day, and it will be dark in an hour. Come!"

"Nay, gracious mistress, I have been awaiting thy summons for an hour, and I am weary. Hast thou no respect for wisdom? By our Lord, I will not come."

"I was sleeping, master."

"That message is for the Baron Montfaucon, and I will none of it."

"Forgive me, master!" and the Duchess leaned forth and stretched out her hands; "I have no excuse; but forgive me, and come, now that I want you so much."

The Chronicler gazed up at his lady for a moment in silence; then he lifted the gilded book from the ground, and hastened away down the terrace. The Duchess followed him with her eyes until he was lost to sight, then dropped her curtain and closed the lattice.

All this Montfaucon the Brave had heard from within the doorway; and he frowned, perplexed, for he had not known that the Chronicler was so favoured.

2.

"Ma princesse, ma première
esperance,
Mon cœur vous sert en
dure penitence . . ."

Although the Duchess was learned in books, she had a light and joyous heart, and loved the laughter of many guests. Suitors had she in plenty, for so fair a lady with so great a fortune was no mean prize to win. Little pleasure did she find in their tender words and their sighs, and they thought her cold of heart and, in spite of her sweetness and beauty, half feared her; but her heart was not cold; there was a secret flame within it that burned brighter day by day, and never wavered or grew dim.

It did not burn, however, for Montfaucon the Brave, who loved the lady, and had told her so with passion many times. She always laughed

at him, and shook her head, or silenced him with a frown; so he waited and waited, but watched too, as all true lovers must.

This night of his coming to her castle, when the evening feast was over, Montfaucon followed the lady out upon the moonlit terrace, and wandered with her up and down. She was in a silent mood, so he forbore to speak to her for a time, and walked quietly at her side, singing his favourite rondel half under his breath:

"Une fois me' dictes ouy,
En foy de noble et gentil femme,
Je vous certifie, ma Dame,
Qu' oneques ne fuz tant resjouy.

Veuillez le donc dire, selon
Que vous estes benigne . . ."

He broke off suddenly, to say half jestingly, half in reproach, "Thou lovest those musty books of the Chronicler's better than my poor company, sweet lady."

She looked up quickly, and answered, smiling:

"So thou hast discovered my sin against thee? Well, it was unworthy; but I must learn, and if I ceased from my task every time that I wished to talk with thee,—" she stopped, and glanced at him mockingly.

"Thou art teaching strange tricks to that poor Chronicler of thine," he said, after a pause; "he hath come to think himself a wit and a philosopher."

"I have told him so often that he is both the one and the other," answered the lady, "that he may well have ended in believing me. At least his bitterness grows less, and his wisdom greater, every day."

"And my patience wears thinner every hour," exclaimed the baron, halting and looking her in the eyes; "how long, beloved, before thou lovest me?"

"Perhaps a century, perhaps a day; who knows?" replied the Duchess.

"I would wait," he cried, seizing her hand and pressing it to his lips, "a thousand years!"

But the Duchess, who did not love such caresses, withdrew her fingers, and said, coldly:

"Be cautious, baron, or thou mayst wait through all eternity." And she left him standing on the terrace, and returned to the crowded hall, where there were songs and laughter and the murmuring of many voices.

Scattering her pleasant words to right and left, she passed among her guests, a vision of glittering raiment, and smiles, and yellow hair; until she saw the Chronicler, sitting apart in the chimney corner, listening to the singing.

A mad thought seemed to strike her. She stood for a moment smiling to herself, with a bright unusual flush upon her face; then she took a lute from one of the pages, and going swiftly to Jehan, bent over him and whispered in his ear. He stared at her incredulously, half rose, and shook his head; but she turned from him with her hand on his shoulders, and cried out in a ringing voice:

"Silence, noble guests! My Chronicler will sing for you."

He had paled, and met the strange triumphant look that she gave him with a frozen glance of dumb anger; but after a moment he took the lute into his hands, and commenced to tune it. Then, casting his eyes for a moment upon the curious crowd, he struck a minor chord, and sang a song.

When the song was ended, the Chronicler arose, gave the lute to a page, and bowed low before the lady. Then he went his way quickly from the room, unmindful of the guests' applause. His mistress stood looking after him with a troubled face; and when the voices were loud again, and the song forgotten, followed him up the narrow tower stair to his little room under the eaves.

3.

"Soyez seure, si j'en jouy,
Que ma lealle et craintive ame
Gardera trop mieulx que nul ame
Vostre honneur . . ."

When the lady entered, Jehan was sitting at the window, his face buried in his arms. She came to him softly through the gloom, and touched his shoulder. He gave a great start, then rose and stood before her, looking down.

"Thou art angry, Jehan," said the Duchess, sitting near him. The Chronicler answered:

"Angry? With thee, mistress?"

"Yes, and small wonder, since I made thee sing."

"Thou hast but to command, and I to obey," he replied.

She answered eagerly, "Forgive me, Jehan; I never should have asked it."

"I am thy servant," said the Chronicler, "and should serve thy guests as I serve thee, with a willing heart; yes, and accept their bounty and live upon it like any other serf."

"Thou livest on no one's bounty but mine, Jehan," she answered quickly.

"When I left the hall after singing," replied the Chronicler, "two of thy guests flung me gold."

"Gold?"

"Yes. It is there yet, upon the ground. Dost thou bid me go and seek it?"

"Jehan!" There were tears in her eyes and upon her face. The Chronicler suddenly sank down on the bench beside her, and dropped his face into his hands. She looked at him in silence. Of what source was this man's pride, that clung to him, inflexible as death, through all his years of servitude?

"Jehan," she said, after a pause, "I asked thee to sing because I knew that thou wouldst rather die, almost, than do it for those others; and I wished—yes, I wished to see what thou wouldst do for me."

"Thou hast seen," he answered.

The moonlight fell across the little room with its narrow bed and bare walls and table littered with books and parchments. The Duchess gazed about, and then into the Chronicler's face. He looked away from her, troubled.

"Jehan!" she said, breathlessly, laying her hands on his shoulders; and for the first time in her whole life, she flushed scarlet when their eyes met. He stared at her spell-bound, as she bent, and bent, and touched his lips with hers; then she sprang to her feet, and fled away down the stair, her cheeks and eyes aflame.

"Saint Jehan the Blessed!" whispered the Chronicler, pressing his hands to his heart, "my lady loves me!"

He did not hear the rustling outside his window, as a man climbed softly down, clinging to the carvings and the twisted vines; it was Montfaucon the Brave.

4.

“ . . . Je meurs en soif aupres de la
fontaine. . . .
Je ris en pleurs, et attens sans
espoir.”

For three days the Chronicler was absent from the castle, and his lady watched for him in vain, both night and morning. At last, on the fourth day, as she and Montfaucon rode through the forest, they met him journeying homeward, so haggared and weary that the Duchess was frightened.

“Tis my Chronicler returned,” she cried, and sprang from her horse to give Jehan her hand. “Where hast thou been, truaute?” she asked. “Thy cloak is stained with grass and earth and rain; hast thou been wandering far away?”

“Through the forest, mistress,” he answered.

“And never a word to tell me of thy going! I thought thee lost!”

He smiled an odd, patient smile, and said, “A spirit whispered to me, and I went away in the night.”

“Shall we ride on, lady?” asked Montfaucon the Brave.

“No,” she answered. “Ride thou on alone, baron; I will not go.”

“But, gracious lady,” cried Montfaucon, half angrily.

“Ride on, may it please you,” she responded; “I will not go to-day.”

So Montfaucon rode on, resplendent in his hunting green; and when he was out of sight among the trees, the lady dropped her horse’s bridle and held out her hands to Jehan, saying, tenderly:

“How couldst thou go without a word, my love?”

He did not answer, so she continued:

“Dost thou fear to speak? Didst thou think it a jest?”

He bowed his head upon his breast and was silent.

“Jehan!” she cried. No answer.

“Thou shalt wed me,” she whispered, “and we shall be the happiest souls in all the world. Thou art nameless, Jehan? Well, I have a great name, and thou shalt share it. And in return thou shalt give me a heart so priceless that no woman on earth, possessing it, could want any other gift. We will fling away my gold to the tawdry, and the covetous, and the poor; and live together away from the world, praising God, who sent thee to seek me ten years ago.”

Jehan raised his head and looked at her. His face, which wore the pallor of death, was masked with a sort of blank and hopeless patience.

"My beloved lady," he said, in a voice not like his own, "the world would call thee mad. I will never let thee make so great a sacrifice."

"Sacrifice?" she answered; "thou knowest me, and thou callest it that?"

There was a silence. Then the Chronicler turned half away, and replied, "Yes."

"Jehan! Art thou mocking me? Thou lovest me, Jehan—" she stopped, her face blanched, and she said in a changed voice, "or is it that thou dost not love me?"

"My gracious mistress," faltered the Chronicler, "I have loved thee always."

"And so, wilt wed me?" He was silent. She burst into a loud laugh and flung up her arms. "Hear us, ye saints!" she cried, "I offer myself to him—I, I, the Duchess, I offer myself, and this man—this beggar here refuses me!"

"Thou hast said it," replied Jehan, his face like a patient mask.

The Duchess gazed at him for a moment, then she laughed loudly again, and taking her horse's rein over her arm, stumbled away through the forest.

That night at the banquet the guests pledged the Duchess and Montfaucon the Brave on their betrothal. The Chronicler was not there, nor did he appear at all during the evening; and few, indeed, ever saw him again.

5.

*"J'ai ung arbre de la plante d'amour
Enraciné en mon cuer proprement
Qui ne porte fruits, sinon de dolours . . ."*

The Duchess lay sleepless upon her bed, staring into the darkness; until, about midnight, there came a tapping at her outer door. She rose, and stood listening. The tapping came once—twice again; she wrapped a silken robe about her, and went swiftly through the high-arched rooms to the great oaken door that opened upon the corridor. Unbarring it, she swung it wide. The Chronicler stood before her; she had known it was no other.

He was all disordered and deathly white, and he returned her look with a gaze so faltering and wild, that one who did not know him might well have thought him suffering from fear.

"What dost thou seek?" asked the Duchess, in a harsh voice.

He said, "I must speak with thee."

"Here? At this hour?"

"Even so."

"Speak, then, and begone; for it is the last time that thou shalt ever see me alone."

"So be it." He followed her into the splendid anteroom where they had spent so many a pleasant hour; the hanging lamp cast a faint yellow glow over her, as she stood before him, her bright hair hanging loose about her.

"Mistress," began the Chronicler, "mistress—" his voice wavered; but she never moved or spoke or turned aside her wide, hard gaze. He continued eagerly:

"I come to beseech thee by our long friendship, by the days and years that we have spent together, by all we hold most dear, my gracious lady—"

"I am listening."

"I implore thee humbly, passionately, with all my soul, do not wed the Baron Montfaucon."

She laughed.

"So thou hast repented? Thou findest it possible to take pity on me? I fear it is too late. I can scarce break my troth with Montfaucon now, even for thy sake."

"It is not for my sake that I speak," he answered, "but for thine; for thy sake I would die."

The Duchess laughed again.

"What reason dost thou give, then, for thy request?" she asked.

"God help me, none. But, my lady, my dearest mistress, hear me! Forget that thou didst ever know me, that we ever met in all our lives; take it as a message from God and His saints, and do not wed the Baron Montfaucon!"

He fell at her feet and clasped her knees. "Hear me!" he besought her. "Promise that thou wilt not wed him."

"Unloose me. Take away thy arms."

"In the name of God, promise!"

"Take away thy arms, knave!"

"Promise!"

She reached out her hand and clanged the brazen bell that hung within the doorway. "My Chronicler does me the honour to be jealous of me," she said sneeringly; "let me reward him."

Footsteps sounded along the corridor, and Red Hugh, her henchman, entered, followed by several curious lackeys and frightened maidens; for never before had the brazen bell sounded in the castle.

"Red Hugh," said the Duchess in a clear voice, "take this man and guard him well. If he will, let him see a priest; for when the sun rises, he must die."

Jehan had been standing several paces off, wearing a bewildered look, as if awakening from a dream; but when he heard these words, he smiled, and looked at her with something akin to friendliness and pity, as if it were she on whom sentence had been passed. Then, with a slight gesture of farewell, he said quietly:

"Lady, my prayers for thee shall arise like a sweet incense before our Saviour .Christ."

Without more words he followed Red Hugh from the room, and down the echoing stair.

6.

"Si mieulx ne vient d'amour, peu
me contente . . .
Et cueur et corps et bien je lui
presente . . .
Pour tout cela remede je n'y voy . . ."

Next morning, when the sun was rising and all the sky was stained with rose and flecked with gold, the Chronicler, standing in the light of the barred window, called aloud to Red Hugh, and bade him awaken.

"Hast thou not slept at all, master?" asked Hugh, coming to him.

"Nay, in sooth, friend," answered Jehan, "I shall soon be sound enough asleep, and dreaming."

They stood together for a time listening to the music of the birds that began to sing faintly, as the last stars faded from the sky.

"It is time, Hugh," said the Chronicler.

"Master," replied Hugh, "why must I do this cruel thing? For thou hast ever been my friend, and my heart fails me—"

"Hugh," said the Chronicler, "we bondmen must remember the duty of our lives,—to serve without question."

"But, master," faltered Hugh, "dost thou not even know why thou art dying?"

"I am dying because I would rather die than live," answered the Chronicler; "if only the morning were not so beautiful!" He gazed out sorrowfully upon the brightening sky, now ribbed and streaked with gold.

"On such a morning," he mused aloud, "the bay is ablaze like fire, and the little boats, with their white and scarlet sails, dance lightly on the waves; the waves that I shall behold no more, unless—and I think it likely, Hugh—the good God lets those of His children who were very fond of this earth look down from Paradise upon the lands and waters. For what heavenly scenes could ever seem so fair—" he paused, then turned from the window, saying, "Bind me if thou wilt, only set me facing the sun, that I may watch it rising, and mount with it, perchance, beyond the clouds."

So Red Hugh bound him to a pillar facing the window of the prison room. The red and golden glow fell across his face, and the whole light of the morning shone in his eyes.

"Red Hugh," said Jehan, as the other took up his strong-bow, "let no other hand but thine touch me when I am dead; but take me, thou, clothed as I am, in thine arms, and bear me to the greenwood, and there bury me without a stone."

"I promise," answered Red Hugh.

"I thank thee," said the Chronicler.

They exchanged a last friendly and submissive look, the look of two men bred and bent to servitude. Then Jehan turned his patient face up towards the window, and the light of the morning shone into his eyes.

7.

"Repos eternel donne à eil,
Lumière, clarté perpetuelle . . .
Car en amours mournt martir . . ."

When the sun was high, and the cocks began to crow loudly far and near, steps sounded in the corridor without the prison room; and Red Hugh going forth found the Duchess standing near the door, wrapt in her silken robe.

"Maître Jehan is dead, may it please your Grace," he said to her.

"It is well," replied the Duchess.

"If it be your will, gracious mistress," he continued, and his gaunt face looked sad and weary in the gray light, "I shall bear him out into the greenwood, and there bury him."

"The foresters will help you," said the lady.

"Nay, by your Grace's leave, I must do it all alone," ventured Hugh; "for so I promised."

"Promised?"

"Even so. It was his last word."

"What said he?"

Red Hugh told his lady of the Chronicler's request. She listened like one in a daze, and murmured:

"Why should he have asked this? It is strange."

"Perhaps he feared being ill-treated by servants, or flung into a ditch," said Red Hugh humbly.

"What would he care?" she answered in a low voice. "I know him better."

Then she put her hands to her head in a bewildered way and said, "Take me to him."

For a moment Red Hugh hesitated, barring the door with his arm; but he knew well how helpless was his great strength and his strong will before the power of this frail creature who was his mistress, and he felt blindly and sorrowfully that those in bondage have nothing sacredly their own—not even a promise. He stood aside, and she went quickly into the prison room.

In the midst of a flood of sunlight lay Jehan, with outstretched arms. His eyes were closed, and the natural colours of life had not yet faded from his face, nor had the marble look of death touched it. His features wore an expression of unwonted sweetness and benignity, as if he had at last found in his heart compassion and tolerance for this earth, having left it for a wider world and a more generous servitude. For any sign of suffering or violence about him, any trace of a last agony, he might have been asleep and in a pleasant dream.

She sank upon the ground beside him, and glanced up at Red Hugh with a more death-like look than that of the Chronicler. Then, in a sort of stupour, and prompted by some hopeless hope, felt for the beating of his heart.

There was no life there; but beneath his doublet lay a tiny leathern wallet, wet with blood, and fastened round his neck by a chain. She looked stealthily at Red Hugh, and drawing it forth, opened it. Alas for the poor Chronicler, who with his last words had striven against this chance, and striven in vain!

There was a scrip within the wallet, stained here and there with red. She unrolled it, and strained her eyes to read it through tears:

The Baron Montfaucon to Jehan the Chronicler.

I know thou lovest thy lady, e'er that thou art; and I know, for women are beyond reason, that she loves thee. I would slay thee, as a dog who had provoked me, but thy death would do me no service. So I bid thee serve me in this wise:—Never, by word or deed, shalt thou show her that thou lovest her; for if thou dost, by so much as the flicker of an eyelash, she shall die. Not thou, but she. I swear it. Live if thou wilt, and love her, and be silent. Her life hangs by thy will. Remember."

Under this letter of Montfaucon the Brave was a single line in the script of the Chronicler:

"Lock up thy secrets, O my heart; for I must blind my lady's eyes."

"I bade thee die, and now I bid thee live!" cried the lady, wringing her hands. "Awake, my love! Awake, if thou lovest me! Red Hugh, Red Hugh, his lips are moving, and I can feel the beating of his heart!"

But the Chronicler's heart was pierced in death, and his soul was afar off, in the company of the holy martyrs.

Elizabeth Teresa Daly, 1901.

PROFESSOR MÜNSTERBERG'S VIEW OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

Extract from a criticism on Professor Münsterberg's article, "The American Woman," published in the *International Monthly*, June, 1901, and republished in his book, "American Traits," written by Miss Katharine Merrill and published in *The Woman's Journal*, of Boston.

This choice of the exception among college women leads Professor Münsterberg to conclusions respecting them that do not hold good of the entire class. In his comparison, for instance, between college men and college women, he speaks of the drain of business upon the men, "while she, the fortunate college girl, remains in that atmosphere of mental interests and inspiration, where the power she has gained remains fresh through contact with books . . . the life in the artificial setting of remote ideals can be continued, if they attach themselves . . . to clubs and committees, to higher institutions and charity work, to art and literature." The college girl according to this view is a hot-house production forced out of her natural growth and having little tendency to return to her original conditions. But what are the facts? The college girl who can remain in an "atmosphere of mental interests," simply or even chiefly, is as rare among her kind as is the brilliant creature we have before been speaking of. She is fortunate indeed; for most of her sisters are busy earning their living, repaying the money borrowed for their education, sending younger brothers and sisters to school, helping their professional brothers "get a start," or supporting their parents. Somehow—it is strange—man's labor does not support the households of this country (presumably because of the ambition and expensive habits of woman). And if by "higher institutions" the author means institutions of learning, there is enough in any of these even, as he has himself shown in his article on productive scholarship, to draw away the minds of men teachers—how much more, then, the passive, imitative minds of women—from mental interests and inspirations.

One other point must be made in connection with women's higher education. Professor Münsterberg declares that women take a "passive, receptive, uncritical attitude toward knowledge," that the small difference in ability between men students and women students in this country is "because the historic development of the American college has brought it

about that the whole higher study bears far too much the feminine attitude towards scholarship," and that this "was precisely the habitual weakness of the American college until a decade or two ago." Strange truly! For if we take out the last decade or two, what influence did the few women then in college have on the standards of scholarship in this country? Harvard, Princeton, Yale "feminine"? The mere application of this word to institutions distinctively for men shows that the quality it names does not belong merely to women. Is not this receptive uncritical attitude rather a characteristic of effort that is *youthful*? Our men, the educators and the educated, needed a century or so in which to outgrow this "habitual weakness." They have not outgrown it yet. But women, who have had college privileges for scarcely more than a generation, are supposed to have shown all the power that is in them. Our critic continues—"the test of the question whether the dogmatic mind of the average woman will prove equal to that of the average man, in a place controlled by a spirit of critical research, has simply not been made so far." Where, then, is the proof of the argument? "I cannot say," he goes on, "that I have gained the impression that the spirit of research would be safe in the hands of the woman." Seventy-five years ago people had the impression that women ought not to be educated at all, and the social psychologists of that generation were wise in their declamation against any attempts to educate them. I am not urging that all college women should clamber up to the highest work of universities. Far from it. But it would be a satisfaction if when scientific men talk on this subject they would be guided by something more than impressions.

The next charge brought against women is that, presumably by their ubiquity, they effeminize the culture of our country, and make it more and more repellent to men. The culture of a country always corresponds to the taste and activity of the prosperous and educated classes; and the above charge is denied in the statement here made that the men of these classes are not inferior in taste to the women, but are more and more entering actively into all cultural pursuits. The author's argument seems to declare that in some early time America had a distinctive culture, that this was seized by women, who then shut it off, as they had done their childhood dolls, from the burly big brothers who would break it and ridicule both it and them. The truth is, however, that the measure of a single life can easily stretch back to the time when the United States had in æsthetics

no distinctive or national culture, artists and writers were sporadic and imitative; strong original minds were found only among statesmen, jurists and preachers. "Who reads an American book?" said Sydney Smith in 1820. Cooper's first novel was declared by him to have been "written by an Englishman." Only within the last fifty years or so has the æsthetic side of culture had more than faint beginnings. Lowell, Hawthorne, Holmes and the other New Englanders were the first who formed a group possessed of some of the quickening and broadening of thought and fancy that come from like aspiration and united effort. The development of plastic art was still slower. These men and the culture they created were not particularly masculine in the sense of being strikingly original; but they certainly were not effeminate, still less effeminized. Their efforts, like those of the colleges, were youthful, hampered by lack of atmosphere, narrowness of sympathy, and the fearsomeness of untried fields. The influence and tradition of these men is still powerful, if not dominant. In fact, the United States is just now creating its culture, just beginning to feel the charm of those untried fields, and to produce men and women capable of exploring and cultivating them. In this original part of the culture of the country, no one can say that women have more prominence than men. On stepping down from the creative work to the journeyman's, we find somewhat different conditions, though not such, I think, as to excite apprehension for the vigor of our civilization. If women outnumber men as visitors at exhibitions and as students of æsthetic subjects, this does not give evidence that they have a controlling influence over them. Rather it shows the lingering of two old prejudices,—one that women must know a little about such things as part of their social training, the other, that these same things, being "feminine," are not worthy the consideration of serious-minded men. But who if not men control public taste by the æsthetic material selected? The publishers of books and magazines are men, and just as surely are the commissioners and trustees of art galleries and schools.

The church and the public school show the same supervision. Professor Münsterberg is afraid that the next thirty years will give to women the control of law, medicine and divinity as "the last thirty years have handed the teacher's profession over" to them. But he seems ignorant of the strong prejudice against women entering these professions, especially the bar and the ministry. To the bar an additional obstacle lies in the increas-

ing tendency among lawyers to become also business men, speculators or politicians. In regard to the ministry this objection is in the minds of many not a prejudice, but the direct teaching of the church. The business and the doctrine of churches may be said to be entirely in the hands of men. Women, it is true, raise money for their church societies, but they do not control the expenditure of it; and though they form the bulk of congregations, they do not hold official positions or have a voice in matters of organization and policy. The hostility to women doctors has died away to the extent that it has for the simple reason that the majority of the patients to be treated are women and children; whereas no such condition will ever exist in the other professions.

The public school, however, with its long retinue of women teachers is a great bugaboo in the eyes of our author. Nor is he alone agitated. The papers frequently complain that women have crowded out men from this field of action, as if they were insidious usurpers possessing themselves of others' proper domain. But if the denouncers would only pause a moment, they might remember that in our much ramified public school system men have never had much if any more place in proportion than they have to-day. I have spoken before of how this field opened naturally and unopposedly to women. Critics should remember, too, that though the majority of teachers are women, the managers and directors of schools are, by a like large majority, men. Some states indeed allow women on school boards, but the proportion seldom rises above two to five. Questions of the general conduct of schools, of discipline, of curricula and choice of teachers, are debated and settled by these boards which may or may not contain women. Besides, in our great cities, which of course set the standard for the country, there is an increasing tendency to demand able men in high schools, as teachers as well as principals. And the truth concerning the country at large seems to be that instead of women having driven men out from the lower grades of teaching, men are about ready to follow the cry of the leaders and take a share in work to which they have heretofore felt superior.

On the whole, if the influence of women in our national life results in effemination and repulsion to men, one is surprised that men do not more fear this contagion in that single uncoveted sphere of women—the home. It might be convenient, possibly, in the eyes of some, if all that homes and family life involve could be created by dummies and other machinery, thus

dispensing entirely with the actual troublesome living female human being. But since the united activity of both men and women is necessary at the foundation of society, and women are not given reason to suppose themselves repulsive in the elementary functions of life, they may perhaps be pardoned for wishing to extend the limits of their action somewhat beyond these. They may have some ground for feeling that if babyhood and boyhood need the influence of mothers and fathers alike, so also does "nascent manhood" need to learn the lesson of respect for women's character and attainments, quite apart from the pleasure given or not given by their personal appearance. They may be charitably excused for thinking that the balance struck between the feminine and the masculine qualities in a good family, where the one strengthens and counteracts the other, may be struck also in that enlargement of the family—the community. And perhaps they are not entirely wrong in regarding that view as peculiarly narrowminded, unjust, and unwise which declares the primary sphere of life to be the only one in which women's energy and gifts should be active and directly efficient.

THE END OF THE DROUGHT.

Hour after hour more stern, the sky
Foldeth its clouds, foreshadowing night;
With silvering mists the horizon height
Grows pale; and mist-like drifts away.

A dank wind frets the sunless leaves;
The pallid lights that groove the west
Dwindle and close, as fails a jest
Before the glance of one who grieves.

But to the sorrow-heavy heart
Doth sorrow oftenest look for grace,
Knowing that small is pity's place
In feast or game or hurrying mart;

And unto Earth's long scorching pain,
Under the iron of the sky,
With plentiful healing, draweth nigh
The consolation of the rain.

Must the whole world be drenched in tears
Before its great amendment come?
O fortunate! those that list the hum,
Ere heaven's redressing host appears!

Mabel P. C. Huddleston, '90.

THE ANALYSIS OF FEAR.

"Deuce take these stuffy coaches. I shall ride outside."

The old man got up and wound a long military cloak about him. He opened the door and was greeted by a rush of wind and icy sleet which sent him headlong backwards.

"A rough night!" he panted, looking for confirmation at the two other occupants of the stage. One of them, a Southern judge of prosperous proportions, ceremoniously held open the long, heavy door, while the old man clambered out. The coach shook as he went up the steps to the driver's seat on top.

"It is a curious fact, sir," remarked the judge, "that I did not observe how close it was until that gentleman mentioned it. It recalls a friend of mine who says he wouldn't mind the heat, if his wife weren't always talking about it."

He laughed, and took off his overcoat, displaying a fine ruffled shirt-front and broad white waistcoat, and then sat down again to his *Boston Gazette*.

The stage had stopped for the mail at some village by the road, exactly where, it was too dark for the travelers to distinguish. In spite of the storm a small crowd had evidently gathered outside to hear the Boston news from the driver, for though the narrow windows were too high to admit of seeing through them, disconnected words and laughter came in at intervals, with the unmistakable clink of mugs that told how the driver was preparing for the twenty miles still left of the journey from Boston to Providence.

The light within was so dim that the judge presently gave up the attempt to read his paper. Throwing it down he stretched out his polished boots, with a ponderous sigh, and glanced across at his companion. The other was a young actor, with the lean, nervous face of his kind. His eyes were closed as if he were asleep, but the judge did not leave him long in peace.

"Pardon me for disturbing you, my dear sir, but were you not playing in Boston a month ago?" he asked.

The actor opened his eyes: "We were in Boston a month ago, yes, sir," he replied, courteously.

"I thought so. I seldom go to the theatre,—not that I disapprove of it at all, as so many gentlemen do,—but I remember deriving great pleasure from that play. I did not think the audience appreciated it."

"That sounds familiar," smiled the actor. "Wasn't it *The British Spy*, perhaps?"

"That was it," the judge said, slapping his knee, "and I'm particularly glad I met you," he went on, sitting upright, and pulling up the knees of his fashionable, flowing trousers, "for there was one point in your acting that I took exception to—entirely from an outsider's point of view, you understand. I know nothing of the art."

"And that point?" asked the actor, politely.

"Well, in the last act, you have the part of a British spy in the American lines. He has just been trapped inside the cottage, with the American troops closing in outside. He can hear 'em galloping up and dismounting, and the orders given out, and he knows he will be shot inside of ten minutes—not an agreeable situation, I grant you—but the fellow clutches at the tablecloth, and strides about, snatching at his hair. Then he goes down on his knees to his sweetheart, begging her to tell the Colonials he will give 'em any information they like to let him off. I believe I am correct?"

"In every detail, sir."

"Well, sir, I maintain that is a mistaken representation." The judge was now speaking after the manner he employed on the bench, a sign that the discussion was interesting him. "In the first place, physiologically, fear paralyses the muscles. It tends to make the blood run slower, not to excite a man. Your spy should receive the news of his capture with outward equanimity."

"Is it not a matter of temperament?" the actor suggested. "One man might take such news quietly, while another would do as I suggested."

"I disagree with you. It is a racial characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon, sir," declared the judge with a gesture, "to meet danger unmoved. He may not endure small annoyances easily, but he never fails to rise to an occasion. Let come a great fear, the presence of death, it steadies his nerves, and gives him his self-control." The judge took a pinch of snuff.

"But *we* have to consider the effect on our audience. This spy is writing a letter when he learns that he is trapped. If, as I understand you, he simply makes some such exclamation as, 'Ah! at last!' and goes on to

finish his letter, the audience would not realize either that he was afraid, or that there was anything to be afraid of. Sensations must be visible and audible on the stage."

"It would be the more dramatic situation of the two," insisted the judge, excitedly. "A gentleman of Kentucky, an acquaintance of mine, was playing cribbage one evening with Mrs. Lewis, a certain great beauty. He had a small affair arranged for the next day, and that evening he received a note saying that the other gentleman being forced to leave unexpectedly on the following morning, he left it to the pleasure of my friend whether the duel take place that night or not at all. My acquaintance sent back reply that he would be at the appointed place in two hours if he won this game of cribbage. Well, sir, he did win the game, and afterwards stayed to dinner with Mrs. Lewis, in more than his usual spirits I am told. Then he went out and the other gentleman blew his head off."

"Possibly your friend was not afraid of that outcome."

"Of course he was afraid of it. My dear sir, not a man in the South was so famous a shot as the other gentleman, or so notably a vile one as my friend. We are none of us responsible for our coolness; it is in the blood. It is Anglo-Saxon, I tell you, and as such it is American!"

The young man shook his head, smiling: "I am unpersuaded that it is not a question of temperament," he said, "but someday I shall try your way, sir."

The coach had started on the road again, and the storm was growing worse, so that what between the jolting wheels and the pattering rain the men could scarcely hear each other's words. Now and again the coach shivered and stopped as the wind gathered it up in its grasp, and then went on with a rattling of its high, narrow windows.

"We will scarcely make a record trip to-night," remarked the actor.

"We will not do it under five hours," the judge replied. "Yet even that is a record to boast of. I tell you, sir, these Concord coaches haven't their match in the world. A friend of mine in the South wouldn't believe our rate of speed up here. 'Four hours from Boston to Providence!' he exclaimed when I told him. 'My dear sir, why don't you come to Kentucky and charter a streak of lightning?'"

The judge laughed his comfortable, rotund laugh, but stopped it in the middle, as it were, as the coach came to an unexpected halt.

"Well, what now?" he said. "You are younger than I am. See what is wrong."

The actor stood up and peered through the high window.

"Only a stream, sir, the upper Providence River, I think. But it will be bad fording."

It was bad fording, indeed, for when the coach started again the jolting increased tenfold on the pebbly bottom, and the spray dashed up as high as the windows. They could hear the horses splashing heavily through the water.

"It seems unusually bad. I trust to Heaven the driver has not lost the crossing," said the actor, nervously.

"I never think of accidents. Ugh, this intolerable jolting! Remember that as a piece of advice from an old traveler, my boy: never think of accidents and they are not likely to occur."

Fresh from the judge's lips was this oracular statement when the stage struck upon a rock with a mighty jar, and gently tipped to one side, amid shouting from the driver, and snorting of the horses.

"By the Lord, we have struck!" cried the judge. He got up, and tore first at one door, then at the other; both were locked. "What fool locked this door at the last mail-station?" he stormed, "I'll have the law of him for locking a stage-coach door. Why don't they send out a boat from shore?"

"I think there is a boat out there now," said the actor, and between the gusts they could hear the splashing of oars and excited voices.

"Break open the door here," commanded the judge, thrusting his gold-headed cane through the glass pane. Wind and sleet poured through, and tossed his words back in his face, and presently the sound of oars grew fainter and fainter in the distance.

"By the Lord Harry," roared the judge, "they have left us to die like rats in a cage!"

"They will come back. No doubt the horses had to be saved at once and were all they could manage," the actor said, with some disdain, but no great confidence.

"And we will drown like rats in the meantime!" The judge's face was purple; he pointed with a shaking finger to the floor where water was spurting in through a big hole, and then turned and kicked violently at the panels of the door, shouting to the men to come back or he would see them strung up. The youth watched his companion for a time with puzzled curiosity, then he took up a small lighted lantern which swung in the corner, and crawling up on the slanting seat, he thrust his arm

through the broken window and hung the lantern outside. Presently the wind shattered it against the side of the coach, with a crash of splintered glass. The actor heard it, ruefully. The coach lurched suddenly further on its side, and waves dashed through the hole in the bottom. Water was also coming in through the cracks of the door, and it looked strange enough, the dark stream crawling up over the red cushions. Fragments of ice floated in, and the wind and sleet coming through the broken window felt bitterly cold.

"I had not expected to be drowned on a stage-coach journey," said the youth, grimly.

Hearing his voice the judge left off his attacks on the door, and turned upon his companion.

"What are you doing? Why don't you do something?" he roared, quite hoarse from screaming. "Of course it is no matter about you, but *I'm* not a strolling player. I have a family, I tell you. I have a seat in the Kentucky legislature—I'm necessary to the state. I must get out!"

The veins were standing out all over his face. His neckcloth was on one side, and the soaked hair clinging to his head beneath the high silk hat made him look quite bald. They were up to their knees in water by this time, and the prospect certainly offered cause for alarm, sufficient cause perhaps to excuse the judge's conduct. Throwing himself heavily upon the younger man, he clutched him around the neck, and murmuring something about "Get me out of here—necessary to the state—" he sobbed upon his shoulder. The actor staggered back under his unexpected burden, grasped for the door, fell, and both of them rolled over into the icy water at the bottom of the coach.

"Hold on! You needn't strangle me just yet," gasped the actor, as soon as he could struggle to his feet, the judge still holding on to him. "The boat is coming back, I think."

Both listened, panting. The oars sounded so close that the rescuers must have rowed up unobserved by the two men, in the noise of the wind. Someone shook the door, and then began to rain blows upon the lock.

"We are all right," the actor said, taking a deep breath.

The judge straightened himself like a man awakened from a nap. "Ah, all right," he repeated, slowly. He took out his handkerchief, not observing that it was soaking wet, and mopped his forehead. "I don't know just what I have been doing during these last ten minutes," he went on. "I confess I was afraid of being drowned."

"So was I," said the actor, with a faint smile.

The older man looked him up and down as if he suddenly had become the greatest object of interest that the situation presented, and then he sucked in his lips in a manner which suggested that his thoughts were unpleasant to the taste.

"My dear young friend," the judge said, magnanimously, "in our recent little discussion—I believe you were right after all."

Anne Maynard Kidder, 1903.

AFTER A THOUSAND YEARS.

I met a madman by the brook, beside the stems of the young willows, and talked with him; and he would have me look on one who walked, he said, beside him, but I saw no man.

"You are like the rest," he sighed. Then with a crafty look, "They have called me mad," he said, "but I am only waiting, while Memory walks beside me. We are waiting for one we knew. You would scarce believe," he added wistfully, "how little the willows have changed since I parted from her. Yet it is a thousand years ago."

I said, "A long time."

"Ay; but she will find me at the trysting-place. When the lovers walk here, I hide, and watch them pass. Two passed but now. Their happiness was a sword in me until I marked that her eyes were blue; thereafter I marveled coldly when he kissed her. I could have told him that no man can love blue eyes, but I did not," he said, cunningly, "lest he should go seeking my brown maid over the world, and stay her coming feet. For she is coming back to me; in the hour when the gray flowers blossom, she will come. Did ever brown eyes look in yours?"

I was silent.

"Ay, marry, have they!" he chuckled; then drew near with a hand on my arm. "Following the maid and her lover, came Love himself; see where he trod." He pointed to the dropped gold of the willow leaves. "Bright footsteps! And brighter was his face. But he would not stay beside me, though I prayed him. I pleaded, 'Stay to welcome her. In a moment she will come, as she once came. By yonder willow she stood. In her fluttering dress, little lines of red ran into clearest white; her brown curls were caught back with a knot of red; rosy and shy she stood, and trembled to see me awaiting her. It is a thousand years since, but she will come back at last.' Love said, 'She will not come;' he passed on beneath the willows, following the blue-eyed maid. Can Love lie? For he said, 'She will not come.'"

I hung my head, for the words to me were an echo of words once heard.

"Love passed on," he said, "but gray-gowned Memory walks beside me. Kind-eyed is she, though her breath is bitter chill. Doth she walk with you?"

I answered, "Nay;" and yet brown eyes had looked in mine.

"We watch for her," he said, "beside the willow stems. Was that the flutter of her dress?"

But only a white spray of asters stirred to the wind in the willows. Overhead, in wide fields of dusky violet, the stars were blossoming like gray flowers.

"They have called me mad," he said, "but I am only waiting for her, while Memory walks beside me."

The man was mad, and for me Memory is a ghost long laid; yet on my homeward way, a bitter breath blew on me, and a flutter of gray was at my side. The man was mad, and I was surely sane, yet was I seized with a horror of myself. It was to me as if brown eyes had looked in mine, after a thousand years.

Cora Hardy, '99.

A CONVERSATION.

The evening came to the sisters, as for years all the autumn evenings had come to them, silence and shadow stealing in upon silence and shadow. About them through the room the chairs and tables were blurred and formless, in the corners the shadows passed into real darkness. Behind them, at the end of the room a row of pale blank-faced windows broke into the dusky wall; at one a tracery of curtain wafted inward by the breeze fluttered silent greetings to silhouettes of palms which shook long taper fingers in return. Beside them, near the fireplace, a tall window gave a glimpse of an outer world of lawn and trees, blue and cold and dim in the evening mist. Even the ray of light coming from the crack of the hall door and reaching in an unbroken line to the foot of Maria's chair, and the fire burning low in rich red coals, did not seem to break the monotone. Yet the firelight shone with some warmth of life on Maria sitting upright before the fire, and on Martha beside it, sunk in the cushions of an easy chair. It touched the fingers of Martha's hand hanging tired and relaxed from the chair-arm, outlined her long nose and her compressed lips, glinted now and again in her quick, flashing eyes. It lay in soft color on Maria's gray hair and finely modelled features, and on the firm, still, sleeping hands, idle in her lap. The hour seemed a time of quiet thought, and calm though conscious loveliness, coming as a benediction to those who could have had no need for rest, whose way had always been along pleasant paths, through well-kept gardens, and in the very heart of peace.

For some minutes, while the shadows met and mingled, while the firelight grew brighter in the increasing darkness, the forms of the sisters, against the fire, more distinct and real, the silence was unbroken. At last Martha moved so far back in her chair as to leave in the light only the fingers of the hand with which she grasped the chair-arm. A moment, and the curtain gave a decided flap, the wind in the top of the chimney breathed a long-drawn gentle sigh, a coal fell in the grate, and a dead leaf struck sharp against the window-pane. The sound of an approaching wagon came from far down the street, nearer, and passed on the macadam road with a roll of wheels and a ringing of hoofs. The feeling in the sound brought to one's imagination the picture of the pavements wet and shining

in a fine, fresh rain. In the distance in deep rich tones, carried through clean air, a town clock struck; and from somewhere in the shadowy recesses of the room in seven tiny bells a weak disciple answered it. The noises of the evening had commenced. Martha drew her breath in quickly, there was an instant's pause, then she spoke.

"That," she said, continuing irrelevantly a conversation her sister might long ago have forgotten, "happened the evening of the awful storm. Oh, Maria, how the wind blew!"

"Martha," Maria's voice struck in its open note upon Martha's undertone; its fresh clearness woke the room almost to a feeling of bright sunlight. "The telling of that experience does you no good, why go over it so often, dear?"

Martha's eyes flashed a quick glance at her sister. "Do I speak of it so often?" she said.

"It is true," replied Maria, "I should rather you spoke of it oftener, and thought of it less. Speak, if it relieves you. Only do not reproach yourself; the fault, if there is fault, is mine."

"I was so weak," Martha drew even farther back into her chair. "I felt you believed, as well as I, that it was his child, and I knew you would not forgive it. Oh, I know now," she corrected herself hurriedly, though her sister had not moved or spoken. "I know now you thought it a mere coincidence; but I was blind, then, to anything but my own idea. Yes, and that idea has pursued me ever since. I feel that from that night I have cheated myself of my life. I have lived it wrong." Here Maria lifted her head slowly, and the firelight, glinting in her eyes, showed them fixed on her sister with a steady, clear and penetrating gaze. Martha leaned forward, her face in outline against the fire, her hands grasping the ends of her chair-arms. "It was the night," her low voice continued, "the dreadful, cruel night. Had it been another night—could I have begun to think of the child in another way—I might have forgiven myself."

There was a short silence. Then again the indrawn breath, and again Martha's voice: "It had been so still, who would have thought such a storm could come? That first sudden flash of lightning—not even the warning of a distant rumble! The room, I remember, was ablaze. I saw only light. Then the crash! It seemed as if knocking through the roofing, pounding down on us from the floors above, and destroying in great successive, deafening cracks everything in the room around us—and amid it all, I heard, dis-

tinctly, one of the servants in the kitchen scream." In the shadow of her chair, one felt more than saw, Martha shuddered. "I could not have moved, I was so dazed. When I grew conscious, I looked for you. Your chair was empty, and just dimly in the dark I saw you walking calmly and evenly down the room to shut the windows. 'Maria,' she spoke quickly, almost sharply, "there are some things about you I cannot understand." Maria glanced away from her sister, a smile half sad, half humorous, twitched at the corners of her mouth; then her face was still.

"Just as I reached the window," Martha continued, "the next flash came—a mild flash. I saw a weird world, all purple and lurid yellow. The trees on the lawn, the fence, the wide, light stretch of the stubble field—built up now—the row of black bushes along the horizon. But what I thought of was the arbor; I saw the zigzagging of the gravel path leading to it, and I thought how low the willow leaned over it. And when, before I could close the window, the next flash came, I was still looking at it. It was at that moment I saw the man." Martha's breath was indrawn so quickly as almost to choke her. "He was taking his first step out of the shadow of the arbor. The darkness came, almost more quickly than the light; and after that, flash after flash showed me only a field, a lawn, trees, and an arbor innocent enough: yet in the instant I had seen him I knew that he had seen me and feared that I recognized him. Soon the rain came. It fell in heavy driving sheets, and the wind took it up and swept it past the panes, and drove it in great floods of heavy water down the angles of the house. I turned from the window trembling, and there behind me you were standing, looking out too. I thought you must have seen, you were watching so intently, but you said no, it was my fancy: and when all through the night, between the gusts of wind, I thought I heard a child cry, you said no, it was my fancy. But when the morning came, and I went out into the garden—how bright the world looked that morning, Maria—and I found the willow hung in tatters above the arbor, and in the arbor, underneath a bench away in the corner I showed you the poor little thing all wet and shivering, I knew I had not fancied." She paused, then said in a deep, slow voice, "Maria, it is wonderful the child did not die."

Maria turned her face slightly away from her sister, and looked down into the shadows of the room, as she replied, "It would have been better so."

"Oh, no," Martha said, and in her voice there was understanding, "it was never better he should die—and he is dead."

There was a long still pause: then Maria's voice said, "Why persist in your romancing, Martha? And why still distress yourself about something that was not your fault? One cannot harbor every stray child. He was contented enough at the Home, and you saw, I am sure, that he needed nothing. That he did not come here oftener was his fault, not yours; he found no pleasure in coming."

Martha moved forward bringing her face out of the darkness of the cushions. Her teeth showed for an instant in the firelight. "Had you watched him," she said, "you would have known it was his diffidence, not his indifference. He had a reserve that he could not throw away like other children. Yes, and he was proud; he knew—they had told him."

"What child interested," asked Maria, "does not forget diffidence, and reserve, and pride?"

"He had such a sensitive child's heart, that it took more than I possessed to relieve it. Even from the very beginning, I saw him teaching himself that it all did not matter. When he grew older, he loved the place. He never told me so—I knew. What garden has been kept like ours? I believe, Maria, there would have been no sadness in his voice, and no yearning in his eyes, if this had been his home. I feel sometimes,"—her voice was a whisper—"that I would cancel my whole life—all of it that has been glad, if I might hand him his life as God meant that it should be."

"You romance, Martha," said Maria, "the boy was but a boy. A very ugly one, I thought."

"As a mere baby,"—Martha was alert again, she spoke quickly and with intensity as if championing a cause dear to her,—"his face was pale, and his eyes soft and kind."

"As I remember them,"—Maria seemed to speak not for the sake of argument, but to awaken in her sister a sense of proper proportion,—"they were small, and almost without color. His nose, for a child's, was very large."

"I acknowledge," said Martha, "that as a small boy he was not so beautiful as he grew to be. I know," she continued, "that you did not think him beautiful—what is it lacking in you to make you able to pass by his great beauty? The refinement of his face! Oh, not a refinement of feature, the deeper refinement of thought that moulds common features into a beauty almost of heaven. He thought you beautiful, Maria," she said,

with sudden appeal, "I have seen him watch you, and I have thought if you would only like him, would say something to him, we might know him better, we might help him. He is dead, now, we shall never know him."

"Had it been a girl," Maria's voice cut in, "as I told you then, we should have kept it."

"I would not," said Martha, and as she spoke she leaned back hopelessly against the cushions of her chair, "have had him different, except for the difference I could have brought to him." She was quiet; then suddenly she sat forward, her tense hands clasped her knees, and her voice filled the air with the full, low tones of passionate self-denunciation. "And what have I done for him?" she said, "I have seen him, a delicate, sensitive soul, pass his childhood in a common Home. I have let him—a small boy who should have been shouting in my garden, and learning beneath the touch of a kind hand—work for me like any servant, and take mere wage for what must have cost him priceless torture of mind. I have watched him, a boy whose sweetness might have been a joy to any woman's heart, whose laugh could have rung with a clear boyishness that would have been a delight to God, grow up, too oppressed to speak, too sad to smile, and always thinking, sadly, pathetically, wistfully thinking. You think I speak of what I do not know, that I romance," her voice had become more calm, but her lips were trembling—"I heard him laugh once, I marveled at his sweetness. Perhaps, for the instant, he had triumphed in himself, over himself: perhaps, for some small joy, he had forgotten himself, as he might have done so often in another life. I do not know. I was hidden by the bush in the turn of the path. I went back. I could not break in upon his holiday. To laugh like that, and to do it once in a lifetime! And later that same day I stepped suddenly out of the window and surprised him standing before it, on the lawn. He leaned on his rake. His eyes were strained and sad, his lips drawn and set—wistful! Absolutely lonely! Maria, it was terrible."

"He was tired or hungry," said Maria.

"He has grown up tired and hungry," and Martha's hands lay impotent and apart, "he has died tired and hungry, and I have never helped him."

"You picture an extraordinary boy," said Maria, the sweet penetration of her voice relieving an air tense with feeling, "To me he seemed an ordinary enough lad."

"You did not notice him," replied Martha, "you were blind."

"I watched him, Martha," said Maria, "he was a good boy, and quiet, but dilatory. Be sensible. Your imagination has become your conscience, and I feel you love the boy, because you think you know who may be his father."

"No, no!" interposed Martha.

"Think," Maria continued, passing over the interruption, "of a rational man, under rational circumstances, doing such an insane thing as to leave his child—his own legitimate child—underneath an arbor seat, on a night of drenching rain. Your very start is fanciful."

"His wife had died. He was going so far away. He had no relations, no real friends. He would have wanted you to have the child. He knew—he must have known—how I should love it. The storm only happened. He did not dream we would suspect the father, and refuse it because of him."

"I have told you," said Maria, "had it been a girl, I should have kept it."

Martha's voice was hoarse; it seemed to go little further than her lips as she said, "The real mistake was before that—before the child could have been. I have always wanted to confess to you how I despise what I did. I was mad. I had to tell you. I should have died of my grief and my repression if I had not spoken. But I did not dream that because of it you would treat him as you did. I knew, too well, that you loved him."

"It was what he deserved," said Maria, "and I have never regretted it."

"It was for myself," Martha emphasized, "it was his spirit, not his deed; and there was no sacrifice."

Martha sank back again into the darkness of her chair and the shadow of a trembling hand went out toward the warmth of the fire, as she said, "I saw him pass this afternoon; he was gray, he looked old, he had a woman with him."

"Yes," said Maria, "I saw him."

"I wondered," Martha went on, "if he came back because he had heard and wished to get the boy, or because he"—she suddenly drew herself together, and her head sank forward till she spoke through her closed hands,—“Oh, if he had loved me,” she said, with sad intensity, “his life might have been so different.”

"He has lived," Maria answered, and the smile with which she said the words had the force of extreme severity, "the only life he could have lived."

For a time there was only the drooping of Martha's shoulders, and the suggestive loveliness of Maria's still composure. Soon Maria spoke, "Why did you not tell me, Martha, you took so great an interest in the boy? I knew, of course, you did much for him, but I never dreamed you really cared. You have thrust selfishness upon me." She paused, then asked, "How old was he?"

"He must have been twenty." Martha lifted her head and, leaning it on her hand, looked down into the fire.

"So old?" said Maria. "Yes, I remember the last time I noticed him, he seemed less overgrown, he looked quite like a man. He studied at night, you told me. I had heard from Mr. Elton of a position he might have had. It was a small enough opening, but it would have thrown him into a different line of work. I meant to speak of it to you at tea, when you told me he was dead. It is unfortunate, I am sorry, since you seem to care so much."

"It is better so," said Martha, weakly, "I am glad that he is dead. He will never have to struggle any more, and he could never have ceased from struggling. He will never feel lost and lonely any more, and he must always have felt lost and lonely. He will never have to repress the longing and intensity of an affectionate heart any more. He would have conquered—in the end I know he would have conquered—but he could never have known the joy that was his birthright. I am glad he is dead, it is better so."

"You contradicted me," said Maria, "when I said the same thing before; you lack logic, Martha, and, yes, dear, you lack humor."

"If I lack logic," said Martha, "it is because I do not need it; and if I lack humor, it is because I loved him. But you—you who are so logical, so humorous—you have been blind. I can never retrieve myself, yet I was always outside of him. But you—you have trodden underfoot a life which, nourished, might have been almost a prayer to God for you. If I could only pick up the crumbs that fall from your table, Maria!"

"Hush," said her sister, softly, and the light glimmered on her white hair, "do not reproach me. I have loved you at least, and I would have had you glad of my love."

The silence fell again with greater stillness and darkness. There was a step in the hall outside and a low tap at the door. "It is Mathilde with the light," said Maria. "Shall I tell her to come in?"

"Yes," Martha replied, glancing up and for the first time noticing the room around her. "How dark it has grown! Let her shut the window, the room is cold."

Lee Fanshawe, '99.

WITH A BOOK OF VERSES.

The master's touch has swept the strings,
The master's hand is on the bow,
But through the viol what spirit sings,
Not his? What voice he does not know?

Strange meanings thrill within the notes,
And throb and beat, beyond control;
Through every cadence subtly floats
Suggestion of another soul.

The few that feel it call it art,
And no one marks, or marks aright,
One silent listener stand apart
With shining eyes of dumb delight.

His touch untrained, his hand unskilled,
Can never wake those singing chords,
But, ah! how stir his dreams long stilled,
And melt in music, without words!

His spirit pours along the strings
Its speechless secrets, pent so long,
And all his prisoned soul takes wings
On pinions of another's song.

So, dear, if thou wilt hearken well,
This music from a master's hand
A secret not its own shall tell,
And, hearing, thou wilt understand.

Wilt feel in alien harmonies
My spirit touch thee, and wilt see
That through the master's melodies
It is my soul that sings to thee.

Cora Hardy, '99.

AT SIGHT.

Out through the arched windows of the great hall came the sound of many voices, and I could not resist peeping in. Then the curious spectacle held me spellbound. The hall was crowded, and a convention of some sort seemed to be in progress, but the poet Gray, who was silently presiding in a half-hearted fashion, sat off by himself at one end, and did nothing towards keeping order or conducting the argument. Everyone spoke when he pleased, without regard to topics or transitions. "It must be an English interview," I decided after a moment. I had heard of them, and I felt sure that nothing else could have brought such people together.

At that moment Shylock had the floor, having just risen from his seat between Satan and a military-looking gentleman who was moodily balancing a crown on his dagger.

"Don't talk to *me* about girls!" he cried in a fury, "I'm sick of the whole lot of them! They'd wheedle anything out of a man. If they're pretty and a bit clever there's no getting ahead of them! Think what a fool Portia made of the Duke. Such a beautiful scheme, all ruined by a mere quibble! Why that girl had no idea of the sanctity of an oath! Keep women out of law, I say, keep them out of public life, keep them out—"

"Come, come. Mr. Shylock! You don't want to keep us out of *every* little scheme," said Lady Macbeth with a languishing smile, and a deprecating motion of her pretty little white hands, "we *have* a place after all when—"

"Ah, madam," interrupted Shylock, bowing majestically, "if *you* had been my daughter! But there again,—think of Jessica! *What* that girl cost me before she made her miserable mésalliance!" and he turned to Mr. Ebenezer Balfour, into whose sympathetic ear he poured forth his complaint at length.

"Just listen to pa at it again!" giggled Jessica. "He always *had* such a temper there was no living with him."

"But you weren't *really* nice to him ever, Jessica," said Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon reprovingly, with a kind scowl at the pretty Jewess. "You know, my dear, 'a father is a father still.'"

"But I never *was* his daughter!" objected Jessica, "Dr. Horace Howard Furness says I wasn't! He just adopted me out of another play,—I never

belonged there at all, and it *was* awfully dull! Those old maids are so jealous," she whispered confidingly to Madeline. "She never had the chance to elope, and that's what's the matter with her, isn't it, dear? By the way, Madeline," she added, raising her voice a trifle, "I've often wondered why you and Porphyro were so foolish as to go off in a storm; now my Lorenzo had lovely moonlight for me, I really didn't need the torch, you know. Why didn't you suit your setting better to your event?"

"We couldn't," sobbed poor Madeline, "we had to illustrate an effect of contrast just then! Don't be so spiteful."

"But we did contrasts, too, *beautifully*," persisted Jessica, "in *our* play, and we had lots of moonlight. Why we were just sick of it in Belmont, and—"

"Now don't be such a tease, Jessica," said Phœbe Pyncheon, ceasing from her dusting for a moment to soothe Madeline. "You all wear me out with making peace among you."

"It's your work," answered Jessica crossly. "Just as it's mine to talk about moonlight with Lorenzo. And I'm grateful it *is* Lorenzo. I should die of the topics of conversation Holgrave chooses. Pretty dull talks you two have in your ugly old garden with your cousins listening to every word you say."

"It is at least the garden of the family mansion, and no alien terrace," retorted Miss Hepzibah, drawing herself up stiffly in her long-waisted silk gown, and frowning more tenderly than ever, "Phœbe sought shelter with her own family, and did not force herself and her affairs upon strangers. So far she had the true Pyncheon spirit."

"Pray, Hepzibah," interrupted Clifford querulously, "cease illustrating the family character. I am *so* weary of serving the author's purpose! It seems to me sometimes as if that disagreeable Henry James were right about us,—we're losing all our individuality."

"Brother,—dear Clifford!" said Hepzibah with a radiant scowl. "Leave me my pride. It makes me so easy to deal with; they *all* recognize my pride, and they never really hurt my feelings about it, except when they say it recalls Satan's!"

"Ah, fair Mistress Pyncheon," exclaimed Sir Roger, bowing with exceeding gallantry towards the old lady. "His is not the pride of ancestry. Your feelings in respect to this I appreciate. It would give me pleasure some day to conduct you and the other charming ladies present through

the picture-gallery at Coverley Hall. Meanwhile allow me to say that my sympathy extends itself in like manner to your amiable brother. I myself and my good friend Wimble here are suffering from the responsibility of illustrating the life of our century."

"Ah, me," sighed a musical voice, like the sweet peal flung from hyacinth bells. "I should be so grateful if any one *could* decide what I illustrate. I've meant so many things!" and a fairy-like lady tripped up to the group, gracefully lifting her trailing hair as she came forward. Clifford smiled sadly on her.

"How delicate," he murmured, "and how lovely. Herself like a flower in her own fair garden."

"Oh, Mr. Pyncheon," said the lady reproachfully, "if you *really* cared about my garden, you'd try to keep your fowls out of it. I should think you'd have time, sitting all day at the window or in the arbour doing nothing, while I'm worn out carrying away harmful insects. See! there those hens are now, in among my tuberose, drinking all the silver dew!" And she began to sob pitifully.

"Shoo!" shouted Macduff, making a mighty rush! And in a moment the garden was cleared.

The lady shrieked. "How brutal!" she cried.

"Hush," whispered Banquo, who stood trembling in a corner. "Don't rouse him. He's a terrible fellow, he's a man of action! I never could have done it. I *couldn't* say 'shoo' to a hen! Why I never said a word about that,—that,—you know, the night I spent at the Macbeths'. I had a perfectly horrid time too. Still they blame me! But I insist that I was in a difficult position," he cried, growing more violent, "what would they have done in my place, I'd like to know?"

"Well, well, it's all over now!" said Holgrave, pausing by them for a moment to get a snap-shot of Madeline, who had dried her eyes by this time and was posing in graceful attitudes before the stained-glass window, for Clifford's edification. "Don't talk so much about what's past and gone," he added, "the whole pack of you do it, you tire me terribly," and he passed on with his camera. Florian Deleal caught him by the sleeve. "She's exquisite," he murmured, "so gracefully curved,—but,—couldn't you get her away from that window? It makes me feverish. Lead her off into that cool cavernous hollow; there one may revel in the richness of the delicate whiteness of her gown."

Holgrave felt his pulse. "You go for a run in our garden," he said, with a jerk of his head towards the window.

"No, not there," sighed Florian, "it's not trim and tidy a bit, and the flowers are so gaudy. There's not a single tint among them that I can bear. I—I—don't feel very well, though, in here. It's so noisy. I can't see how Mr. Clifford stands it either. It's not in harmony with my spirit. I think I'll go sit under the sensitive plant awhile. Ah!" he added, with a little start of terror. "Here comes that *dreadful* young man!" and he glided swiftly and noiselessly away as David Balfour clumped awkwardly across the floor in his hob-nailed boots.

"Has the laddie a chill?" he inquired, with rough kindness, "gie him a drap of Lily of the Valley water, here, it'll do him brawly! Why does he birstle off there by himsel'?" But Florian had escaped by this time, and David, turning, found himself face to face with Alan Breck, who seized him by the arm. "I've been seekin' you, Davie lad," he cried, "I'm wanting to show you this pretty pair o' fighters." And he drew him off to a corner where Palamon and Arcite were fencing furiously. "I call it shamefu'," said Alan, "for twa gentlemen of the same house to meet at the sword's point. But," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "I'm thinkin' these callants are better fighters with their tongues than with their swords. Alan could teach them swordsmanship, eh, Davie?" Here David whispered to him that the two gentlemen who were watching Palamon and his cousin with an air of grave disapproval, were Antonio and Bassanio, and he made a significant gesture towards Shylock as he spoke.

"Ay, well," said Alan, "they look it, fine! Yet I'm thinkin', Davie lad," he added in a louder tone, "that we twa are the best pair of friends about when after a', yon's but a sad-lookin' fellow when a's told." Bassanio flushed angrily and at once his hand was on his sword. "If, Signior Breck," he exclaimed, hotly, "you have a quarrel with my friend Antonio, I am here to answer you!"

"Nay, nay, laddie," said Alan, soothingly, "I would na draw upon you. I'll fight na man wha is in love." And cocking his hat on one side of his head he began to whistle "Tell me where is Fancy bred?" in so aggravating a manner that had Antonio not restrained Bassanio and Portia thrown him a beseeching glance there might have been trouble. But just at this moment the attention of all was diverted, for the hall began to rock and sway. Satan had crossed the floor, and was politely making a sublime effort to rouse Mr. Gray. "It's no use," said the poor little gentleman dejectedly, "I can't

grow accustomed to it. it's the publicity of the thing I abhor! I who shut myself away from it all so persistently, only to be held up to derision now by every flippant miss that dares to question my silence!"

"For my part," said Satan, swelling with visual beauty, "I have little fault to find with them. They all admire me, in fact they think I'm simply *immense*." And he drew himself up to his immeasurable height with a limitless smile of boundless pride. "But," he added suddenly, ire flashing from his baleful eyes, "why *will* they say that I am '*scared*' with thunder? The spelling of those college classes should be more carefully looked into!"

"That's where *we* have the advantage!" cried the two noble kinsmen from their corner. (They always spoke in unison like Tweedledum and Tweedledee.) "*We* may be spelled any way you please, and it does no harm." Then they returned to their noisy pastime. But Satan had never even heeded the interruption, and was still muttering in a voice like rolling thunder, "*I* scared! *I* afraid! Why my courage is my strong point, that's what I trade on altogether, that and my pride!"

"And ambition, my dear, dear friend," said Macbeth, coming forward and slapping Satan cordially on the back, "don't forget your ambition, in its human aspect! You know that's our great bond!" And three rather wild and haggard old ladies, who seemed to be doing the cooking for the party, nodded their heads in approval.

"Hear him boast of his ambition!" cried Lady Macbeth in a voice full of laughter, "I should like to know what good *that* would have done anyone if it hadn't been for me! Who urged you to your career of crime, you silly dear?" and she threw one arm around Macbeth with a caressing smile. "That's my chief importance, you know! I'll grant the idea was yours, but give *me my* due. I appreciate your point of view, your Majesty," she continued, turning towards Satan, "those girls *are* an aggravating set! Why they have even called me *old!* *Old!* It's enough to make one walk in her sleep!"

"Do you have bad dreams?" asked Phoebe Pyncheon briskly, darting forward like a ray of sunshine, "I'm so sorry! you don't look cheerful, either of you. Now the trouble with you seems to me to be that the marvelous was too abruptly introduced into your lives. You see it was mingled with ours like a delicate evanescent flavour. That makes so much difference."

"Speaking of curses," murmured a long-bearded nautical man in a thrilling tone, as he came forward holding out a skinny hand.

"I never said a word about curses!" cried the little sunbeam, "I don't believe in them!"

The old sailor fixed her with a glittering look. "Speaking of curses," he continued, "*I* have a story—"

Here I noticed a general nervous flutter, and the company began to break up, like the party round the pool in "*Alice in Wonderland*," each one urging some excuse for himself.

"The case went against me," snarled Shylock. "You know it did. I had to hear Portia talk about mercy, must I listen to you, too?"

"I let the starling out of the cage, indeed I did," said little Florian, clinging to the lovely Christabel, who was the most shadowy lady he could find in the company.

"I freed the hare, sir," stoutly asserted Sir Roger.

"After all, there is nothing wrong in catching fish," said Will Wimble, "one must eat."

"And there is a practical need for leeches," urged a rather bowed old gentleman with bare feet, who was tapping the floor nervously with his staff.

"My story is for *this* gentleman," continued the persistent naval hero, and he addressed himself to a prosperous-looking person who had been wandering about among the company, making the most curious facial contortions; beaming smiles of cordiality were chasing fiendish grins across his face at stated intervals. When he saw that his fate could not be averted he made but one protest, and that a faint one.

"The wedding,—Phœbe and Holgrave, you know," he said weakly, "they're going to unite the families, I'll be awfully late." But he evidently knew it was vain.

The rest of the company had dispersed; the two figures stood alone in the middle of the hall; the old man's voice rose and fell monotonously. I began to grow sleepy,—then sleepier.

"After all," I thought to myself, "there was no unity in the whole affair, I can't find any theme."

I yawned drowsily. Jaffrey Pyncheon's distorted face grew blurred and dim, then disappeared altogether in a kind of legendary mist.

I rubbed my eyes, rubbed them again,—then,—I knew no more.

COLLEGIANA.

BRYN MAWR CLUB OF NEW YORK.

THE Bryn Mawr Club of New York has now one hundred and one members, twenty-nine of whom have been admitted since October, 1901. The apartment at 138 East Fortieth street has been retained, with three members in residence. On one afternoon each week an informal tea has been held in charge of some member appointed by the House Committee. Meals have been served to a large number of members and their guests. In the Christmas vacation two teas were given for the undergraduates.

In March a concert was arranged by a committee of five, of which Charly T. Mitchell, '98, was chairman, for the benefit of the Library Fund. Madame Suzanne Adams and Mr. David Bispham generously gave their services, though illness unfortunately prevented Mr. Bispham from attending and Mr. Fisher sang in his place; the program included also Mr. Leo Stern. The concert was given at the Waldorf-Astoria. About \$2,300 was realized. A committee to collect subscriptions for the fund in New York has also been organized; of this committee Marion Parris, '01, is chairman.

Arrangements are now making for the incorporation of the Club.

Susan Fowler, 1895.

* * *

THE PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB.

THE Philosophical Club has been most successful this year. At the first business meeting it was deemed prudent slightly to alter the constitution in order that business might be more readily executed, and to increase the membership fee. The Club has never before been so large and well supported. It seems quite to have outgrown its place of meeting, the drawing-rooms of Pembroke East, and looks forward, together with so many other associations in Bryn Mawr, to the completion of the Students' Building, where large numbers of guests and students will be able to meet with greater ease and pleasure.

The Club is much indebted to the following speakers, who have been obtained through the kindness of Dr. Irons and Dr. Leuba:

November 22. Mr. JOHN G. HIBBEN, of Princeton University. *Free-will, Fatalism and Determinism.*

December 13. Mr. GEORGE STUART FULLERTON, of the University of Pennsylvania. *Schiller as a Philosopher.*

January 10. Mr. A. C. ARMSTRONG, of Wesleyan University, Middletown. *Typical Eras of Scepticism.*

February 21. Mr. EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, of the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. *The Schoolmen and Aristotle.*

April 4. Mr. EDMUND C. SANFORD, of Clark University, Worcester. *Mental Growth and Decay.*

April 19. Mr. GEORGE SANTAYANA, of Harvard University. *Idealism versus the Ideal.*

E. T. O., 1902.

* * *

SUNDAY EVENING MEETINGS.

THE attendance at the Sunday Evening Meetings has been good during the year. An especial endeavor has been made to make the students feel how purely non-sectarian the meetings are meant to be. In this Miss Susan Franklin, Bryn Mawr '89, one of the institutors of the meetings, has helped by leading early in the year. She told the students what the spirit of the early meetings was and what was their ideal. An effort has also been made to make the alumnae feel not only as if they were welcome, but also as if, with their broader view, they were needed at the meetings.

E. K. P., 1902.

* * *

CHRISTIAN UNION.

THE work of the Christian Union has been growing stronger during the past year and steadily gaining more interested support from the students. The fortnightly meetings in the chapel, the Bible Classes and Mission Study classes have shown a marked increase in attendance. The roll of the Union now shows a membership of 254.

The work of the various committees has been carried on along the same general lines as in the preceding years. The Philanthropic Committee has continued its successful work in the maids' Sunday-school and weekday classes, while to the latter have been added classes for the boys of Taylor and Dalton. The reading at the Bryn Mawr Hospital, though interrupted for a time by the small-pox epidemic, has been continued as usual. There has been much interest shown in the classes conducted by the Bible Study Committee. The courses have been arranged on the same plan as before, a different course for each academic class, the only change being the omission this year of the graduate class. Under the direction of the Missionary Committee the number of the Mission Study classes has been increased to two in the first semester and three in the second. At the Student Volunteer Convention in Toronto in February, Bryn Mawr was represented by a delegation of seventeen. The Missionary Committee sends each year a Christmas box of toys to the Crow Indian Agency in Montana and also has charge of the Missionary offering of the college which goes to the support of Miss Tsuda's School for Girls in Tokyo, Japan.

In addition to the former committees an Intercollegiate Committee has been formed, the Vice-President of the Union acting as Chairman, the work of which is to

keep in touch with the religious work of other colleges, both in this country and abroad.

A Finance Committee has also been organized to assist the Treasurer in receiving the contributions which have been made this year in fortnightly subscriptions.

The public speakers for the year have been Miss CLARA REED, of Vassar, 1901, on *The Place of Mission Study in General Culture*, and Miss LILA WATT on *Work Among the Lepers in India*.

M. H. H., 1902.

* * *

THE COLLEGE SETTLEMENT CHAPTER.

AT the beginning of the year more interest than usual was shown in the work of the Local Chapter of the College Settlement Association. The general plan of last year was repeated. Committees of Three on Speakers and on Saturday Morning Games were appointed. Many names were handed in to the latter committee, but the work which promised so well was cut short by the spread of small-pox in Philadelphia, for it was deemed unadvisable for students to risk any possible danger of contagion by visiting the Settlement. This interruption meant a twofold loss: not only were the workers in the Settlement obliged to look elsewhere for assistance, but the interest always created by personal contact with the life of the Settlement abated. Although the personal work in the Settlement was temporarily given up, the Chapter hopes to raise enough money to put in a very much needed floor in the Christian Street House.

Miss Elizabeth Williams, the head worker in the New York College Settlement, gave an interesting address on *The History and the Influence of the Settlement*.

The work of the Economic Club, started last year, was resumed. The purpose of this Club has been to enable all the students to discuss practical economic questions in informal meetings. Several meetings have been held where such topics as the Fresh Air work were brought up. Personal experiences were given, followed by discussions.

C. S. C., 1902.

* * *

MUSIC COMMITTEE.

DURING the year of 1901-02 the Music Committee proposed giving five concerts instead of four, and increasing the price of course tickets from four to five dollars. The concerts were to be given by Miss Marguerite Hall, Miss Leonora Jackson, the Kneisel Quartette, The Natzi Ayzar Hungarian Orchestra, and Mr. Plunkett Greene. Owing to the non-support of the concerts by the students, it became necessary to give up the fourth concert, and for the same reason the Music Committee will probably be dissolved another year.

E. D. W., 1902.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

IN college athletics during the year 1901-02 basketball has, as usual, held the most important place. The contest for the championship last spring resulted in the victory of 1901, who had unquestionably a very excellent team, and well deserved winning for the second time the silver lantern held previously by them in 1898. The annual undergraduate-alumnæ game was played the day before Commencement, and resulted in a victory for the 'Varsity team.

An important and long-desired addition was made to outdoor sports last autumn, when, through the kindness of President Thomas and Miss Garrett, hockey was introduced into the college. The game was very enthusiastically received, and has already acquired almost as much general interest as basketball. It is hoped that by next fall the teams will be sufficiently well organized to hold match games, and that these may become a regular feature of college athletics, just as the championship basketball games now are.

In the annual fall tennis tournament the silver cup was successfully defended by Jean Butler Clarke, who had held it for the first time the year before. If she wins it again next year the cup becomes her property, otherwise it will still be offered as a trophy until it has been won for three successive years by the same person.

The Association regrets that there has been by no means the same vigorous interest in indoor athletics as has been shown in outdoor sports. In both the swimming contest and the record marking, want of practice was very noticeable, showing that there was little rivalry among classes or individuals for first place in the events. While it is no doubt far better to neglect indoor athletics than outdoor sports, still a greater interest in the former would stimulate the whole athletic life of the college, and is therefore much to be desired.

H. M. B., 1902.

* * *

THE CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.

THE aim of the Conference Committee is to keep the alumnæ, the graduates and the undergraduates in touch with each other. The Committee consists, in all, of two alumnæ and the President of the Alumnæ Association, three graduates and the President of the Graduate Club, and four undergraduates and the President of the Undergraduate Association. At the last meeting it was decided to hold in the future two business meetings a year and to make the other meetings merely social affairs, where questions of general interest are discussed. There have been three such meetings this year, the pleasure of which is increased by the presence of ex-members, for all former members of the Conference Committee who are in the neighborhood are invited to the social meetings.

A. G., 1904.

THE GLEE CLUB.

CONTRARY to the custom of the past few years, the Glee Club has given two concerts this year instead of one. The first concert, the usual college concert, was given on Tuesday evening, April 8; the second one, a concert given for the benefit of the Undergraduate Fund for the Library Building, was given Friday afternoon, May 2. The tone of the chorus was immensely improved this year, owing to the excellent training in tone production and expression given by the musical director, Miss Barry. The soloist, this year, was Miss Florence Craig, whose charming soprano voice has been a great addition to the Club. At the first concert the Glee Club was assisted by the Mandolin Club, at the second by Mrs. Marie Kunkel Zimmerman and Mr. Van Gelder.

Encouraged by the good-will with which its efforts were taken by the college, the Glee Club, as usual, sang on the Senior steps in the evening during the spring months.

M. R. W., 1903.

* * *

STUDENTS' BUILDING COMMITTEE.

THE interests of the Students' Building have suffered somewhat, lately, in comparison with the more urgent needs of the Library. Nevertheless the Committee are confident that when the Library and new dormitory have once been secured to us, the fund will grow more rapidly for this other building of which our various plays, suppers, and meetings are in such crying need.

A statement of the condition of the Students' Building Fund, at present, will be of interest:

Invested in City of Philadelphia three per cent loans.....	\$10,000 00
Premium one-half per cent and broker's commission one-fourth per cent..	75 00
Deposited in Girard Trust Company and in Bryn Mawr Trust Company..	689 52
Promised (by Class of 1900).....	160 00
	<hr/>
	\$10,924 52

To this amount the following sums were added in 1901:

By 1901 Calendars	\$1,163 56
By members of 1903	100 00

A general statement is all that is possible, at this date, in regard to the receipts from the 1902 Calendars. They have cleared, to date, about \$1,500.00, but as it was decided to turn over to the Library Fund as much of the proceeds as could be diverted from their original purpose, the sum to go to the Students' Building will probably be about \$200.00.

A. M. K., 1903.

TROPHY CLUB.

WITHIN the past few months, a number of public-spirited Alumnae have organized the Trophy Club, which, though at present small, is still very representative. It consists of Alumnae and undergraduates, has its Constitution and its object, which is to stimulate college spirit by collecting trophies. These are the programs, lanterns, class pictures and seals of the College, and include anything else that may be of interest to our Alumnae, our undergraduates, or the students of future classes. These trophies are collected at present in a small case which stands in Pembroke East, proudly exhibiting itself as the first college equivalent of the school-girl's Memory-Book. We hope that the sight of the very choice relics enclosed in the case will incite our own students and those who come later to carry on our own customs and form new ones, so that we shall need more cases to hold our relics. Then will the small institution grow, until some day it will become an indispensable part of the College. Then, too, by upholding its purpose in preserving these small reminders of past events, it will awaken the memories and renew the ties of former associations and friendship and will help to form new ones. In this way the college spirit of which we are so proud, if it cannot be increased, will at least be perpetuated.

G. F. W., 1904.

* * *

FORTNIGHTLY DEBATING CLUB.

THIS club was formed last spring by several members of the Class of 1903 who felt that from it they might gain much in the way of logical thinking and clear, concise expression.

Although keeping true parliamentary form in mind as an ideal, the members realized that, because of the comparatively small amount of time at their disposal, they could do little in the declamatory science and they have, therefore, concentrated their energies on their material and the consecutiveness of their arguments. Great enthusiasm and interest has always been shown by both speakers and audience. All the members feel that they have gained much real interest in many political and economic questions of the day and this has brought with it a desire to read the newspapers and trace these matters in their further development.

But the subjects for debate have not been entirely confined to politics and economics, and in the face of great prejudice, soon turning to surprise, many plausible arguments were brought forward to prove that Bacon wrote the plays attributed to Shakespeare.

It is to be hoped that other classes will establish similar organizations and rouse more and more interest in such matters, until at some future time there may be a general organization where all may debate.

E. D., 1903.

THE GRADUATE CLUB.

THE work of the Graduate Club has gone on much the same as usual during the past year. At the opening meeting President Thomas spoke informally on *Women and Graduate Work*. During the winter formal addresses were made by Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie on *Idealism in American Life* and by Professor Brumbaugh on *Education in Porto Rico*. Miss Agnes Repplier read before the Club two short papers, one on the *Gaiety in Life*, to appear soon in *Harper's Monthly*, the other, entitled *The Dragon's Teeth*, to appear in the *Outlook*.

The members of the Club have poured tea in the Club rooms four times a week from four to six and a reception was given by the Club to Monsieur Le Roux during his visit to Bryn Mawr in March. Miss Bourland was sent as delegate to the annual meeting of the Federation of Graduate Clubs. She spoke in favor of the publication of an annual hand-book in preference to the monthly magazine which had been proposed as the organ of the Federation.

The Club was fortunate in saving most of the china, furniture and pictures from the Club rooms at the time of the Denbigh fire. All the minutes and records of the Club were lost.

G. L. J., 1900.

* * *

BRYN MAWR CLUB.

President—SUSAN FOWLER, '95.

Vice-President—MARIE L. MINOR, '94.

Corresponding Secretary—JOSEPHINE C. GOLDMARK, '98.

Recording Secretary—EDITH LAWRENCE, '97.

Chairman of House Committee—ELIZABETH B. HIGGINSON, '97.

Chairman of Committee on Admissions—FRANCES ARNOLD, '97.

MILDRED MINTURN, '97.

* * *

GRADUATE CLUB.

President—MARIE REIMER.

Vice-President—HARRIET BROOKS.

Secretary—KATE WATKINS TIBBALS.

Treasurer—LOIS ANNA FARNHAM.

Executive Committee— $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{EDITH HALL.} \\ \text{MARGARETHE URDAHL.} \\ \text{CELIA GREENWOOD.} \end{array} \right.$

* * *

PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB.

President—EDITH THOMPSON ORLADY.

Vice-President and Treasurer—ELEANOR DENNISTOUN WOOD.

Secretary—ANNE MAYNARD KIDDER.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President—HELEN MAY BILLMEYER, 1902.

Secretary—HELEN JACKSON RAYMOND, 1903.

Vice-President and Treasurer—RUTH B. I. WOOD, 1904.

Indoor Manager—ELIZABETH TREAT LYON, 1902.

Outdoor Manager—LINDA B. LANGE, 1903.

* * *

DE REBUS CLUB.

Chairman—ALICE DAY.

Committee—

{	EDITH THOMPSON ORLADY, 1902.
	MARTHA ROOT WHITE, 1903.
	ELIZABETH FARRIS STODDARD, 1902.
	ADOLA GREELEY, 1904.

* * *

MUSIC COMMITTEE.

Chairman—ELEANOR DENNISTOUN WOOD, 1902.

Treasurer—MARTHA R. WHITE, 1903.

ADALINE HAVEMEYER, 1905.

* * *

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT CHAPTER.

Officers for year 1901-02:

Elector—CORNELIA CAMPBELL, 1902.

Secretary—AGATHA LAUGHLIN, 1903.

Treasurer—ISABEL PETERS, 1904.

Chairman of Committee on Saturday Morning Games—

PHILENA WINSLOW, 1903.

Chairman of Committee on Speakers—ELSIE SERGEANT, 1903.

* * *

CHRISTIAN UNION.

Officers elected in February, 1901:

President—MARION HARTSHORN HAINES, 1902.

Vice-President—EVELYN F. MORRIS, 1903.

Secretary—KATHARINE E. SCOTT, 1904.

Treasurer—AGNES M. SINCLAIR, 1903.

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION.

President—MARTHA ROOT WHITE, 1903.*Secretary*—C. C. CASE, 1904.*Treasurer*—ADOLA GREELEY, 1904.*Assistant Treasurer*—HELEN STURGIS, 1905.

* * *

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.

*Executive Board.**President*—ELINOR DODGE, 1902.*Vice-President*—ELIZABETH STODDARD, 1902.

EDITH DABNEY, 1903.

ELINOR DODGE, 1902.

ELIZABETH FARRIS STODDARD, 1902.

ETHEL HULBURD, 1903.

VIRGINIA RAGSDALE.

KATE NILES MORSE, *Graduate*.*Secretary*—EVELYN F. MORRIS, 1903.*Treasurer*—AGNES M. SINCLAIR, 1903.

* * *

FORTNIGHTLY DEBATING CLUB.

President—EDITH DABNEY, 1903.*Secretary*—IDA LANGDON, 1903.

* * *

APPOINTMENTS AND CHANGES IN THE FACULTY AND
STAFF OF BRYN MAWR COLLEGE, FOR THE YEAR
1902-03.

Dr. George A. Barton, Associate Professor of Biblical Literature and Semitic Languages, has been granted leave of absence for one year to hold the Directorship of the American School for Oriental studies and research in Palestine.

Mr. Henry Nevill Sanders has been appointed Associate Professor of Greek. Mr. Sanders is an A. B. of Trinity University, Toronto; and held the Fellowship in Greek in Johns Hopkins University from 1897-98. He was Lecturer in Greek at McGill University in 1900-02.

Dr. Albert P. Wills has resigned the Associateship in Applied Mathematics and Physics.

Dr. James Waddell Tupper has resigned the Associateship in English Literature.

M. Lucien Foulet has been promoted to be Associate Professor of French Literature.

Mr. Gordon Hall Gerould has been promoted to be Associate in English Philology.

Mr. Chauncey B. Tinker, A. B. and A. M., of Yale University, Assistant in English, Yale College, 1899 to 1900; and Foote Fellow in English, Yale College, 1900-02, has been appointed Associate in English.

Dr. William B. Huff has been appointed Associate in Physics. Dr. Huff's academic record is as follows: A. B., University of Wisconsin, 1889; A. M., University of Chicago, 1896; Ph. D., Johns Hopkins University, 1900; Assistant in Physics, Johns Hopkins University, 1900-02.

Dr. William Sargent Burrage's appointment as lecturer in Greek has expired.

Mr. Alvin Saunders Johnson has resigned the Readership in Economics.

Dr. Nellie Neilson has resigned the Readership in English.

Miss Pauline Wight Brigham has resigned the Readership in English.

Mr. William Roy Smith has been appointed Reader in History. Mr. Smith's academic record is as follows: A. B., University of Texas, 1897, and A. M., 1898; Graduate Student, Columbia University, 1898 to 1900; Acting Professor of History and Political Science, University of Colorado, 1900-01; Lecturer in History, Barnard College, 1901-02.

* * *

EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIPS FOR THE YEAR 1902-03.

Bryn Mawr European Fellow.

Helen May Billmeyer, New York City, N. Y.

Group, History and Political Science. Prepared by Miss Florence Baldwin's School, Bryn Mawr; Holder of First Bryn Mawr Matriculation Scholarship for the Middle and Southern States, 1898-99; Holder of the Maria L. Eastman Brooke Hall Memorial Scholarship, 1901-02.

President's European Fellow.

Harriet Brooks, Montreal, Canada.

A. B., McGill University, 1898. Graduate Student, McGill University, 1898-99; Tutor in Mathematics and Research Student in Physics, Royal Victoria College, 1899-1901; Fellow in Physics, Bryn Mawr College, 1901-02.

Mary E. Garrett European Fellow.

Marie Reimer, East Aurora, N. Y.

A. B., Vassar College, 1897. Graduate Scholar in Chemistry, Vassar College, 1897-98; Assistant in the Chemical Laboratory, Vassar College, 1898-99; Fellow in Chemistry, Bryn Mawr College, 1899-1900; Graduate Scholar and Fellow by Courtesy, 1900-01.

RESIDENT FELLOWS FOR THE YEAR 1901-02.

Fellow in Greek.

Gwendolen Brown Willis, of Racine, Wis.

A. B., University of Chicago, 1896, and Graduate Student, 1900-01;
Graduate Student in the American School, Athens, 1901-02.

Fellow in Latin.

Elizabeth Mary Perkins, of Washington, D. C.

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1900; Holder of the Bryn Mawr European Fellowship, and Graduate Student in Greek and Archaeology, Bryn Mawr College, 1900-01; Student at the University of Berlin, 1901-02.

Fellow in Teutonic Philology.

Agnes Julia de Schweinitz, of Bethlehem, Pa.

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1899; Graduate Scholar in German and Teutonic Philology, Bryn Mawr College, 1899-1900; Teacher of German in the Portland School, Portland, Ore., 1900-01; Student at the University of Leipsic, 1901-02.

Fellow in Romance Languages.

Florence Leftwich, of Baltimore, Md.

Wellesley College, 1884-85; A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1895; Holder of the Bryn Mawr European Fellowship, and Student in Romance Languages, Sorbonne and Collège de France, 1895-96; Mistress of Modern Languages, Mississippi Industrial Institute and College, Columbus, Miss., 1896-98; Fellow by Courtesy in Romance Languages, Bryn Mawr College, 1898-99; Holder of the European Fellowship of the Baltimore Association for the Promotion of the University Education of Women, and Student, University of Zürich, 1899-1900; Teacher of French in the Bryn Mawr School, Baltimore, Md., 1900-01; Graduate Scholar and Fellow by Courtesy in Romance Languages, Bryn Mawr College, 1901-02.

Fellow in Mathematics.

Virginia Ragsdale, of Jamestown, N. C.

S. B., Guilford College, 1892; Graduate Scholar in Mathematics, 1892-93, and Graduate Student in Mathematics, Bryn Mawr College, 1893-97; A. B., 1896; Holder of the Bryn Mawr European Fellowship and Assistant Demonstrator in Physics, Bryn Mawr College, 1896-97; Student in Mathematics, University of Göttingen, 1897-98; Teacher of Science and Mathematics in the Bryn Mawr School, Baltimore, Md., 1898-1900, and Assistant Teacher of Mathematics, 1900-01; Holder of the Fellowship of the Baltimore Association for the Promotion of the University Education of Women, and Graduate Student in Mathematics, Bryn Mawr College, 1901-02.

Fellow in Physics.

Eugenia Fowler, of Baltimore, Md.

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1901; Mistress of Llanberis, and Graduate Student, Bryn Mawr College, 1901-02.

Fellow in Chemistry.

Willey Denis, of New Orleans, La.

A. B., Tulane University, 1899; Graduate Student, Bryn Mawr College, 1899-1901; Graduate Student in Chemistry, Tulane University, 1901-02.

Fellow in Biology.

Nettie M. Stevens, of San José, Cal.

A. B., Leland Stanford, Jr., University, 1899, and A. M., 1900; Student in Hopkins Seaside Laboratory, San Francisco, Summer, 1897, 1898, and 1899; Graduate Scholar in Biology, Bryn Mawr College, 1900-01; Holder of the President's European Fellowship, and Student, Zoological Station, Naples, 1901-02.

* * *

GRADUATE SCHOLARSHIPS, 1902-1903.

English.—Katherine Jackson, A. B., Ohio Wesleyan University, 1898, and A. M., 1900.

Romance Languages.—Blandina Sibyl Thurston, A. B., University of Oregon, 1898, and A. M., 1902.

Archaeology.—Edith Hayward Hall, A. B., Smith College, 1899.

Ethel McCoy Walker, A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1894.

History.—Grace Albert, A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1897.

Helen Henry Hodge, A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1900.

Mathematics.—Myrtle Knepper, A. B., University of Missouri, 1898, and A. M., 1900.

Biology.—Margaret A. Reed, A. B., Woman's College of Baltimore, 1901.

Ellen Torrelle, Ph. B., University of Minnesota, 1901.

* * *

UNDERGRADUATE SCHOLARSHIPS, 1902-1903.

Maria L. Eastman Brooke Hall Memorial Scholar.—Eleanor Louie Fleisher.

James E. Rhoads Junior Scholarship.—Edna Aston Shearer.

James E. Rhoads Sophomore Scholarship.—Mary Rachel Norris.

Anna Powers Memorial Scholarship.—Margaret Elizabeth Brusstar.

Maria Hopper Scholarships.—Bertha Warner Seely.

Alice Lovell (by request of Founder's executors).

George W. Childs Essay Prize.—Sara Montenegro.

"LEVIORE PLECTRO."

*"..born to be
An hour or half's delight."*

A LAMENT UNDER PEM- BROKE ARCHWAY.

[By the soul of Thomas Gray embodied
in a white and yellow dog.]

10.30 P. M.

INTRODUCTION.

One half-hour since the bell from Taylor
rang;
The students hastened swiftly West and
East;
The doors are locked, the archway lights
burn dim,—
And I am left, an "isolated" beast.
No albatross shot I with my cross-bow.—
(No cross-bow owned, wherewith a bird
to shoot),—
And yet a fearful curse pursues my
crime,
And I must wander still, a silent brute.

I.

A man of reputation, widely learned.
Every acquirement stored I could com-
mand;
No gift was wasted when on me bestowed.
And nature's beauties I could understand.

II.

High were my qualities of soul, and kind
My heart that for each friend in grief
could feel;
Humour my "natural turn," and spor-
tiveness
In many a joke and playful jest could
deal.

III.

And oh, the pathos of my sentiment!
What poet ever better was equipped?
But melancholy preyed upon my soul,
And failing health the lyric blossom
nipped!

IV.

"Born out of date" I weakly yielded to
The "want of sympathy" and pains of
gout,—
And though I *could*, and though Bon-
stetten urged,—
(That "mercurial Swiss")—
I never would "speak out!"

V.

Now hear my doom, ye silent, and be-
ware!
Spare not your words, but hurry into
print.—
Force not your college editors to *urge*,
But send in copy on the slightest hint!

THE CURSE.

First in an essay all my life reviewed,
And I who lived secluded, fled the whirl,
Now find my name a byword in Bryn
Mawr,
The mock and jeer of every half-fledged
girl.

My soul this latter Pembroke now must
haunt,
Within a cur, deprived of human speech;
Endless *my* "quiet hours." night and day,
A lesson to the stubborn thus I teach.

A CONSERVATIVE.

I drives dis mule from sun-up
 'Twel workin' hours am through,
 An' all my pay I lays away,
 To keep for Liza Lou;
 For her an' me was co'tin'
 Ontwel dey turned her head,
 But she's been tryin' to be too fine
 Sence she ate de w'ite folks' bread.

I fixed to live wid Liza
 In cabin number fo'
 (W'ich Marse war gwine to w'itewash
 fine)

Wid a bean-vine over de do';
 But w'en I speak o' de weddin',
 She say dat she don' expec'
 She kin hol' her own on po'k and pone,
 'Case corn pone scratch her neck.

She wears Miss Sally's dresses,
 An' gits her wo'n-out shoes,
 An' de gal ain' born w'at kin put on
 Sech airs ez Liza Lou's;
 Ef she mus' live like w'ite folks,
 An' hoe-cake ain' 'gwine do,
 I's got my pay all laid away,
 But it ain't for Liza Lou.
 Git up, mule!

C. H., '99.

(Reprinted from *Fortnightly Philistine*.)

A kiss compelled is only half a kiss,
 A smile, teased forth and tardy, brings
 no joy;
 The bliss we beg, though granted, is not
 bliss—
 No grudging heart gives gold without
 alloy.

THE TURN-OVER.

I would have it clearly understood that
 I am no enemy to the higher education of
 women; on the contrary I admire and

praise those young creatures who have
 devoted themselves to learning in order
 to demonstrate to society the intellectual
 superiority of the female portion of it.
 Nevertheless I should be much grieved if
 the fair sex were to lose those attractions
 they already possess in the pursuit of
 new ones and were to give over for the
 academic cap and gown those frills and
 furbelows that are so fitting a comple-
 ment of woman's charm:

"Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter
 habet."

However there is apparently no danger
 of this at present, since the students of
 Bryn Mawr now neglect the study of
 science and philosophy to devote their
 time exclusively to the making of turn-
 overs. The turn-over is not, as one
 might infer from the name, a variety of
 apple tart, or anything edible, but an
 adornment for the neck; more particu-
 larly, it is a narrow strip of lineu em-
 broidered and worn at the top of an
 ordinary collar.

The construction of the turn-over is
 not so simple as at first sight appears;
 in fact it requires great skill and origi-
 nality, for each one conceives and car-
 ries out her own designs, and it is a
 matter of rivalry to see who can produce
 the most charming arrangements of form
 and color. So that the gods of Olympus
 were not more astonished by Vertumnus'
 changes of apparel than is the campus
 Spectator by the varieties of turn-overs.

Constantia has a different one for
 every lecture during the day and each is
 embroidered in an appropriate design:
 fleurs-de-lis for French, Greek scrolls for
 philosophy, while a garland of butter-
 cups and primroses encircles her throat
 when she attends her class in botany.

She assures me, moreover, that the making of turn-overs has a most beneficial effect upon nervous temperaments, and that the present Seniors attribute their remarkable composure and consequent success in the Orals wholly to their diligent application to this line of work.

I approve, as I have said, of the education of woman in all the learning of the ancients and moderns, in art, philosophy, and science, if only she will continue to make so suitable a use of that learning. The metaphysics of Plato and the poems of Vergil shall she know; the history of the human race even from the days of the hideous gorilla shall be narrated to her, and the innermost parts of the earth laid bare before her wondering eyes; nor shall the hidden workings of nature remain any longer secret, provided only that this knowledge finds its expression in the turn-over.

F. W. C., 1902.

AT EVENING.

The wind is whispering through the trees,
Way far and wide, and low and high,
To birds and beetles, beasts and bees,
An evening lullaby.

And daylight done, the fishes too
Rest in the ever singing sea
That rocks them in its arms, while you
Sing bedtime songs to me.

Until each tiny woodland thing,
And baby creatures through the deep,
As tired children, listening,
Shall shut their eyes and sleep.

To dream across the whole long night
Of shining skies and waters blue,
And all that makes the day's delight,
And I perhaps of you.

Caroline McCormick, '96.

THE CAM-U-EL.

The Cam-u-el's a noble soul,
And one who knows him states
He is incapable of wrath;
He never, never hates.

He carries people back and forth,
From early break of day;
Folks say he kneels to take on loads,
He really kneels to pray.

He eats his food before he goes
To four-weeks-distant places,
He takes a drink three times a year;
He's frugal of oases.

"Oh if you want a Christian beast,"
Papa has often said,
"Though roughly built,—for gentleness
The camel's way ahead."

G. F. W., 1904.

LE CHATEAU EN ESPAGNE.

When sparkles every bough with buds,
And every field is pricked with green,
When April calls without the door,
And dreams at casements lean,

Then, dear, the wind is fair for Spain,
The sea-path smooth beneath the prow;
Come—sail we through the horizon's
gate,
And build our castle now!

High in the bosom of a hill.
Set round with music-whispering trees,
Down through the first soft veil of sky,
Let it o'erlook the seas.

A mighty traffic up and down,
With cloud and wind shall come and
go,
Charming our rest with memories
That once we toiled even so.

Bid twilight brood in every room,
And sunshine bask beside the wall;
While 'mid the tapestries shall gleam
Bugles that never call.

Mabel P. C. Huddleston, '89.

THE CHILD IN THE TEMPLE.

When little Florian awoke
And said his morning prayer,
A chastened gleam of daylight broke
On walls subdued and fair.

Oh dreadful thought! Had light less
wan
On glaring background waved,
The soul of little Florian
Might never have been saved.

DECEMBER.

Now worn December shrouds her ashen
hair
Deep in a mantle, black as midnight
skies,
In vain against the freezing winds that
tear
The streaming locks across her blinded
eyes.
And still she clears her sight with shiv-
ering hand,
To gaze upon the portent high above,
Enchanting Eastern kings, across the
sand
Of deserts, on striding beasts, for their
Lord's love
To go, laden with gifts. Over the earth,
Herald of truth and might, the splen-
dour burns;
But brightest there, where the celestial
Birth
Within a manger shines. His mother
turns

His radiant head with quivering touch,
once more
To brood with love on the dear Son she
bore.

(Reprinted from Fortnightly Philistine.)

I asked of everyone I knew
Why I was I and you were you.
And some there were who only smiled,
And some who called me "funny child,"
And some who said, till I was grown
I'd better leave such things alone.
Some others tried—though 'twas in
vain—

This simple matter to explain.
But nobody has told me true
Why I am I and you are you.

Caroline McCormick, '96.

WHEN TILDY DANCE DE REEL.

Dere's many a step in de minuet,
Powerful grand and slow,
With de stately bow an' de curtsey, yet
Dere's a livelier dance I know.
Where de candles am a-shinin' on de pine-
wood floor
She jigs it toe and heel,
An' de niggers dey crowd to de kitchin
door
When Tildy dance de reel.

Fiddles dey scrape an' strike up a song
You can hear to de bottom of de street,
An' de fellers der hearts is follerin'
along
To de tap of Tildy's feet.
Break-down here, Kentucky shuffle dere,
Petticoats a-tu'nin' in a whirl,
Right foot, lef' foot, shake it in de air,
Say, you should see dat girl!

A. M. K., 1903.

(Reprinted from Fortnightly Philistine.)

60

96

